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From the editor

Distance is not interested in people. You have to get wherever you are going on your own. My choice has been to ride a bicycle—at least for part of the trip to and from town every day. I had been told that bicycling strengthens your heart, shores up your liver and scours out your arterial system. In practice, riding can be more reasonably described as a moderate exercise in balance that rumples your suit at a rate of approximately nine miles per hour. But, a bicycle does get you there and more.

When you are in a car you are packaged, you are insulated. You can't hear; you can't smell; you can't see anything that extends very far beyond the edges of the road. The car is your environment. When you ride a bicycle you are a part of the outside world. You cut across a huge, clear mosaic of physical detail and human vagary. I have noticed that I ride through bands of fragrance depending on the seasons—the smells of apple blossoms, lilacs, honeysuckle, new-mown grass. I notice the paint-peeling conditions of houses, the comparative alertness of dogs, the overdue look of hedges. I hear quarrels; I see children eating sticky things in trees. It's right there.

As Robert Bridges wrote, "Our stability is but balance, and wisdom lies in masterful administration of the unforeseen." This is the definition of bicycling. The rider is a sort of urban surfer working through the fierce waves of traffic with his frail machine. And, all the while, he is precariously perched over one of man's most satisfying inventions, the wheel. It is a totally existential experience, with the spokes falling away endlessly.

When a person goes back to a bicycle, he notices the silence. It's like ice skating or gliding—you carry the element of surprise with you. You see things as they were before you got there. You see young lovers standing in the shadow of hedges at night, and in the morning you see the demeanor of delivery people before they make their entrances. The advantages of casualness match the advantages of stealth.

This kind of transportation is great for inconsequential trips. You can ride over to see a friend plant a shrub, or as I did not long ago, you can follow a fire engine to the fire. I was mistaken for a volunteer fireman and helped with the hose. And there is always the thin edge of danger to keep you alert and comfortably apprehensive. Dogs become dogs again and snap at your raincoat; potholes become personal. And, getting there is all the fun.

Bill Emerson

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Letters

Red Skelton

Gentlemen:

It is extremely gratifying to learn that Red Skelton is nowise different from a great many of us. Thank you for an excellent insight into the greatest clown in the world today ['I'M NUTS AND I KNOW IT' by Bill Davidson, June 17].

JIM S. TRAVIS
Topeka, Kans.

Gentlemen:

Your article has destroyed for this household the image of one whom we thought to be great.

MARGARET BROWN
Longmeadow, Mass.

Dear Sir:

We all have skeletons of one sort or another in our closets. But we don't want them brought out and rattled before the entire world.

Regardless of what Mr. Skelton has preferred for personal entertainment, he has made millions laugh over the years, and may God bless him for this.

MARILYN WEAVER
Modesto, Calif.

Dear Editor:

We enjoyed Bill Davidson's article. However, we do not think Red is uneducated. The art of entertaining, the art of lifting people out of depression, the art of cheering the lonely may not be counted among the liberal-arts courses with which a college degree is earned, but we think they are just as important—and we'd be in favor of conferring upon Mr. Skelton the degree of Master of Arts in good comedy and good cheer.

MARGARET BRETT
Los Angeles, Calif.

Unyielding Amish

Dear Sir:

Your article on the Amish ['WE WANT TO BE LEFT ALONE' by John Bird, June 17] was excellently done.

Your readers may be interested to know that for the first time the Amish school issue has been appealed to the United States Supreme Court (*Kansas vs. Garber*). Thus, the high court will be asked to rule on whether the Amish parents have the religious liberty to train their children to be Amishmen. It is a test case to see whether the United States believes in religious liberty for the Amish community.

REV. WILLIAM LINDHOLM
National Committee for Amish Religious Freedom, Yoder, Kans.

Dear Editor:

If the Amish people put their trust in God, why don't they "let their light so shine before men"? Overcoming the world doesn't mean being scared and hiding from it.

ALVIN BIRKHOLZ
Miles City, Mont.

Sirs:

There was something that was not mentioned in your article about the Plain People. On two different occasions, we in the Midwest experienced terrible tornado damage—and groups of Amishmen left their farms during their busiest seasons and came to help us rebuild, staying until the job was done. So they can't be called complete isolationists, can they?

MRS. DALE JOGERST
Lena, Ill.

Dear Sir:

The question is whether a society or government dedicated to improvement for all can allow any group to *not* improve.

Perhaps America will miss the Amish people—but it misses far more what they could have been.

JOHN RICKENS
Lubbock, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

I have just read and enjoyed the write-up on us Amish people. As a full-bearded Amishman, I hope our country will let us continue the simple, God-fearing way of life that we prefer, as I feel there is much to commend it. I trust we can continue on.

JOHN H. MILLER
Virginia Beach, Va.

Old-time Charlies

Dear Sirs:

I read and enjoyed your article on 124-year-old Charlie Smith [THE FIRST 124 YEARS ARE THE HARDEST by Lin Root and Agnes Ash, June 17]; and I thought you'd be interested to hear that Sylvester Magee, a former slave and Union soldier who claims 1841 as his birthdate, recently celebrated a 126th birthday in Columbia, Miss. However, Sylvester's opinion of Abraham Lincoln is a bit higher than Charlie's—Sylvester calls Lincoln "the greatest man that ever walked this earth."

Sylvester and Charlie make a remarkable pair. If others adopted Charlie's roll-with-the-punches formula—"I'm just going to go along here and live as long as I can"—I wonder how many more of us could weather those first hundred years.

CAROLYN MARSHALL
Cincinnati, Ohio

Constitutional tampering

Dear Sir:

I have read with much concern Sen. Joseph D. Tyding's article THEY WANT TO TAMPER WITH THE CONSTITUTION [June 17]. It is my hope that every American citizen who reads this article will be as determined as I that our Constitution be defended, so that it may retain all the powers for which it was established.

LELA G. CHURCH
Wellsville, N.Y.

Welcome to the bright, new world of telephone communications!

This is the theme . . . and the promise . . . of the 88-foot-long mural that greets visitors to the new Bell System Exhibit in the new "Tomorrowland" at Disneyland, California.

The artist is Mary Blair, well-known illustrator of children's books and a designer of the "It's a

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Gentlemen:

No section of our Constitution is meaningless. By working under Article V, the advocates of a new constitution are working within the framework of the original document. It is Senator Tydings and his supporters who would disregard the Constitution, and this is the kind of "tampering" that all Americans should fear.

JAMES F. MCNABOE
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:

Senator Tydings thinks it is "absurd" to say that the legislature of a state not elected on the basis of "one man-one vote" speaks for the people of that state. But why is the thought of electing a state legislature on a basis other than population so abhorrent, when the very existence of the United States Senate makes the idea of minority representation clearly constitutional?

A. ROGER THOMSON
Avalon, Pa.

Gentlemen:

Even if a constitutional convention proposes a different method of amending the Constitution, *that* amendment would have to be ratified by 38 states before it would be effective. There may be legitimate arguments that calling a constitutional convention would be unwise, unnecessary, expensive or what have you, but it would not be the danger that Senator Tydings would have us believe it to be.

L. A. HARTMAN
Baldwin Park, Calif.

Dear Sir:

If a new convention is called, it will have one advantage the last one did not—a document time-tested and proved effective to start with.

JAMES ROBERT CHAMBLESS
Heflin, Ala.

F-111 controversy

Dear Sir:

Congratulations to Trevor Armbrister for a very revealing article on the F-111 [IS THIS PLANE A BILLION-DOLLAR BLUNDER? June 17]. Be sure and notify your readers of the answer to that question—from the looks of things, the project might be deductible for us under something like "losses on federal income tax."

W. R. PAINTER
Beaufort, S.C.

Gentlemen:

Thank you for Trevor Armbrister's story—it certainly should have been given to the American people. I only hope the citizens of the United States will clearly tell our government that we do not want any more lemons.

LLOYD HULL
Great Bend, Kans.

Gentlemen:

From the viewpoint of a civilian pilot with an ex-military tinge, it appears that the people who most wanted a strong character in the Department of Defense got what they asked for and didn't like it too well. If Secretary McNamara buckled under, they would probably like him better, but the product less. As it stands now, I would rather have my money on the Secretary than on the brass.

GEORGE M. WHYTE
Fort Worth, Tex.

Betty and the housewives

Sirs:

Now that we have had a delineation of the attractive, adorable Betty Furness [AND NOW, FOR THE CONSUMER, MISS BETTY FURNESS! by Anne Chamberlin, June 17], am I out of order to ask what she has done or is doing to help the housewife?

C. J. EHRGOTT
Meadville, Pa.

Dear Editor:

Miss Furness's appointment as Special Assistant on Consumer Affairs reminds me of Sir Joseph's triumphant advice in *H.M.S. Pinafore:* "Stick close to your desks and never go to sea, and you all may be rulers of the Queen's Navee."

ELAINE EDGELL
Los Gatos, Calif.

Sir:

I noted with shock the picture of Betty Furness's living room. How did she overlook floral patterns for the ceiling? Her taste fits right in with the present administration in Washington.

E. B. MOTT
New York, N.Y.

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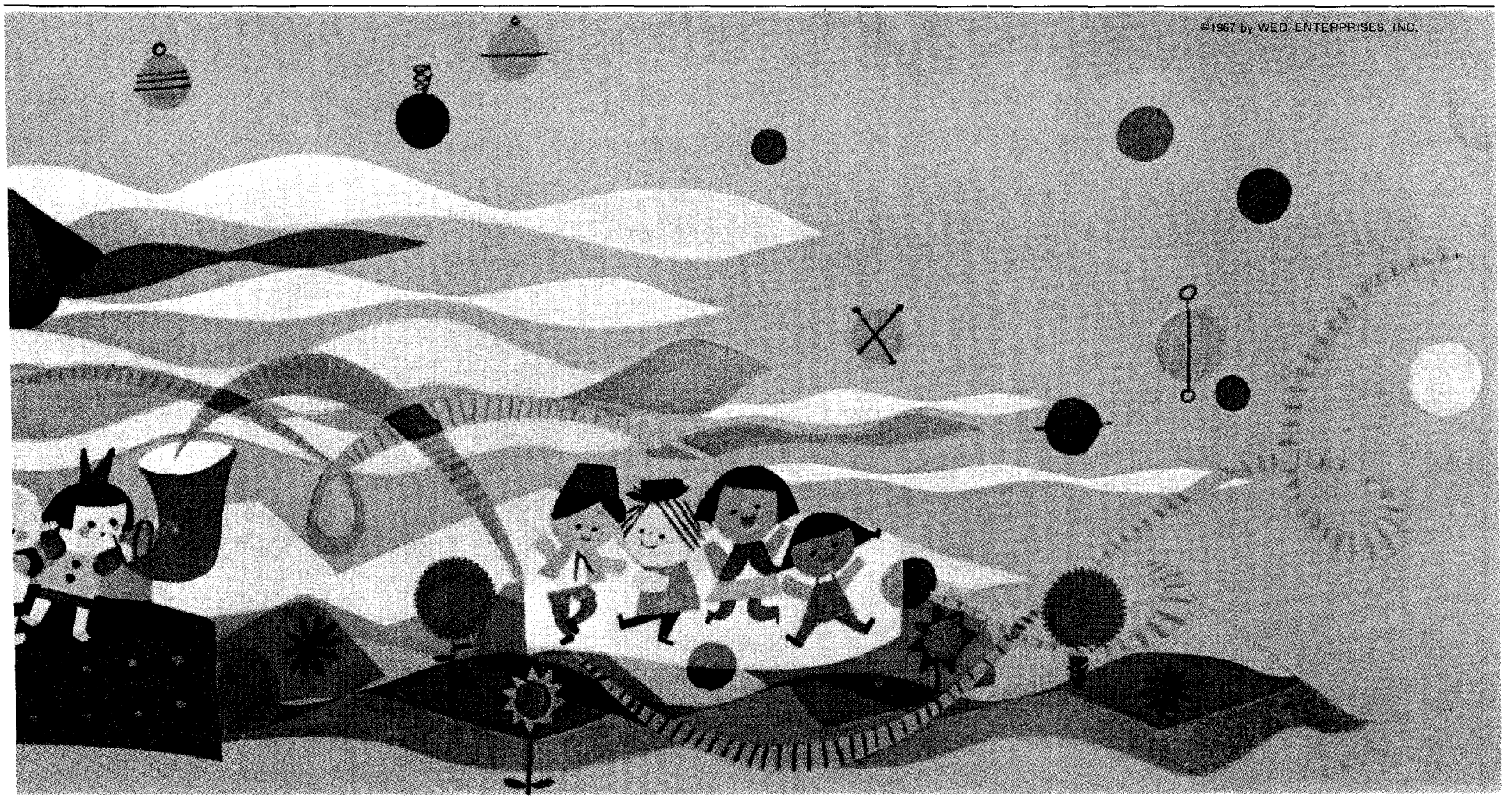

nall World" exhibit at the New York World's ir and Disneyland. Miss Blair has interpreted e promise of world-wide communications in colorful tile mosaic of a children's orchestra nding music to friends in other nations.

But the mural isn't the only thing that's new about the Bell System Exhibit. There's a larger, expanded display area that shows you telephone communications of the future.

Feature of the Exhibit is a Walt Disney film, "America, the Beautiful," in CircleVision 360,™ the motion picture that surrounds you and puts you in the center of the most beautiful scenery in the world. This is the year to discover America in person. If you and your family get to Disneyland, you'll be warmly welcomed at our new building in new "Tomorrowland."

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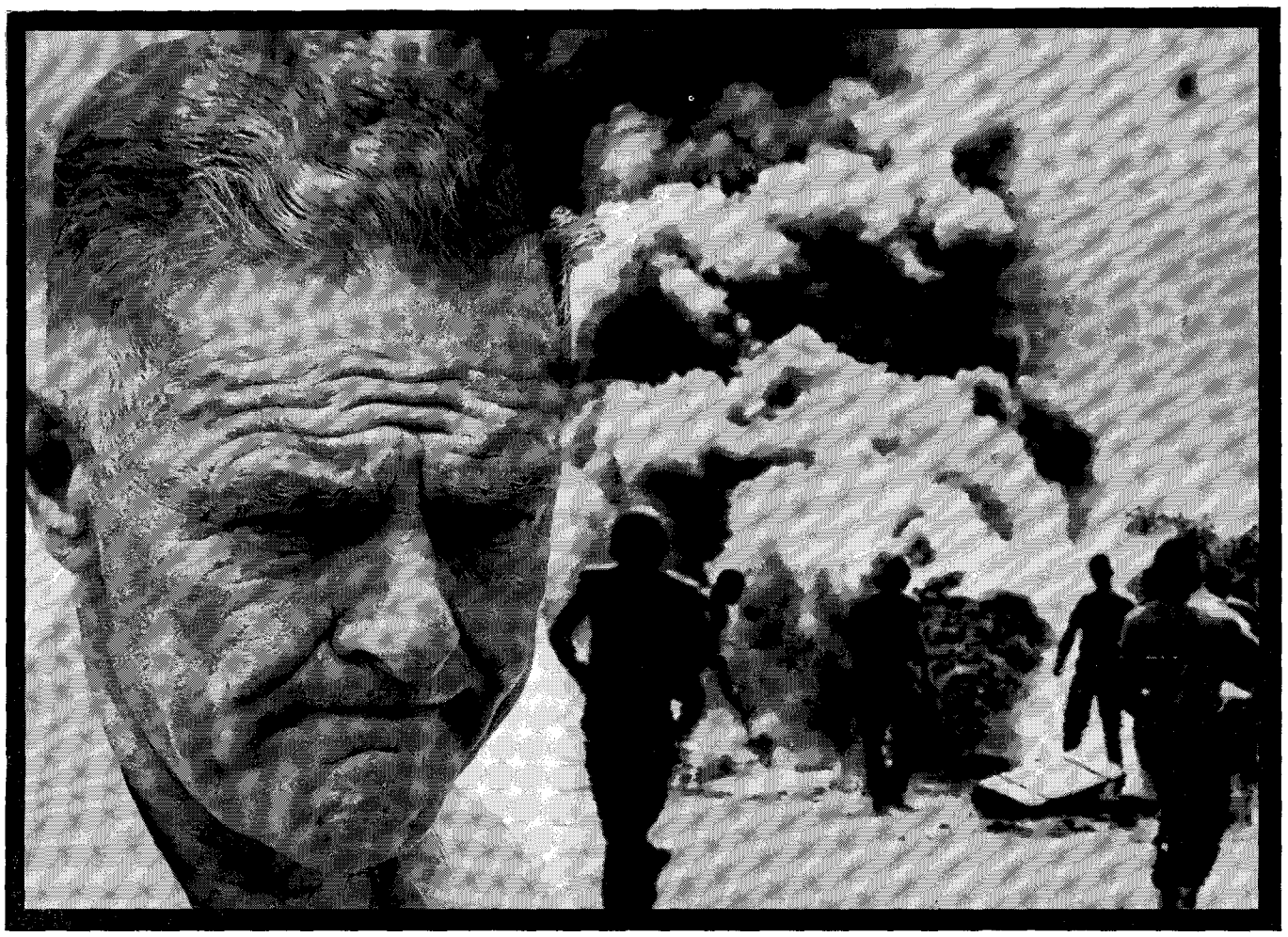
by Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge

WE'RE WINNING IN VIETNAM



An American returning home after a long tour in Vietnam is struck by the amount of honest controversy about this war. Let me express my respect for those who may disagree with me. I want to submit observations made while in Vietnam. The reader can draw his own conclusions.

I have learned that the American who works in Vietnam compares the present situation with the past. When you make that comparison, it is clear that progress has been made. But my trips home have also taught me that many Americans tend to measure Vietnam against conditions which they know at home, or against what still needs to be done. Your conclusion depends on what you use as your standard of measurement.

To understand how far we have come let us recognize what has been accomplished since President Johnson's decision, announced on July 28, 1965, to make a commitment of U.S. military power. We then feared that the enemy would cut Vietnam in two along Highway 19; or that the aggressor would establish a capital in some provincial city from which we could not oust him; or that a coup engineered by the Viet Cong would take over the government by subversion; or that runaway inflation would cause famine; or that there would be an unending wave of governmental instability—with the results that no one in the government would have time to learn his job and that the government would become infiltrated by Viet Cong spies. In particular, we feared that the loss of Vietnam would so encourage the aggressors that they would move against other nations of East Asia—in which case the threat of World War III would stare us in the face. I took part in high-level Washington conversations on these subjects, and our worry was greater than the public realized at the time.

Today, in Vietnam, it seems clear that the large enemy units are so split up and off-balance that they cannot divide the country or occupy any point against our will. For the first time enemy base areas have been entered in strength. Bombing of North Vietnam and control of the coasts and rivers in South Vietnam are complications for the Viet Cong. Indeed, our military performance has been magnificent.

Military success is giving Vietnam a chance to evolve toward stability and constitutional government. The reader may forget that there has been no change in Vietnamese government leadership for almost two years. Under the administration of Prime Minister Ky, elections were held in September, 1966, for delegates to a constitutional convention. More than 80 percent of the registered voters voted under inspection of the international press and the diplomatic corps. The elected delegates drafted a constitution providing for a government under which the legislative branch has more authority than the U.S. Congress has.

The Viet Cong resisted all this and urged the people not to vote. They increased their terrorism. Yet the people voted in large numbers. The election brought forward younger men from whom much can be expected in the future. The concurrence of the Armed Forces Council came as the result of meetings that were full of the spirit of give and take—and this was an unusual event in Vietnam. It showed the capacity of the Vietnamese leaders—military and civil—to plan ahead. I saw these traits at first hand in frequent meetings with many of them.

In addition to this political progress, economic and social programs have advanced, and the runaway inflation which the Viet Cong seek has been staved off. The percentage of roads which can be traveled increased between 1965 and last year, while the percentage of closed roads decreased. The percentage of the Vietnamese population living under secure conditions went from about 52 in 1965 to about 58 in 1966. The percentage of population largely under Viet Cong domination has decreased from about 23 to about 17. We agree with the Viet Cong that they lost control of more than one million people between December, 1965, and December. 1966. Here is the hard fact: They cannot win and we cannot be pushed out.

But—alas!—infiltration from the North continues, as do the machinations of the Hanoi-directed terrorist organization in South Vietnam—an organization which assassinates, tortures and sabotages. It is this terror which makes possible the impressment of men into the Viet Cong.

Outside of Vietnam, while the struggle goes on, that whole great area of islands and peninsulas constituting the edge of East Asia, going from Korea south, then west toward Burma, and southeast to New Zealand (and containing some 370 million people), is denied to the expansionism of Peking and Hanoi. To be sure, the current situation is dangerous because the world is dangerous, but if we had been pushed out of Vietnam or if we had abandoned it, a catastrophe of global dimensions would have ensued. This would have involved us in a far more acute danger. This may explain why so outspoken an Asian leader as Lee Kuan Yew, prime minister of Singapore, who has been in the past no great admirer of the U.S., said recently that the nations of East Asia "would rather live with a permanent American military presence than face the process that has emasculated South Vietnam." Thus our policies not only protect our vital interests but also actually tend toward peace, even though the other side is not yet ready for negotiations.

The picture is thus one of solid achievements behind us. The achievements would not have occurred without President Johnson's farsighted and brave decision to make use of our military power and thus help the South Vietnamese protect their independence.

Now, what is the nature of the problem ahead of us? First, remember that 70 percent of the land area of Vietnam is covered by jungle, brush and savanna grass; 80 percent of the population lives in 40 percent of the territory. In other words, this is a made-to-order country for banditry and terrorism. Perhaps the easiest way to understand the problem is to compare Vietnam with World War II, as it was fought in Europe, where every nook and cranny is well known and highly developed. In World War II we beat the German

(*continued on page 13*)

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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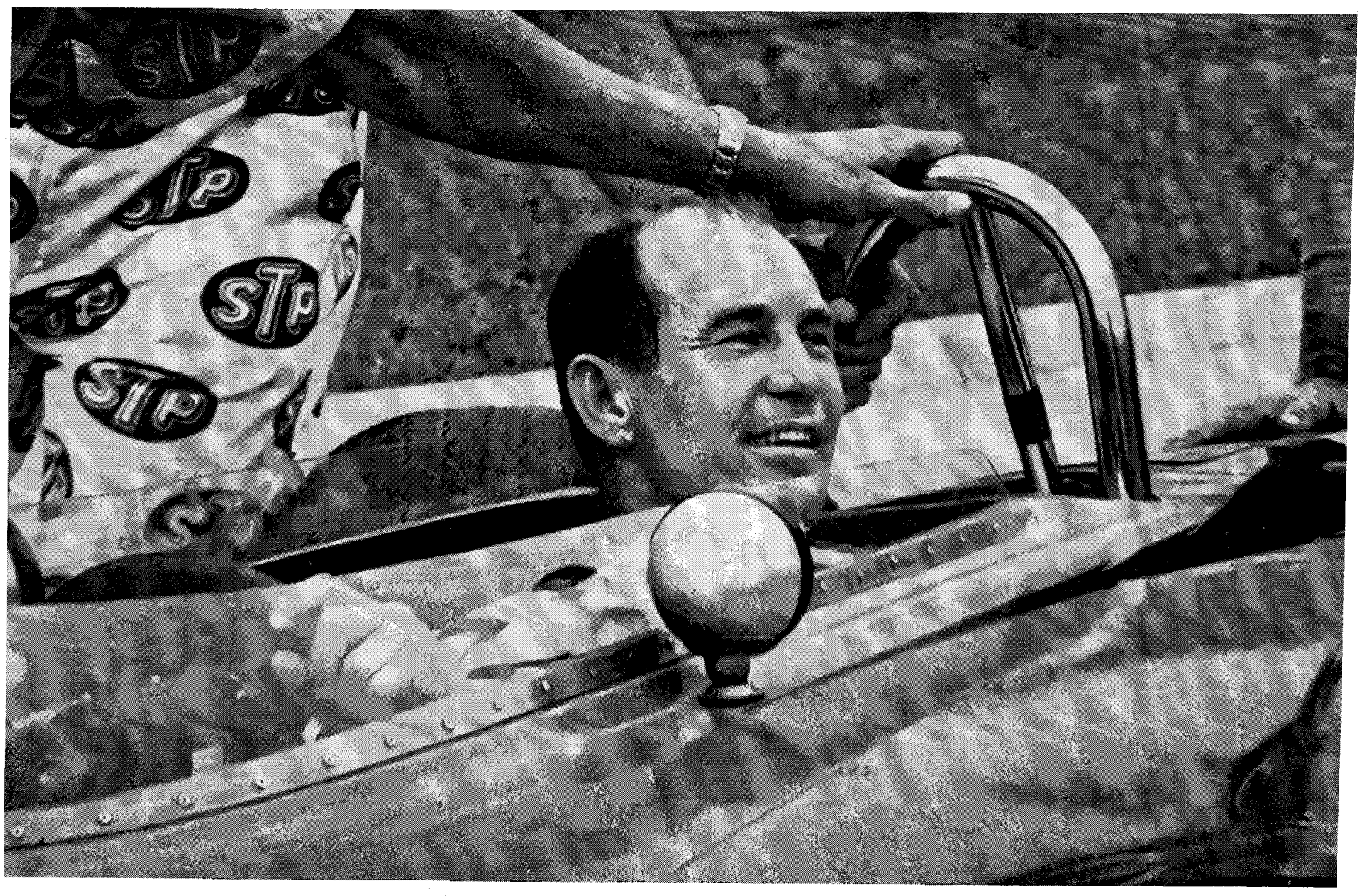

Parnelli Jones knows the score.

Firestone's record of wins in major world-wide racing for 1967*

Firestone 73.....Others 24

Firestone's winning record (U.S.)

Indianapolis 500	**Firestone 45**—Others 6
Daytona	**Firestone 20**—Others 7
Darlington Motor Speedway	**Firestone 22**—Others 6
Pikes Peak	**Firestone 42**—Others 9
Trenton Speedway	**Firestone 18**—Others 5
Milwaukee 200	**Firestone 17**—Others 4
Phoenix National Championship	**Firestone 17**—Others 4
Riverside	**Firestone 4**—Others 3
Atlanta Motor Speedway	**Firestone 10**—Others 5
Charlotte Motor Speedway	**Firestone 8**—Others 7
Yankee 300	**Firestone 4**—Others 1
Peach Blossom 500, Rockingham	**Firestone 2**—Others 0

*through June 11

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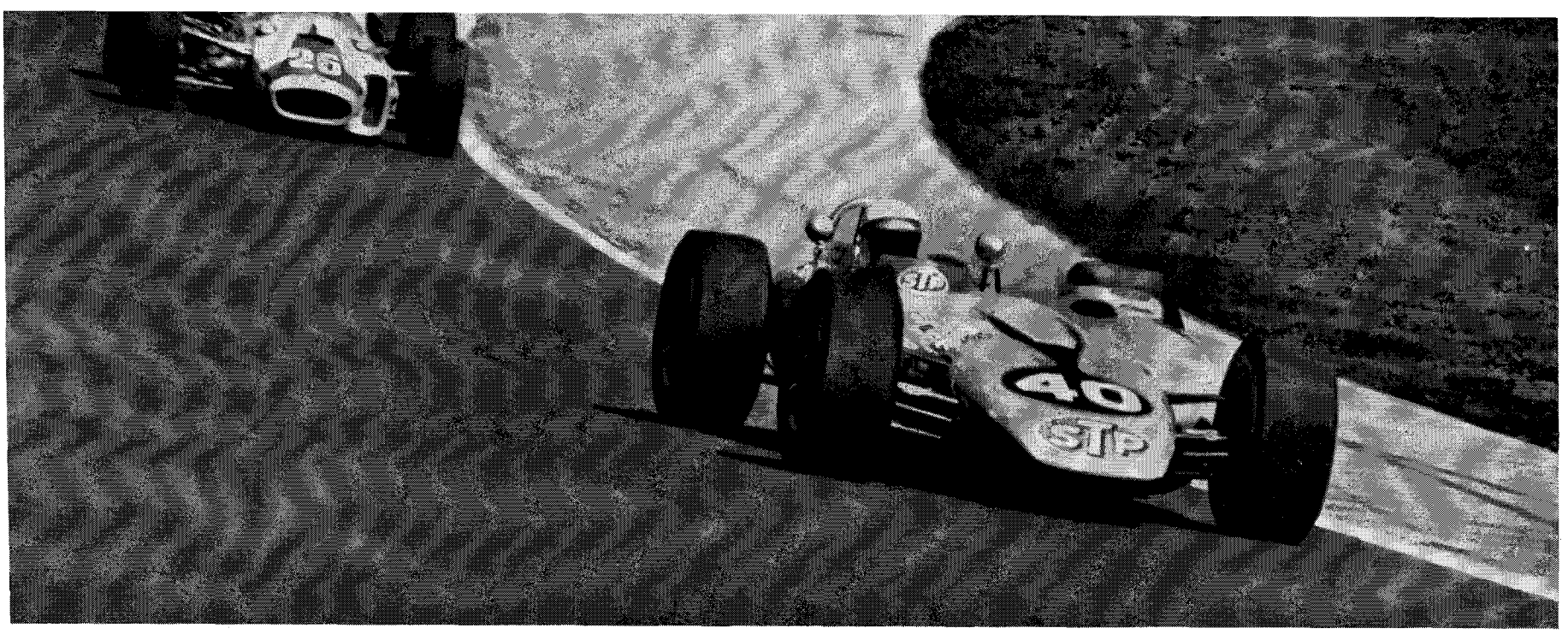

That's why he insisted on Firestone tires for his turbine car in the 1967 Indianapolis 500.

57 years of racing research, Firestone
s won more races—in more places—
in any other make of tire. A pretty solid
son why Firestone tires are preferred
more race drivers. And nobody knows
s better than Parnelli Jones.
This year Parnelli brought a new kind of
to Indy. A turbine-powered racer. So
et, it didn't even sound like a racing
. Instead of roaring, it whooshed.
The car, with its four-wheel-drive and
bine engine, developed so much power
threatened to tear ordinary tires into shreds. But Parnelli knew the score. So he and car owner Andy Granatelli turned to Firestone.

Firestone had the tires. Had the tires *and* the experience. What happened is history.

The turbine stole the show. It led almost all of the way and set 18 new track records. Then with just three laps to go, a scant 7½ miles, a $6 ball bearing failed and with it went the turbine's chance for a remarkable first-year win.

The Firestone tires performed flawlessly, without a single tire change, and carried Parnelli to the fastest lap speed ever in the race at 164.926 mph.

It figures. We're at Indianapolis for one reason: to learn. And what we learn we build into all Firestone tires. Like the Super Sports Wide Oval. A passenger-car tire built wide like our racing tires. To grip better. Corner easier. Run cooler. Stop quicker than your present tire. And it has rugged Nylon cord for maximum strength and safety. There's only one original Wide Oval tire—and Firestone builds it. Now at your Firestone Dealer or Store. WIDE OVAL FIRESTONE TM

Firestone

THE GREATEST TIRE NAME IN RACING

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Life's more fun when you feel secure against big hospital bills. It's twice the fun knowing you'll also get paid cash for staying out of the hospital.

NOW THEY PAY YOU FOR STAYING OUT OF THE HOSPITAL

In the face of today's skyrocketing medical costs, there's a new cash refund plan to reward people who don't go into the hospital.

An acute case of inflation has hit hospital prices in the past year. Today, the average person in the hospital will face bills that now run over $47 *per day*—most of which he must pay out of his own pocket because his health protection is no longer enough. Many experts predict the tab will soon rise to $57 a day.

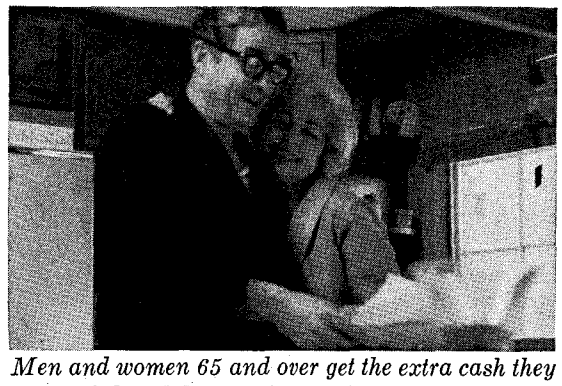
Fortunately, there's a bright ray of sunshine in this otherwise gloomy picture. A *revolutionary new kind* of "extra money" hospital security plan offers the ideal solution to these skyrocketing hospital costs.

When you're sick or hurt, this low cost plan pays you generous, tax-free hospital benefits. But the *special feature* of this new hospital security plan is that it also guarantees you a *big cash refund* if you don't need to use the plan's generous benefits.

If you stay well, you get money back! In effect, this new plan—developed by one of the largest health companies in America—also pays you for staying out of the hospital.

When a covered sickness or injury puts you in the hospital, this low cost plan works like ordinary insurance. It pays you $100 tax-free cash every week. You collect this $100-per-week for up to 100 weeks—up to $10,000—for each and every separate illness or injury. You collect even if you're in the hospital only one day. You can get this added protection without changing your present insurance.

Your full $100-a-week benefits come to you direct-by-check, in addition to any benefits you collect from other insurance, including group. You can spend the $100-a-week cash any way you wish.



Men and women 65 and over get the extra cash they need to help fill the gaps in Medicare and avoid loss.

But if you stay well, you still get paid! Simply keep the protection in force until maturity, and you get a big, lump sum *cash refund* of all the basic annual premiums you paid in. Instead of paying premiums which return no money if you have no claims, you get a big cash refund. It's like having an extra saving account tucked away for your future enjoyment and security.

And even if you do go to the hospital, you can still get a cash refund . . . if you collect hospital benefits that are *less* than the annualized premiums, you get a refund of the difference.

So sick or well, you *must* collect. You either collect $100 extra money every week up to $10,000 in the hospital. Or you get back *all* your basic annual premiums if you stay out of the hospital. Either way, you *cannot* lose! It's the sensible, low cost answer for the 9 out of 10 Americans whose present health insurance is no longer enough to pay today's sky-high hospital costs.

People are *already* being mailed big cash refund checks under the revolutionary "Money-Back" protection offered by Bankers Life and Casualty Co., whose famous White Cross Plan policies now protect over 6,000,000 Americans.

And the White Cross Plan also includes new, low cost plans specially designed to help people over 65 fill the many gaps in Medicare that could otherwise cost them thousands.

The remarkable story of how this new "Money Back" Hospital Plan also rewards you for staying out of the hospital, and special "Over-65" plans to supplement Medicare, is told in the Gold Book, an interesting and informative booklet offered to you free by Bankers.

****To get your free copy of the Gold Book, simply mail the postage-paid card bound in next to this page. There's no cost or obligation for this service.*

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SPEAKING OUT

(continued from page 6)

Army, and the war was over. In Vietnam when we defeat the Main Force units of the Viet Cong and the Army of North Vietnam, we then must go after the terrorists and the guerrillas in a program known as "pacification." In the conventional war, success tends to be measured by "body counts" and weapons captured, and by the extent to which we split up and keep off-balance the main enemy units. In Vietnam, success hinges on the information given our side as to who the hard-core terrorists are and where they are.

Another hard truth about Vietnam is that there are four quite distinct kinds of wars going on, and failure in one undercuts success in the other three. Our side is doing quite well in the (a) conventional war against overt aggression; (b) the political war which is moving Vietnam toward a government having wide popular support; and (c) the economic war aimed at preventing runaway inflation and its resulting widespread famine. But as regards (d): In the war against clandestine aggression, we have made progress but we are not doing as well.

Terrorists are hard people for a journalist from the Western World to cover. Yet during my time as Ambassador there was hardly a week in which I did not get eyewitness stories of policemen whose arms were chopped off, whose stomachs were cut out in the open street so as to terrorize young males to join the Viet Cong. I was in a position to receive reliable reports of people's eyes being put out with bayonets simply to create an atmosphere of terror so that none will dare resist. But when these things happen, there are never any photographers around.

Ho Chi Minh is reliably reported to have said that the thing that would be decisive in South Vietnam is "when the Americans and the South Vietnamese show they can destroy the guerrilla infrastructure"—the hard-core terrorists. Obviously these men are not awed by conventional military methods. There must be superpolice techniques—census, identification cards, curfew, permits to move from one place to another. In addition, terrorists are overcome when our side has knowledge of their terrain and intelligence of their activity. The cutting edge of this pacification must be the Vietnamese themselves. The aim must be to create enough confidence in the village leaders so that people will give information about the hard-core leaders.

An example of how pacification should be carried out was shown by the Korean forces in their advance some months ago near Qui Nhon. They established a sort of trading post in a mountain pass. As a result, the Koreans, by careful interrogation, discovered who the hard-core Viet Cong were and where they were. They also explained why Koreans were fighting in Vietnam.

When the time for the advance was ripe, the Koreans dropped leaflets announcing that no one would be killed, and that if anybody was hurt, it was the fault of the Viet Cong. They then picked up the hard-core Viet Cong terrorists and leaders. This is the mixture of political action plus clever soldiering in which our side must engage.

In this kind of war, the Vietnamese who fights where he lives is often more useful than the Vietnamese who comes from a distance. The local man knows the trails, the caves, and the terrorists.

A large organization already exists to overcome the guerrilla infrastructure. First is the regular army of Vietnam, which is being retrained to do what is constabulary work rather than the conventional fighting. With them are the men of regional and popular forces drawn from the villages. The job of all these men is to clear out the Viet Cong so the police can function.

Then—and only then, I believe—should the Revolutionary Development teams be introduced. These are the political and community organizers. These teams aim to combat the Viet Cong practice of pulling the young males out of villages. These teams are a novel and, I think, quite creative idea. The aim is, to use Prime Minister Ky's words, "not only to root out the Viet Cong in the rural areas but also to root ourselves into the rural areas. . . ." He who wins the people wins the war.

The 1967 Vietnamese program—the Revolutionary Development Plan—calls for the development of about 1,100 hamlets into peaceful communities containing a population of over 1,300,000 (approximately 450 hamlets were brought under Saigon's control last year). More than 500 Revolutionary Development teams are already at work. That these teams are an effective challenge to the Viet Cong is shown by the way in which the Viet Cong has increased its attacks on them. The Viet Cong evidently realizes that if these teams succeed, they can build durable local political institutions and this will suffocate the Viet Cong.

In considering future political developments we should remember that the Vietnamese have a strong sense of peoplehood but, like the Germans before Bismarck and the Italians before Cavour, they have not the same sense of nationhood which we know in the West. The greatest nation-building entity in the country is the military. The military in Vietnam, therefore, has a sociological significance which the military in the United States does not possess. It would be a great mistake to exclude them from the government. Rather, they should be given definite, heavy responsibilities. They must somehow be involved in the government.

No country emerging from colonialism has a corps of politicians such as we have. We should not expect such a corps in Vietnam. Rather, we should be content with honest elections out of which emerges a sharing of power among civilians and the military. The Vietnamese look at President Park of South Korea as a military man who has made a good and socially conscious president. Lengthening the perspective somewhat, they also look with admiration at such figures as Eisenhower and Washington. The measures I have recommended have one aim: to persuade four or five men in Hanoi to leave South Vietnam alone. We have not yet succeeded—as the terrorism in the villages attests. But we have made marked progress. And there is no doubt that, if we persist, the aggression will be warded off, and the cause of human freedom will thereby be started on a new upward spiral.

Henry Cabot Lodge

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Affairs of State, by Stewart Alsop

The jam we are in

WASHINGTON:

There is an erosion of confidence that you can almost smell, these days, in Washington's hot, humid air. The Washington mood is a bit like that expressed in the sad little ditty unhappy children used to recite: "Nobody loves me, everybody hates me, goin' out in the garden and eat worms. . . ."

Our side won the Middle Eastern war, and for a few days after the brilliant Israeli victory there was a brief euphoria in official Washington. Since then, the fact has become increasingly clear that Israel's victory was by no means necessarily a victory for the United States. For it has also become increasingly clear that there has never been a time since the last world war ended when the United States has been more nearly alone in the world.

Hardly anybody loves us, and a great many people hate us. Even the Israelis by no means love us. As several correspondents have reported from the scene, the Israelis have little admiration for this country and no sense of gratitude, and regard U.S. policy as feeble and vacillating.

The Arabs, of course, hate us. This hatred is generally dismissed in this country as mere hysteria, fanned by vicious propaganda. It is that, but it is more than that. In order to make their amazing little state viable in 1948, the Israelis forced hundreds of thousands of Arabs out of Arab cities like Jaffa and Haifa, and off the land they had tilled for centuries. Now it seems likely that the Arab refugees of 1948 will be joined in their filthy camps by tens of thousands of new refugees from Old Jerusalem and the land west of the Jordan. Is it really very surprising that the Arabs hate the Israelis? And is it any wonder that the Arabs hate the United States, as the sponsor and protector of Israel, almost more than they hate Israel itself?

In the aftermath of the six-day war, there was some hope in official Washington that the Soviets would work "in parallel" with the United States to damp down the Middle-Eastern hatreds and achieve a lasting settlement. President Johnson and Premier Kosygin did not come to blows at Holly Bush, but they came to no agreement either, and since then the hope has been dying. It seems much more probable that Soviet policy was accurately predicted by an unnamed Soviet official (probably the Russian ambassador in Paris) who was quoted as follows in the French weekly, *Le Nouvel Observateur:*

"The diplomatic and political battle we are going to wage at the side of the Arabs . . . will be very hard. We will blackmail the Americans with respect to their oil interests and their shipping in the Suez Canal . . . We will lead an incessant propaganda campaign among the young generations [of Arabs] against the cowards, the opportunists and the collaborators of the Anglo-Americans. . . ."

In this battle, Arab hatred will be a most useful weapon. And the stakes are high. The Israelis are brave fighters, but the Arabs outnumber them by more than 15 to 1, and they are sitting on the world's greatest proved reserves of oil in what is historically one of the world's greatest strategic land areas.

Moreover, in their "diplomatic and political battle" against the "Anglo-Americans," it is now clear, the Soviets will have an enthusiastic ally in Charles de Gaulle's France. Official Washington was hardly surprised when de Gaulle refused to join the consortium to assert the right of peaceful passage in the Gulf of Aqaba, or when he cut off the supply of arms to France's former ally, Israel.

But there was surprise—and a good deal of rage—when it was learned that two French oil companies, with official encouragement, had attempted to move in on the Anglo-American oil interests in the oil-producing Arab countries. "If de Gaulle really does that," said one normally unemotional American official, "we ought to break diplomatic relations with Paris."

It has taken a long time, but the conclusion is at last being forced upon the American Government that de Gaulle really does regard the United States not only as an enemy but as *the* enemy. The final rupture by de Gaulle of the French-American alliance has undermined the whole American system of alliances.

NATO may be a long time a-dying, but it is dying surely, killed by de Gaulle. The German-American alliance, once rock-firm, is seriously enfeebled. The Germans, and the Japanese and the Italians as well, may join with the French in the assault on the Anglo-American oil interests in the Middle East. The British, alone among our major allies, supported the project to assert the right of passage in the Gulf of Aqaba.

If, as a consequence of joining this country in that attempt, the British lose their oil holdings in the Arab countries, it will be a near-total economic catastrophe for them. They may be so enfeebled that they will have no choice but to crawl into the Common Market on hands and knees, on de Gaulle's terms. De Gaulle's basic condition, of course, is the death and public burial of the Anglo-American alliance. If that alliance dies, the United States will indeed be alone in the world, and this is one reason for the erosion of confidence you can smell in Washington's air. The other, of course, is Vietnam.

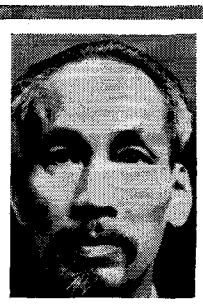
"In a way," one high official has remarked privately, "we were as wrong about Vietnam as about the Bay of Pigs." He did not mean that this country was necessarily wrong to intervene in Vietnam. He did mean that the cost of intervention, in casualties, in expenditures, in military-force levels, and above all in the time required to achieve a settlement, was vastly underestimated. The awful thought that an acceptable settlement may be unachievable, and the war unwinnable, is beginning to occur, even to former official optimists.

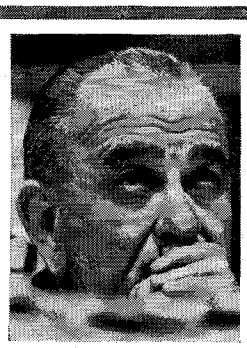
In short, this country is in a jam all over the world. The jam we are in could be worse. It would be worse if Nasser were presiding in triumph over Tel Aviv, or Ho Chi Minh over Saigon, for example. But it is a very bad jam all the same, and we won't get out of it by going out in the garden and eating worms.

The jam we are in requires facing up to some hard questions. For example, if de Gaulle is determined to treat us as an enemy, should we not treat him likewise? What price will we pay to keep Britain out of the Common Market, and thus preserve the only alliance we have that is worth preserving? And is more of the same really all we can do in Vietnam?

The trouble is that to the people who should be asking such questions, the asking itself is a confession of failure. Many of these people are brilliantly able. But perhaps new men are needed to do the new thinking which now so clearly needs to be done.

Stewart Alsop





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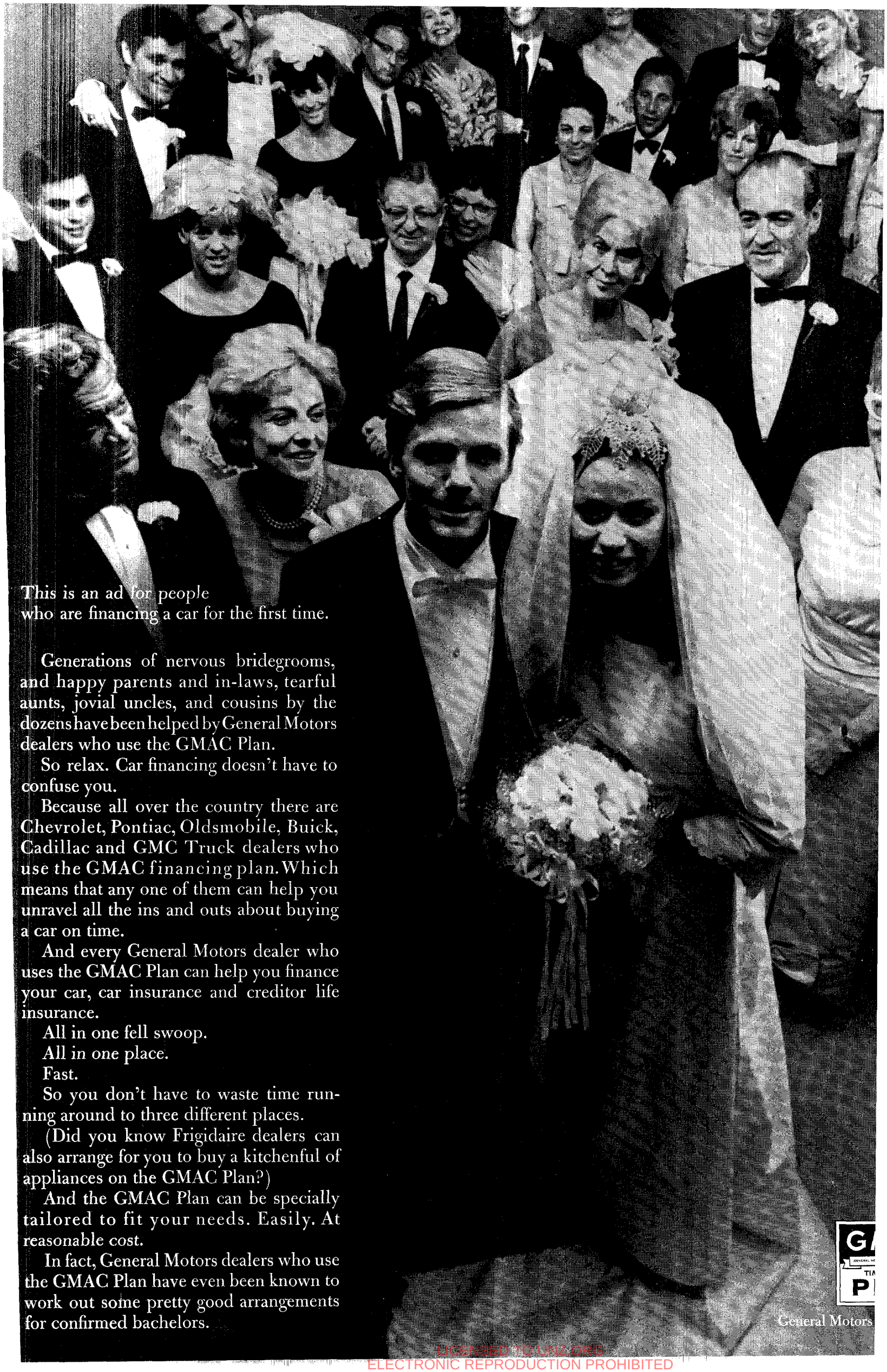

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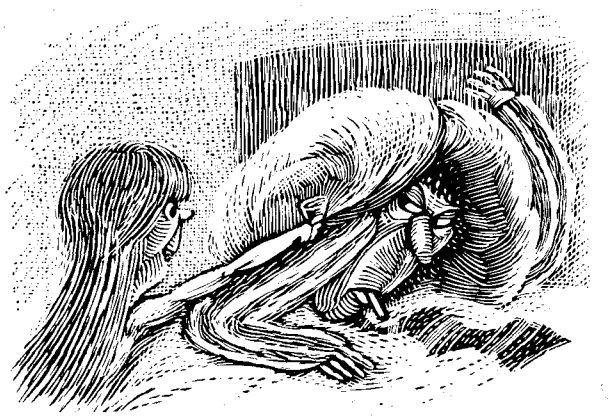
By Will Stanton

Read it like it is, baby



Most educators agree that one reason Johnny can't read is that he never is offered anything worth reading. Thanks to television and radio, the average youngster enters school with a working knowledge of payola, tax evasion, fallout, wiretapping and other interesting events of the world around him. He is eager to learn to read so that he can find out the fascinating details for himself. Then he opens his first book and finds: "My dog is Spot. Do you see Spot? Run, Spot, run!" The result is boredom.

At last, however, we have *Live It Up*, a new primer by Esther and Ward Porringer. It addresses itself directly to this problem, as this excerpt from the forthcoming book will illustrate:

At last the great day arrived! The children were up at dawn. They crept into the kitchen as quiet as mice.

Ned poured the juice. Kate made the toast. Suzy dropped a bottle of milk.

Kate said, "How clumsy you are!"

Suzy said, "Roy did it."

Soon Mother came downstairs. She made some coffee. Then she lit a cigarette. Her eyes were closed.

Roy said, "I'll go and wake Father."

Kate said, "I'll take Father some juice."

Mother said, "Wait." She poured something brown into a glass. "This is Father's juice," she said.

Roy took Father some aspirin.

Ned carried the black coffee.

Little Suzy took Father a cigarette. Soon the children returned.

"Father is wearing a necktie with his pajama coat," Kate said. "His pajama trousers are on the bedpost."

Roy said, "Father dropped the aspirin on the floor."

"He spilled the coffee," Suzy said.

Mother said, "Eat your cereal."

"What is a poltroon?" Ned said. "That is what Father called me."

"The Lord hates a tattletale," Mother said. Breakfast was over. Father came downstairs. He was wearing a tuxedo. How the children laughed!

Mother said, "Have you forgotten the picnic?"

Father said a bad word.

Mother poured him some more juice.

"Did you pack everything?" Father asked.

Mother said, "It's in the basket."

Can you see the picnic basket? It is filled with good things to eat and drink. Father kicked it under the table.

Everyone got in the car. They headed out of town.

Father stopped at a gas station. An old man came out the door. "Give us ten gallons," Father said. The man checked the oil. He put in two quarts.

Roy broke a window in the station.

The man said, "It will cost two dollars to fix the window."

Father handed the man two dollars. Then everyone got into the car and they drove away.

Father said, "Roy, you must pay me the money from your allowance. You must learn the value of money."

Roy said, "Father, you forgot to pay the old man for the gas and oil."

Father said, "No, I did not forget. The old man forgot to ask me for it."

Kate said, "The old man must learn the value of money."

Father patted her head. "Good girl," he said.

Do you know the value of money? Try to make a five-dollar bill out of paper. Practice every day.

Father said, "We have passed the city limits. How can you tell we are in the country? We will see who has the sharpest eyes."

Ned saw the speedometer. "You are going 85 miles an hour," he said.

"Good for you," Father said.

Kate said, "We ran over a chicken."

Father said, "That was a duck. We must learn to be more observant."

Roy said, "I see a sign. It says No HUNTING. It has holes in it."

Can you see the sign? It is shot full of bullet holes.

Father said, "Suzy, can't you tell us anything about the country?"

Suzy said, "There isn't any place to go to the bathroom."

At the picnic ground, all the picnic things were placed under a shady tree.

Mother said, "We must build a fire." The children set out to gather wood.

The boys got some boards from a farmer's gate. Kate returned with a wooden mailbox. Little Suzy came back dragging a sign. The sign said No TRESPASSING. Father smiled at her.

"That will make splendid kindling," he said. "You are learning woodcraft."

Soon the fire was burning merrily. The children roasted marshmallows. They had cupcakes and bananas and pop. Mother and Father had something out of a Thermos jug.

After lunch Father smoked a cigar. Mother smoked a package of cigarettes. She painted her toenails. The children sat in the auto and played cards. Then it was time to go. The picnic things were packed. The children were put in charge of clearing up.

Father said, "Have you picked up all the bottles?"

"Yes," the children cried.

"We can leave the cans and paper here, but put the bottles in the car," Father said. "They are worth two cents each. A good camper always returns his bottles."

Soon they were home.

Suzy spied her doll buggy in the driveway.

"There is my buggy!" she cried. "I thought it was lost."

Father ran over it.

Mother went into the house and got him a glass of juice. She sent the children to grandma's house for supper.

Father turned on the radio. The announcer said there was a forest fire. It was at the very spot where the family had had their picnic.

"Just think," Mother said, "if we had waited one more day it would have been too late."

Father agreed. "This has been our lucky day," he said.

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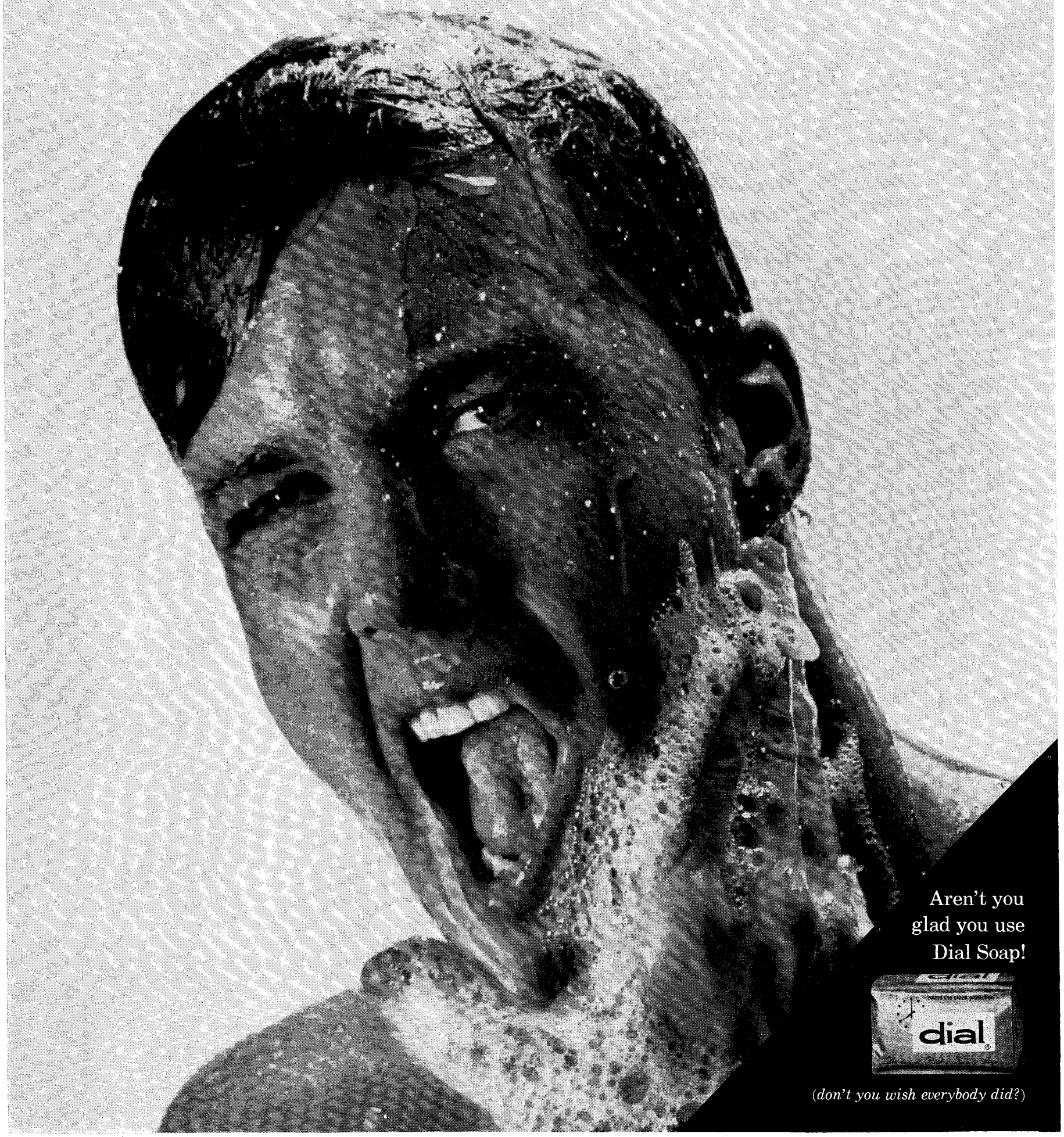

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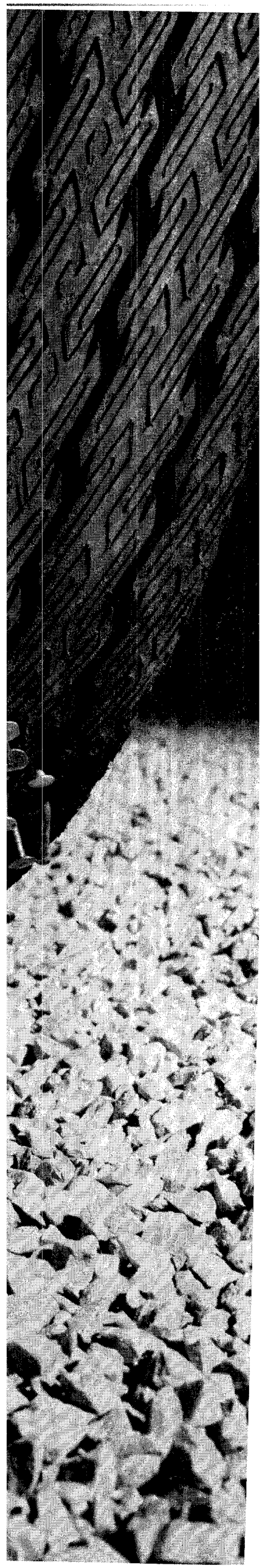

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This is Sears new self-sealing tire. You could drive it with a dozen nails in it.

Here are 42 other reasons it should be the next self-sealing tire you buy.

It's called the Silent Guard Sealant.

1 You could drive it with a hundred nails in it.

2 It's guaranteed to wear for 40 months. **3** In writing.

We're putting the guarantee right here in the ad. It makes pretty good reading. **4** You'll note there are no wherefores; no ifs, ands or buts.

Oh, there's one if. But we think you'll like it.

5 If the Silent Guard fails during the first 20 months, we'll give you a new tire free. **6** If it picks up a nail—or a dozen nails—we'll fix it free.

No maybes. **7** And as they say in the ads, nobody else has a guarantee like this.

This is quite a tire.

Maybe if other tire people had a self-sealing tire like this, they'd have a guarantee like ours.

8 The Sears Silent Guard is as close to being completely trouble-free as any self-sealing tire ever made.

9 A special patented sealant does the job. **10** There is a five-layer sealant inside the tire. **11** It clings to just about any nail that can get in.

12 And it keeps air from getting out.

The Silent Guard is priced from $42.04 to $51.38. Depending on your tire size. Including Federal Excise Tax. That's the advertised price. **13** And that's the selling price. **14** You never have to haggle at Sears.

15 No extra charge for mounting.

16 No money down on Sears Easy Payment Plan.

You can find self-sealing tires listed at $90 and more. But you can't buy a **17** better, **18** safer self-sealing tire anywhere. **19** For any price.

20 It's 28 per cent heavier than the average of new car tires.

21 Its tread is 15 per cent deeper. **22** And 14 per cent wider.

23 It's got 44 per cent more carcass strength. **24** That's 1,000 pounds more strength per inch than the average of new car tires.

25 In fact, it can even withstand impacts that will bend the steel wheel.

Because of its advanced design, tests proved the Silent Guard gives you **26** better traction, **27** better wear, **28** better high-speed performance than most other sealant tires.

That's a lot of better.

29 The Silent Guard is a good-looking job, too. It's got **30** the new low profile.

31 And narrow new whitewalls. **32** Double band whitewalls.

33 There's a new scuffing bar above and below the whitewalls to protect them from being attacked by curbings.

You remember that annoying squealing noise that most tires make on turns? **34** The Silent Guard has a patented squelcher to stifle the squeal.

35 And a patented safety shoulder for added protection.

If your car should drift you can pull it back on the pavement gradually. The safety shoulder allows the tire to climb back on the higher surface without making a sudden swerve.

Get the idea?

36 Sears isn't going to put its guarantee on just any self-sealing tire. **37** In fact, this is the only self-sealing tire in the world that Sears will guarantee.

38 Because when Sears guarantees, Sears guarantees.

We don't want to sell you a lot of ifs, ands or buts.

We want to sell you a tire that will **39** get you home safely.

We honestly think the Silent Guard is the **40** finest, **41** safest self-sealing tire your wheel can go around with.

And it's guaranteed by Sears. Sears, Roebuck and Co.

Get four.

There's safety in numbers.

Tread Life Guarantee

Guaranteed Against: All failures of the tire resulting from normal road hazards or defects in material or workmanship.

For How Long: For the life of the original tread.

What Sears Will Do: Repair nail punctures at no charge. In the case of failures, in exchange for the tire: Replace it at no charge, if failure occurs during first 20 months. If tire fails after this period, it will be replaced, charging only the proportion of current regular selling price plus Federal Excise Tax that represents tread used.

Tread Wear-Out Guarantee

Guaranteed Against: Tread wear out

For How Long: 40 months.

What Sears Will Do: In exchange for the tire replace it, charging current regular selling price plus Federal Excise Tax less a set percentage allowance.

Sears

42 You get more tire at Sears.

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Points West

By Joan Didion
and John Gregory Dunne

The seacoast of despair

I went to Newport not long ago, to see the great stone *fin-de-siècle* "cottages" in which certain rich Americans once summered. The places loom still along Bellevue Avenue and Cliff Walk, one after another, silk curtains frayed but gargoyles intact, monuments to something beyond themselves; houses built, clearly, to some transcendental point. No one had made clear to me exactly what that point was. I had been promised that the great summer houses were museums and warned that they were monstrosities, had been assured that the way of life they suggested was graceful beyond belief and that it was gross beyond description, that the very rich were different from you and me, and yes, they had lower taxes, and if "The Breakers" was perhaps not entirely tasteful, still, *où sont les croquet wickets d'antan*. I had read Edith Wharton and I had read Henry James, who thought that the houses should stand there always, reminders "of the peculiarly awkward vengeances of affronted proportion and discretion."

But all that turns out to be beside the point, all talk of taxes and taste and affronted proportion. If, for example, one pursues the course, as Mrs. Richard Gambrill did in 1900, of engaging the architect who did the New York Public Library, approving plans for an 18th-century French château on a Rhode Island beach, ordering the garden copied after one Henry VIII gave to Anne Boleyn, and naming the place "Vernon Court," one moves somehow beyond the charge of breached "discretion." Something else is at work here. No aesthetic judgment could conceivably apply to the Newport of Bellevue Avenue, to those vast follies behind their handwrought gates; they are products of the metastasis of capital, the Industrial Revolution carried to its logical extreme, and what they suggest is how recent are the notions that life should be "comfortable," that those who live it should be "happy."

"Happiness" is, after all, a consumption ethic, and Newport is the monument of a society in which production was seen as the moral point, the reward if not exactly the end, of the economic process. The place is devoid of the pleasure principle. To have had the money to build "The Breakers" or "Marble House" or "Ochre Court" and to choose to build at Newport is in itself a denial of possibilities; the island seems physically ugly, mean without the saving grace of extreme severity, a landscape less to be enjoyed than dominated. The prevalence of topiary gardening in Newport suggests the spirit of the place. And it was not as if there were no other options for these people: William Randolph Hearst built not at Newport but out on the edge of the Pacific. San Simeon, whatever its peculiarities, is in fact an enchanted hill, swimming in golden light, sybaritic air, a deeply romantic

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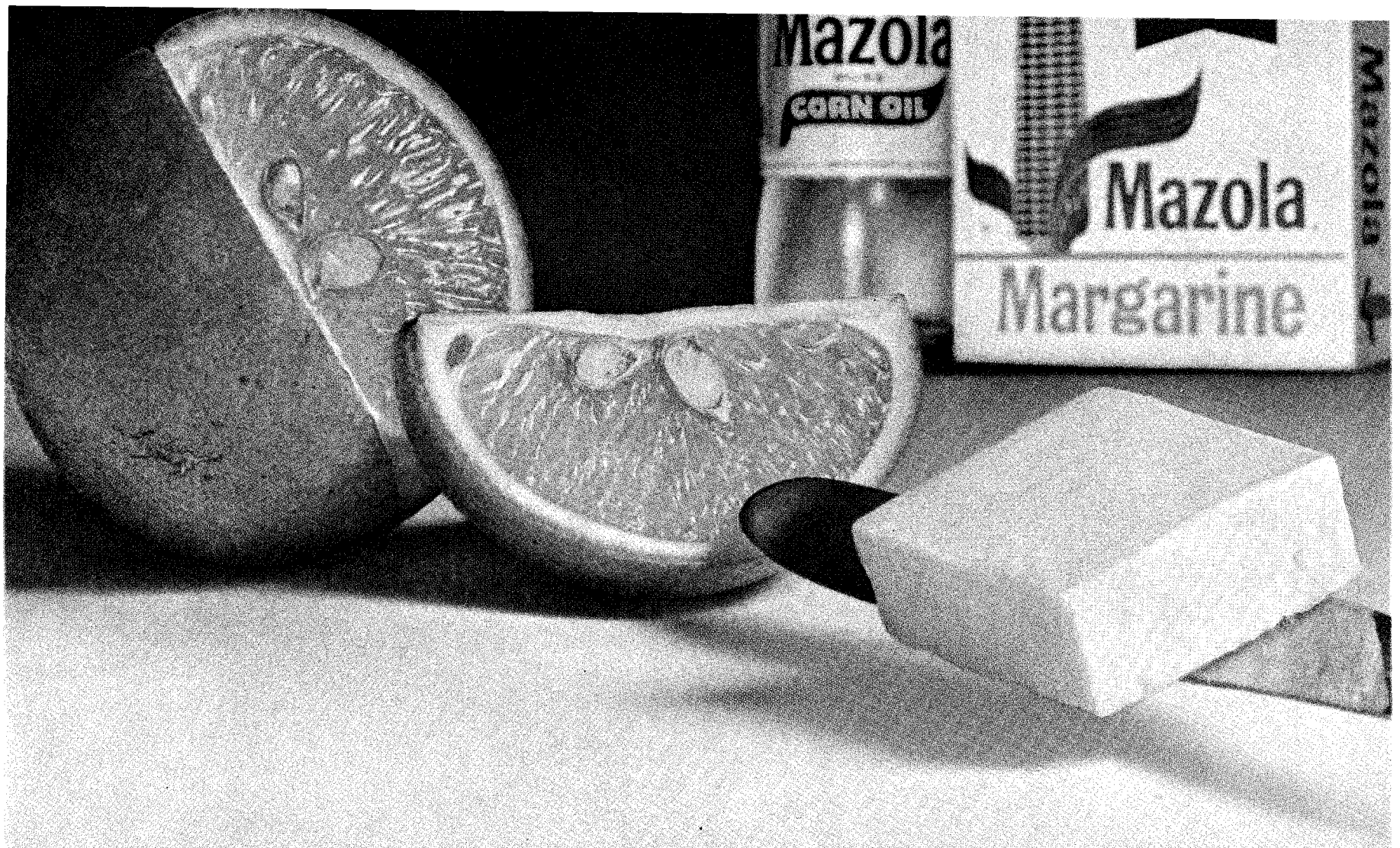

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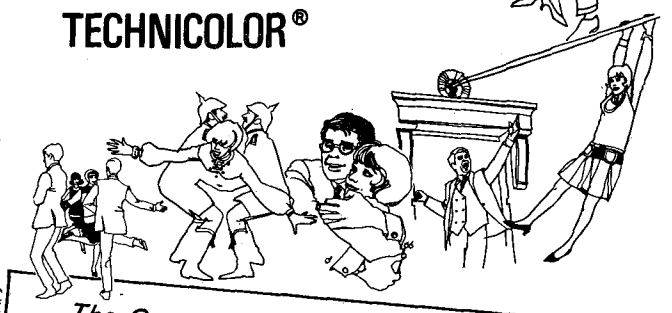

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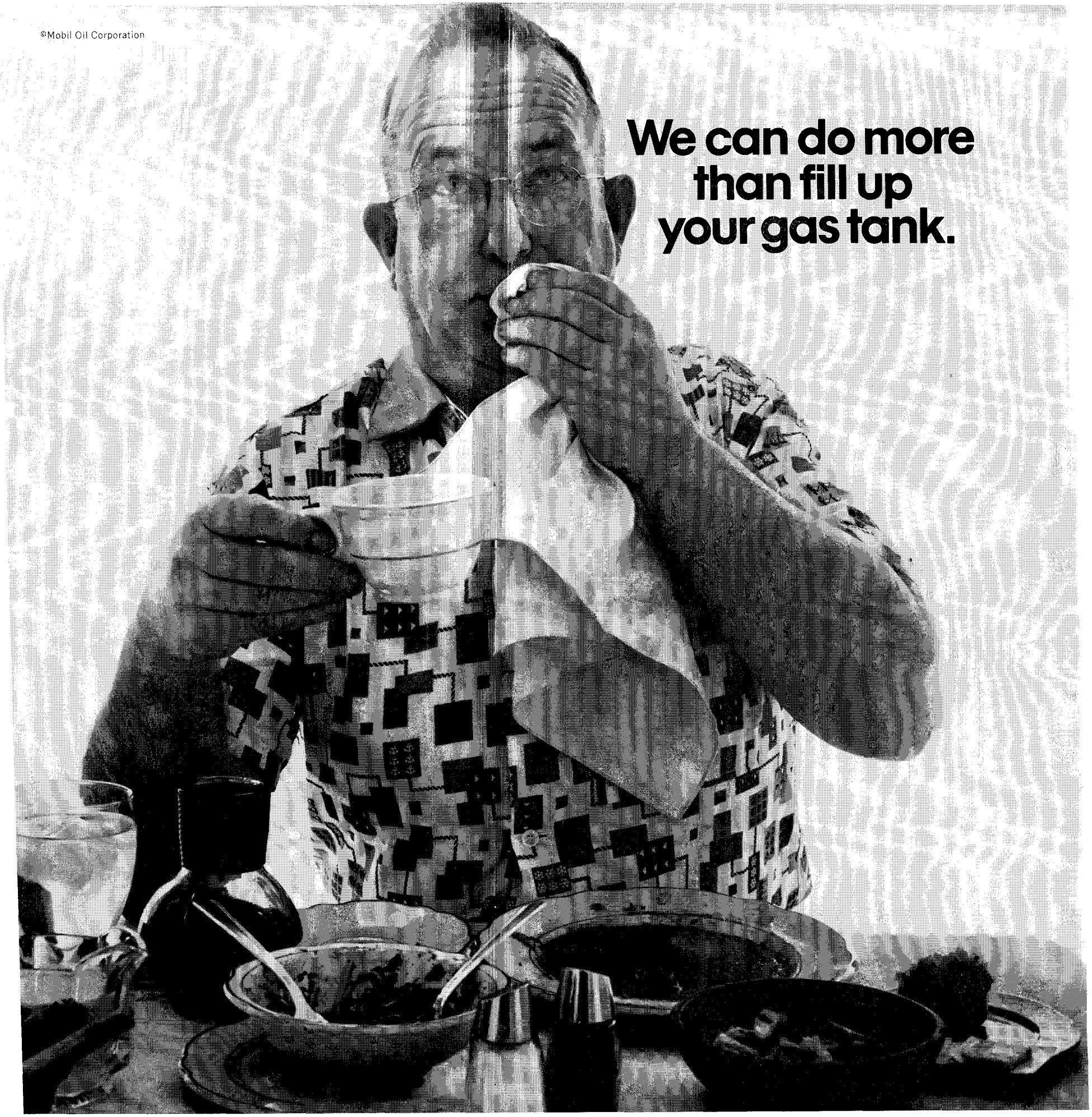

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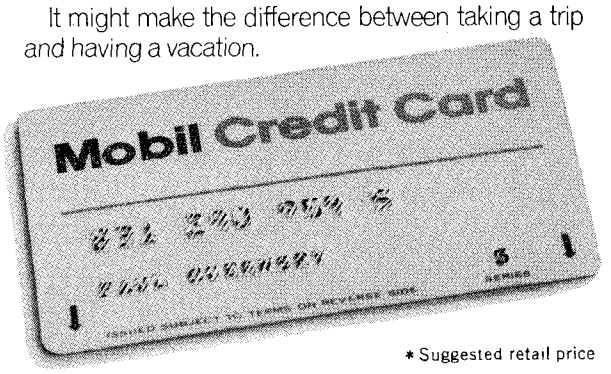

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place. But in Newport the air proclaims only the sources of money. Even as the sun dapples the great lawns and the fountains splash all around, there is something in the air that has nothing to do with pleasure and nothing to do with graceful tradition, a sense not of how prettily money can be spent but of how harshly money is made, an immediate presence of the pits and the rails and the foundries, of turbines and pork-belly futures. So insistent is the presence of money in Newport that the mind springs ineluctably to the raw beginnings of it. A contemplation of "Rosecliff" dissolves into the image of Big Jim Fair, digging the silver out of a mountain in Nevada so that his daughter might live in Newport. "Old Man Berwind, he'd turn in his grave to see that oil truck parked in the driveway," a guard at "The Elms" said to me as we surveyed the sunken garden there. "He made it in coal, soft coal." It had been on my mind as well as on the guard's, even as we stood in the sunlight outside the marble summer house, coal, soft coal.

In that way Newport is curiously Western, closer in spirit to Virginia City than to New York, to Denver than to Boston. It has the stridency commonly credited to the frontier. And, like the frontier, it is not much of a game for women. Men paid for Newport, and granted to women the privilege of living in it. Just as gilt vitrines could be purchased for the correct display of biscuit Sèvres, so marble stairways could be purchased for the advantageous display of women. In the filigreed gazebos they could be exhibited in a different light; in the French sitting rooms, in still another setting. They could be cajoled, flattered, indulged, given pretty rooms and Worth dresses, allowed to imagine that they ran their own houses and their own lives, but when it came time to negotiate, their freedom proved a *trompe l'oeil*. It was the world of Bailey's Beach which made a neurasthenic of Edith Wharton, and, against her will, the Duchess of Marlborough of Consuelo Vanderbilt. The very houses are men's houses, factories, undermined by tunnels and service railways, shot through with plumbing to collect salt water, tanks to store it, devices to collect rain water, vaults for table silver, equipment inventories of china and crystal and blanket covers and "Tray cloths—fine" and "Tray cloths—ordinary." Somewhere in the bowels of "The Elms" is a coal bin twice the size of Julia Berwind's bedroom. The mechanics of such houses takes precedence over all desires and inclinations; neither for great passions nor for morning whims can the factory be shut down, can production—of luncheons, of masked balls, of *marrons glacés*—be slowed. To stand in the dining room of "The Breakers" is to imagine fleeing from it, pleading migraine.

What Newport turns out to be, then, is homiletic, a fantastically elaborate stage setting for an American morality play in which money and happiness are presented as antithetical. It is a curious theatrical for these particular men to have conceived, but then we all judge ourselves sometime; it is difficult for me to believe that Cornelius Vanderbilt did not sense, at some point in time, in some dim billiard room of his unconscious, that when he built "The Breakers" he damned himself. The world must have seemed greener to all of them, out there when they were young and began laying the rails or digging for high-grade ore in the Comstock or daring to think that they might corner copper. More than anyone else in the society, these men had apparently dreamed the dream and made it work. And what the dreamers did then was to build a place which seems to illustrate, as in a child's primer, that the production ethic led step by step to unhappiness, to restrictiveness, to entrapment in the mechanics of living. In that way the lesson of Bellevue Avenue is more seriously radical than the idea of Brook Farm. Who could fail to read the sermon in the stones of Newport? Who could think that the building of a railroad could guarantee salvation, when there on the lawns of the men who built the railroad nothing is left but the shadows of migrainous women, and the pony carts waiting for the long-dead children?

Joan Didion

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Hello Young Lovers
Can't Help Lovin' That Man
Side By Side
Mississippi Mud
Let There Be Love
One For My Baby
All Or Nothing At All
Footsteps
Flattery
Marie
Way Down Yonder In New Orleans
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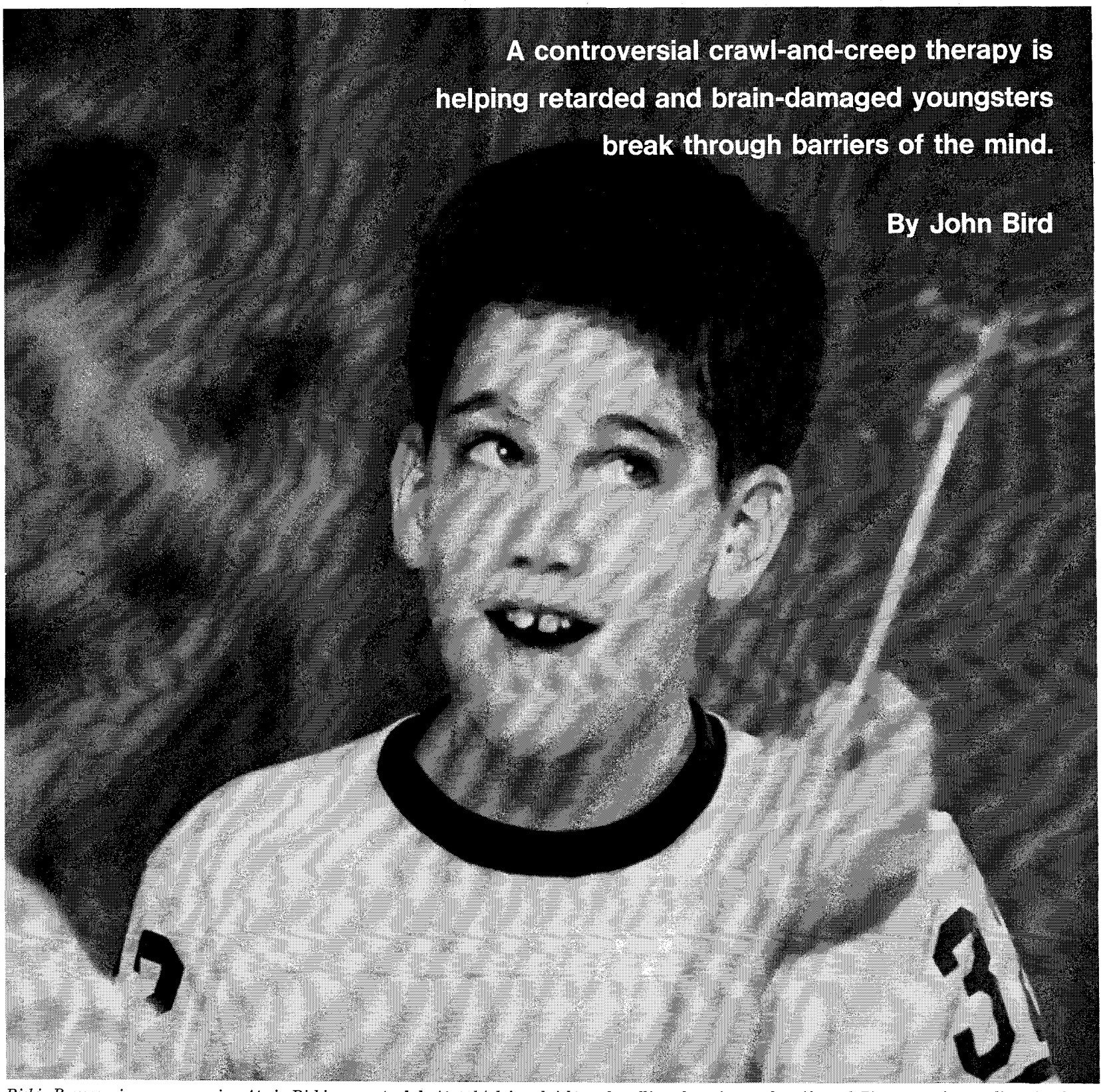
The Saturday Evening POST

When children can't learn

A controversial crawl-and-creep therapy is helping retarded and brain-damaged youngsters break through barriers of the mind.

By John Bird



Richie Bergman in an eye exercise. At six Richie was retarded. At 11½ he's a bright-eyed spelling champion, makes A's and B's—energetic, coordinated, all boy.

At six, when Richie Bergman started school, his I.Q. was far below normal. He walked with an awkward, shuffling gait. His eye-hand coordination was so poor that he couldn't tie his shoes. Doctors advised his broken-hearted parents, both of them highly educated, to accept the fact that Richie was retarded, to realize that with special education he might be trained for a workshop life.

The only hopeful signs were Richie's sparkling-bright hazel eyes, his seeming eagerness to learn—and his terrible frustration when he couldn't. The first-grade teacher told the Bergmans that "Richie *looks* so bright, but there seems to be some barrier that he just can't get through."

Now Richie Bergman has broken through that barrier. At the age of 11½ he is headed for the sixth grade, is a

Photographs by Matt Herron

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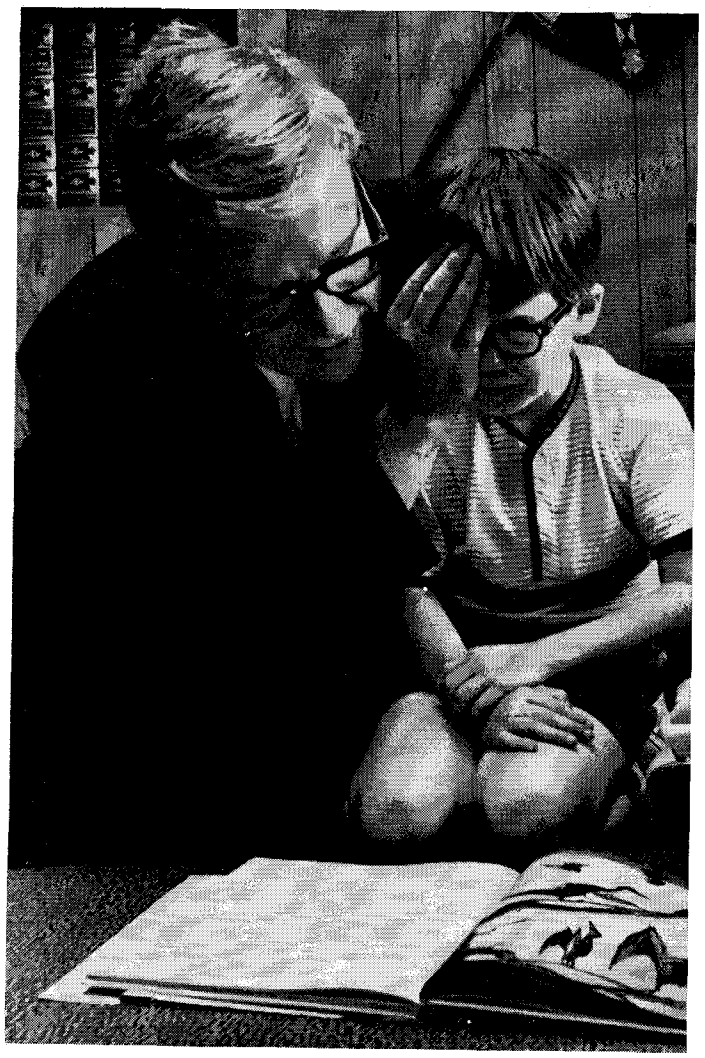
Carl Delacato, above, explains right- and left-handedness. Glenn Doman, below, directs a young lad through a Doman-Delacato exercise for reading.



spelling champion, a Boy Scout. He reads such books as *Please Don't Eat the Daisies* for fun. He also is an energetic, well-coordinated boy who likes baseball, football, playing in the school band, camping and fishing. When I went to see his parents, Richie insisted that I interview him first. He told me about a trip he had taken to Valley Forge, concluding with an oratorical flourish: "I stood on a hill and could imagine George Washington and his men there, ragged, no shoes on their feet, planning a surprise attack on Trenton. George Washington won all of his battles . . . well, most of them, and that's why we are free and independent."

Richie is just one of the dozens of retarded or once-retarded youngsters I saw while gathering information on an unorthodox method of treating children who have learning disabilities. Usually the system is known as the Doman-Delacato method, after the team of Glenn Doman, a physiotherapist, his brother, Robert J. Doman, M.D., and Carl H. Delacato, Ed.D., a psychologist and educator specializing in remedial reading. To put it in an oversimplified way, their system seeks to bypass or remove the barriers to learning which exist in the brains of some children. They "treat the brain, not the symptoms," they say, with highly formalized, concentrated patterns of exercises—including creeping and crawling—designed to stimulate and to build up a child's "neurological organization," that is, the step-by-step development of his central nervous system.

The Doman-Delacato system is highly controversial as well as unconventional. Some medics and teachers see the concept of neurological organization as a possible break-through, a means of improving the minds and bodies of many neurologically handicapped children. Some physicians have had their own retarded or brain-injured children treated by Doman-Delacato methods. A number of doctors refer patients to Doman-Delacato institutes for treatment.

At the same time the Doman-Delacato concept has met with skepticism, criticism and outright hostility from certain branches of the medical profession and from some educators and organizations dealing with retarded children. The principal criticisms are that: (1) the system oversimplifies the problems of retardation and their solution; (2) the theory of neurological organization has not been scientifically proven; and (3) the Doman-Delacato treatments have not been subjected to large-scale, impartially conducted tests—that case histories of recoveries don't, of themselves, constitute ironclad proof.

Certain neurologists, listing the wide variety of possible brain dysfunctions, express doubt that any one type of treatment can be helpful for many of them. "There is always danger in pat solutions," I was told by Dr. Richard L. Masland, director of the National Institutes of Neurological Diseases and Blindness, U. S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

And, the American Academy of Pediatrics has pointed out in an official statement: "To the Academy's knowledge, no controlled studies are available to support the greater value claimed for the [Doman-Delacato] program as compared with conventional treatment of the neurologically handicapped child. Without such studies, a medically acceptable evaluation is not thought possible." (Since the statement was issued, at least one small-scale, controlled test recently completed by Pennsylvania's Department of Public Instruction does give evidence that Doman-Delacato methods may improve the physical and mental functioning of certain retarded children.)

Richie Bergman is just one of the millions of neurologically handicapped children in our society. The severity of their afflictions ranges from hopeless to mild. Some, such as the Mongoloids, are obviously defective. Others appear to be quite normal but simply and mysteriously are "slow learners." In total, perhaps *one child in five* has some sort of learning disability.

Richie's parents are convinced that Doman-Delacato therapy unlocked his mind.

Fortunately, children at the lower end of the scale are relatively few, only one out of 1,000 births. Here are those who are profoundly defective because of genetic flaws or extensive brain damage. A step up are the moderately retarded who may have an I.Q. of 50, reach a mental age of seven years, and can be trained to take care of themselves, but are not "educable." About three children out of every 1,000 fall into this category.

But where there are thousands of deeply blighted children, there are millions of the mildly retarded. The President's Panel on Mental Retardation estimated in 1962 that 2.6 children per *100* born would reach I.Q.'s no higher than 70. These youngsters seem relatively normal as babies, but when they enter school they can't compete with their classmates and may develop serious emotional problems. Richie Bergman once fell into the lower part of this group.

And beyond this category—or perhaps part of it in some ways—are the children whose brains seem to work well enough except in reading or writing. It is estimated by educators that at least *12 million children* in our elementary schools are two or more years behind their grade in reading and writing skills. Some may be inherently stupid or culturally deprived or emotionally upset. But a good many have some kink or flaw in their perceptual process which hampers them in transferring printed or written words to their minds. We have been hearing for at least 30 years that "Johnny can't read." Dozens of different teaching methods have been developed, advocated and applied with indifferent success.

And, despite all of our scientific, educational and social progress, most experts readily admit that we can clearly identify the causes of neurological handicaps in only about one out of five cases. Further, only a small fraction of such ailments, when diagnosed, can be effectively treated by conventional means. A children's neurologist told me, "I don't even say that I am treating. I am providing medical measures which may support any natural recovery."

In view of all this it is no wonder that Dan and Dorothy Bergman regard the transformation of their Richie as a miracle and are firmly convinced that the Doman-Delacato treatments unlocked their Richie's bright mind.

It is easy to see why. When Richie was born he seemed normal, but when he wasn't trying to sit up at 8½ months his parents became worried. The family pediatrician suspected brain injury. Richie was taken to a neurosurgeon who, after extensive tests indicated brain damage, performed operations to remove two hematomas—blood-filled tumors—which perhaps were the aftermath of a birth injury.

Richie then improved, to a point. "He began sitting up," Mrs. Bergman told me. "At two he was learning to walk. Not well, but he was on his feet. We began feeling better. At three we put him in a nursery school and he seemed to get along all right."

Then new trouble started. "When Richie was

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four, the other kids were getting older in behavior, he wasn't," said his mother. "He couldn't play their games. He became withdrawn." Tests of Richie's I.Q. placed him at 58 to 60.

Mrs. Bergman, a slender, energetic, highly organized woman, joined the local Retarded Children's Association to help her accept the fact that she had a retarded child. People in the association suggested she undergo psychotherapy to get rid of her guilt complex. A pediatrician to whom she spoke at a lecture told her, "Mother, be complacent. You've got to accept the fact that you can't do anything about the situation."

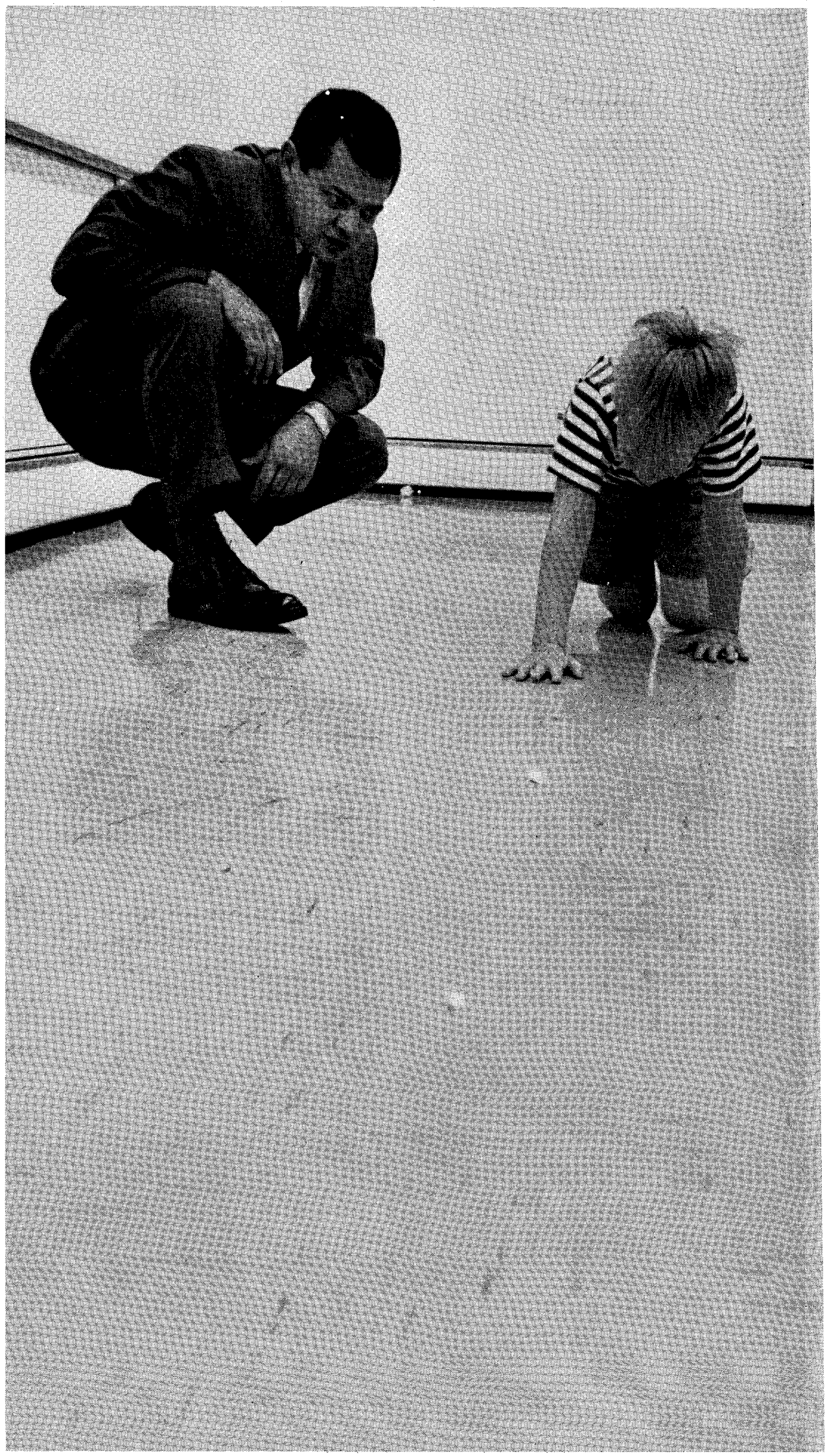
Hotly Mrs. Bergman replied, "I'm sure Richie is aware of things. I can't sit back and not even try to help him."

When Richie reached school age he went into a class for the retarded. The teachers worked hard but just couldn't get through to him. He would try to trace letters, but they came out a mass of scribbles. He was given a little board with a shoe on it so he could learn to tie his laces, but he couldn't master the skill. "He would become terribly frustrated and angry," says his mother.

When Richie was seven, the Bergmans took him for an annual checkup by the doctor who had operated on him. The neurosurgeon found the boy making progress physically but, hearing of Richie's troubles in school, he told the Bergmans of the new therapy developed by Dr. Carl Delacato for treating children with reading and writing problems. He suggested that the Bergmans get an appointment.

Two weeks later the Bergmans, with Richie in tow, found themselves at the entrance to an old estate in the Chestnut Hill section of Philadelphia. Over the stone gatepost hung a signboard: THE INSTITUTES FOR THE ACHIEVEMENT OF HUMAN POTENTIAL. Inside the gate, the grounds of the institutes looked something like a small college campus, with several new buildings clustered around a faded mansion. The Bergmans were directed to the Institute of Reading Disability. There they met Dr. Carl Delacato, a short, bristle-haired, snappy-eyed man who seemed to jump with energy. Before long Delacato had Richie sitting on his knee while he explained to the parents the theory of "neurological organization" behind his treatments.

Although modern science has deeply probed the incredible complexities of the human brain, charting its structure, chemistry and functions, the fact is that as yet nobody knows exactly how the brain works, how it "learns." However, the Doman-Delacato team believes that the stages by which a child's whole nervous system normally develops—how it "organizes" itself for increasingly complex functions—provide a key for diagnosis and treatment of certain kinds of brain injury, arrested development and associated learning problems. As Delacato explained the theory to the Bergmans, the main idea is that the nervous system of each new human being must go through a definite series of developmental stages before his brain can operate at its full potential. In effect, these repeat in telescoped time man's evolution from lower forms to the unique human achievements of speech, abstract thought, reading and writing. As college students learn, "Ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny"—the life history of the individual repeats that of the race. At birth, according to the theory, only the lower part of the brain has been organized; the baby has only reflex actions controlled by the spinal cord and medulla. As the baby develops, the higher parts of the brain come into operation—the pons, midbrain and last, the cortex. The process is something like programming a blank computer: The baby "programs" his motor-perceptual equipment, his nerves



The object is to creep in a pattern—Delacato monitors young David Brown Gundlach's exercises on the floor.

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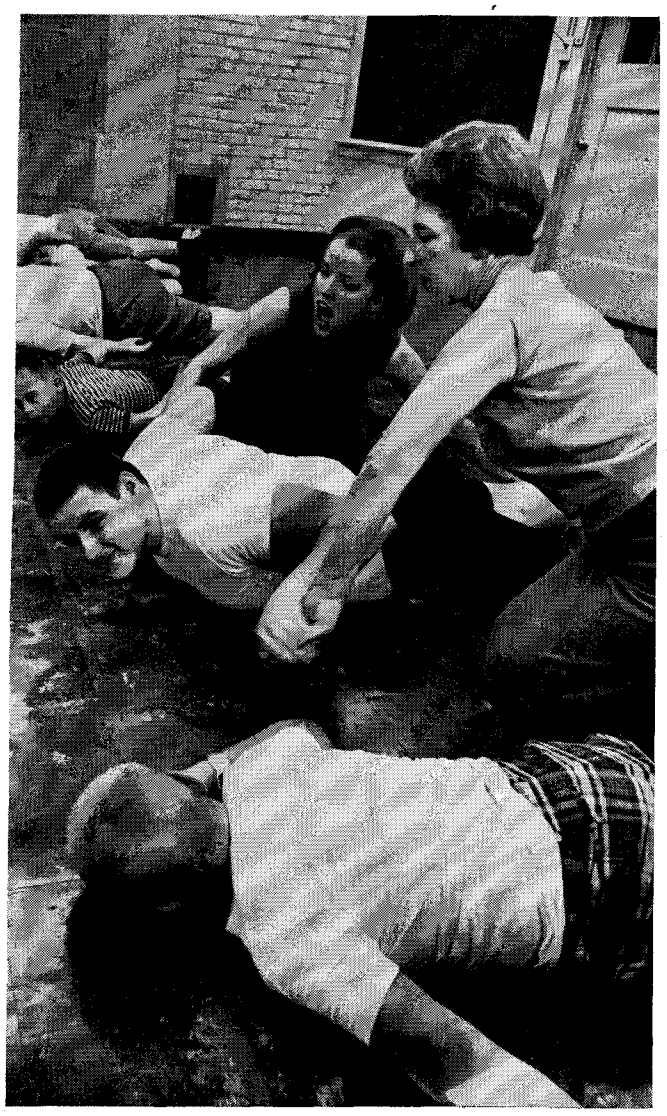
'We have worked with 5,000 hurt kids. Now we know that one third can be made well.'



Patterned crawling at a school in Slatington, Pa., where the Doman-Delacato methods were tested on 14 retarded youngsters. Below, a tearful interlude.

Kids call it "the crawly-creepy bit" at this Huntington, Long Island, school where it is part of the curriculum.

and brain cells, by trial and error, using his whole body and all of his senses. He "learns" by stages, trying motions, feeling things, tasting them, hearing them, looking at them.

A vital part of the Doman-Delacato rationale holds that if a child skips or skimps any phase in this developmental sequence because of brain injury or lack of opportunity, there is likely to be inadequate development at higher levels. They find, for example, that many of the "slow" children they see never had an opportunity to learn to crawl or creep well; they were imprisoned in playpens or play chairs until they could walk. Glenn Doman says, "You know, we buy playpens for ourselves, not our babies. Babies belong on the floor where they can crawl, creep and learn."

The last, highest step in a child's neurological programming, according to the theory, is the development of laterality, or one-sidedness, which is unique to human creatures, thought to have evolved as we became users of tools and weapons. This occurs when a child, usually at three to six years, begins to use one hand in preference to the other for finely controlled movements. For a majority of us this means that the left side of the cortex, which governs the right side of the body, becomes the dominant, or leading, part of the brain. The dominant side also governs speech, while the other, sub-dominant, cortical hemisphere supposedly governs tonality and music.

An article of faith in the Doman-Delacato concept is that a child cannot realize his full potential in receptive and expressive abilities until he develops complete one-sidedness—that is, when his leading hand, eye, ear and foot are all on the same side, be it right or left. This is not a new idea, of course. There long has been evidence that speech and reading and visual difficulties may be associated somehow with mixed-sidedness or lack of definite-sidedness.

Richie Bergman was put through a battery of tests at the institutes. The results were clear: Richie wasn't neurologically well organized. After two years of special education his reading and writing were like a beginner's. He couldn't tell the difference between simple shapes, such as diamonds, circles and squares. He couldn't walk in normal cross pattern, swinging his arms to counterbalance opposite foot movements. When put down to creep, he didn't know how. He kept his hands fisted, knuckles down, as does a chimpanzee, and his legs went in all directions. The various tests for laterality showed that he was mixed-sided: Right-handed, left-eyed and left-footed.

The Bergmans went home with a prescription for Richie that seemed peculiar, to say the least. The emphasis appeared to be physical, not mental, and the exercises were laborious. Each day he was to creep in cross pattern for at least 15 minutes. He was to practice cross-pattern walking for 10. He was to sleep in a certain pattern—on his stomach, with the right side of his head down, in much the same position used in crawling.

Richie also was to be trained to be completely right-sided. He was given a toy gun with the holster on the right side. When any object was given to him, it was placed in his right hand. For an hour a day he wore a red filter over his left eye while drawing or writing with a red pencil. Thus, only his right eye could see the pencil strokes and was stimulated to become his "lead" eye. For reading, he uses two-color glasses and a corresponding one-color transparent overlay on printed matter, which forces him to read with one eye.

Over the months Richie's coordination gradually improved. He became able to crawl and creep in proper patterns without guidance. Four months after the treatment started, he tied his own shoelaces. He learned to ride a bicycle. His performance in school began to pick up. He was able to go into the regular second grade, where he became champion speller of the class. At the end of the term he was promoted to third grade.

Richie has been doing well ever since, making A's and B's and reading well beyond his grade level. Last fall he scored 116 on an I.Q. test. His astonished parents didn't believe the figure and arranged another test with a different psychologist. This time the score was 119.

Such dazzling recoveries may not convince the more conventional medics and teachers that the Domans and Delacato have found a touchstone for a wide assortment of neurological handicaps, but it does the Bergmans. They and other grateful parents have become ardent crusaders for the Doman-Delacato system, and this has helped the institutes in Philadelphia to become one of the largest rehabilitation centers in the world, now treating more than 2,400 children.

Because of the founders' fondness for the word "institute," singular and plural, The Institutes' organization table seems somewhat confusing at first glance. Basically, though, The Institutes for the Achievement of Human Potential, with Glenn Doman as its director, is a nonprofit, tax-exempt administrative body. It guides and finances eight special-purpose institutes which under a hospital setup might be called departments. The Children's Evaluation Institute, for example, determines the status of a child's neurological organization and the feasibility of treatment. The Institute for Neurological Organization supervises the programs of therapy for neurologically handicapped children on an outpatient basis. The Rehabilitation Center takes a limited number of inpatients for intensive treatment when home therapy is not practical or doesn't seem to be producing results. The Institute of Reading Disability treats children with problems of speech, reading and writing on an outpatient basis, as does the Institute of Learning Disability, which deals with general learning problems. In addition there are individual institutes for clinical investigation, analytical research, and postgraduate training in Doman-Delacato concepts and procedures.

Satellite institutes based on the same plan have been springing up in a number of U.S. cities, 10 at last count. The system also has spread to Latin America; 9 institutes now are operating in Brazil alone. Dozens of schools in the U.S. have established special classes in which children with learning problems crawl, creep and practice visual exercises for certain periods of the day. The Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Baltimore is experimenting with neurological organization as part of an extensive remedial-reading program in parochial schools. And near Dallas, Tex., a new university, established to rescue dropouts, has a required course in neurological organization—that is, patterned crawling and creeping.

To reach the men responsible for this movement, one has to wade through swarms of children. The route to the office of either Glenn Doman or Carl Delacato at the Philadelphia Institutes is beset by children of all sizes and conditions, waiting with their parents, being examined by teams of doctors and psychologists, or demonstrating to graduate students their proficiency in crawling, creeping, walking, hearing and seeing. Creepers still in diapers are likely to patter uncertainly into conferences. It is a place where a reporter may find his tape recorder jammed with the remains of a peanut-butter sandwich.

"Let's face it," said Carl Delacato, 43, director of the Institute of Reading Disability. "The bare idea that you can improve the way a kid's brain works by making him crawl and creep *does* seem ridiculous at first. We didn't discover that technique all by ourselves. We kept watching kids over the years and they forced the truth on us."

Glenn Doman, founder and director of the institutes, is a powerfully built 47-year-old man whose gentle manner doesn't (*Continued on page 72*)

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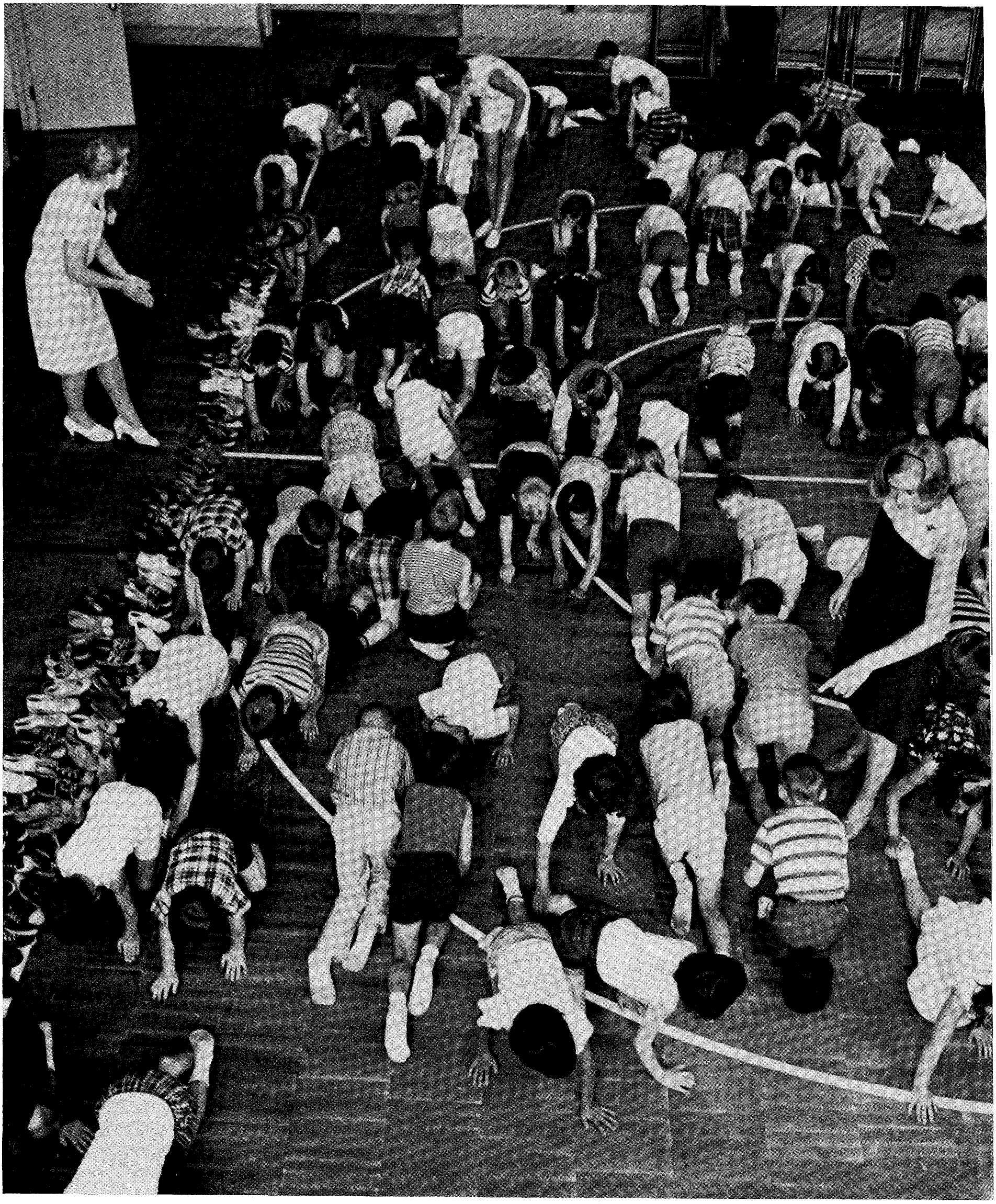

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Big dude drive in the Crazies

Year after year, the Easterners head back West to chop wood, herd cows, wash dishes and generally relax in a wonderful, bone-bruising way.

By Anne Chamberlin

His Stetson firmly lashed down, a guest at the Lazy K Bar Ranch in Big Timber, Mont., watches professional wranglers brand horses, while fellow dudes atop the corral fence show off their new boots.

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The Pioneers, where now are they?
Those sturdy men so brave and true
Who met the Indians in the fray
And gave the savage foe his due;
Who faced the storms of wind and rain
When whacking bulls across the plains?

"To the Pioneers of Montana," by W.L. Davies, published by The Pioneer Society of Sweet Grass County, Montana.

I can tell you exactly where they are, Mr. Davies. They're out there on the plains right now, with their bones aching, blisters on their knees, hair stiffening in the hot wind, throats parched, a cold Spam sandwich in their saddlebags, and a song in their hearts. Only they're not called pioneers any more, they're called *dudes*. And they *pay* to whack those bulls across the plains.

Back at the dude ranch, with the long day's hardships behind him, the same happy pioneer can splash the dust off his face in a tin washbasin, with a tin pitcherful of water he has fetched himself from the community shower house up the hill. He can dress by the light of a bare bulb dangling from a beam in his log cabin, gulp a Martini from a paper cup, if he remembered to stop for ice on the way up from the corral, and dash obediently to the dining hall when the dinner bell tolls. With no extra charge for saddlesores, bruises and mosquito bites, sharing the joys and perils of ranch life only costs around $135 a week. At one ranch you can even help drive cows into summer pasture in the Crazy Mountains. But working *that* hard costs $15 a day extra.

When the first dude (a Western term for an Eastern guest) offered in 1879 to *pay* Howard Eaton and his brothers to hang around their cattle ranch in the Bad Lands of South Dakota—and even lend a hand with the chores—the Eatons could hardly believe their ears. They "felt a little awkward at first, taking the money," a recent account admits, "but the guest convinced them it was a smart business proposition beneficial to both sides." And thus was born one of the most heartwarming commercial relationships in the whole American Way of Life.

It may take the dudes a whole summer to wrestle the calves that the pros could rope and brand in a day. (Some ranchers confine the guests to such work as riding, fishing, hunting, hiking, picnicking and camping, preferring to cultivate livestock *or* dudes, but not both.) But the money the dudes pay to complicate things can keep a small cattle rancher from going broke. And the dudes come back, as one rancher says, "kicked, bruised—and thinking they've had a good time."

With this kind of spirit loose among the volunteers, it's naturally the *hired* help that's hard to come by. The old-time wrangler, that lean-jawed, blue-eyed, slim-hipped fellow in the faded jeans, who could strum a guitar and remember the words to *Streets of Laredo*, is succeeding the buffalo, the Indian and the bald eagle as the Vanishing American. A friend of mine spotted only one in a whole summer. He was leaning against the doorway of a café, Stetson jammed over his eyes, as though he had been painted there by Frederic Remington . . . and he was sipping a low-cal drink. The others have married the lady dudes of yesteryear and gone East. Or gone off to higher-paying jobs in the cities. Some would rather deal with cattle all year round than cope with two-legged guests for the short dude season. "I've outlived most of the wranglers," laments I.H. Larom, the proprietor of Valley Ranch in Wyoming, where Jacqueline Bouvier and her father once were guests. "We have some eight- to ten-year wranglers, but nobody is coming up to take their places."

Mr. Larom's partial solution is the "W.D.," or working dude—a young man who works for his keep, mingles with the guests, but only gets to ride when there is a horse to spare. There is no trouble finding college girls to help around the cabins and wait on table, but most of their application letters say they are dying to see the West and crazy about horses—with not much about what work they are prepared to do. One rancher outlines a dismal summer with a seven-day week and no riding, and then hires the survivors who write back. But many cries for fry cooks, chore boys and dishwashers echo unanswered through the yucca at the height of the season.

The Eaton brothers moved in 1904 to a place called Wolf, a remote fastness at the foot of the Big Horn Mountains in Wyoming—the kind of trip where you have to nudge your rental car through a herd of howling cows on the last 10 miles of dirt road. But the new challenge only spurred the faithful. Eaton's Ranch today is operated by the granddaughter of Howard Eaton's brother Alden, and staffed by descendants of the original hired help. It is booked well in advance by the great-grandchildren of some of the dudes who first insisted on paying Howard Eaton.

An aunt of mine, who had seldom approached a stove or washed a dish at home, still glows at the memory of helping to pluck the chickens on an Eaton's pack trip. Her copy of *Wranglin' Notes*, the ranch newspaper, published "when we get around to it" (and bearing such news items as: "George Gentry went to California to visit his sisters in February and is enjoying the color TV there, but will probably be heading home before too long . . .") still reaches her through the address she left at the ranch on her last visit there—in 1915.

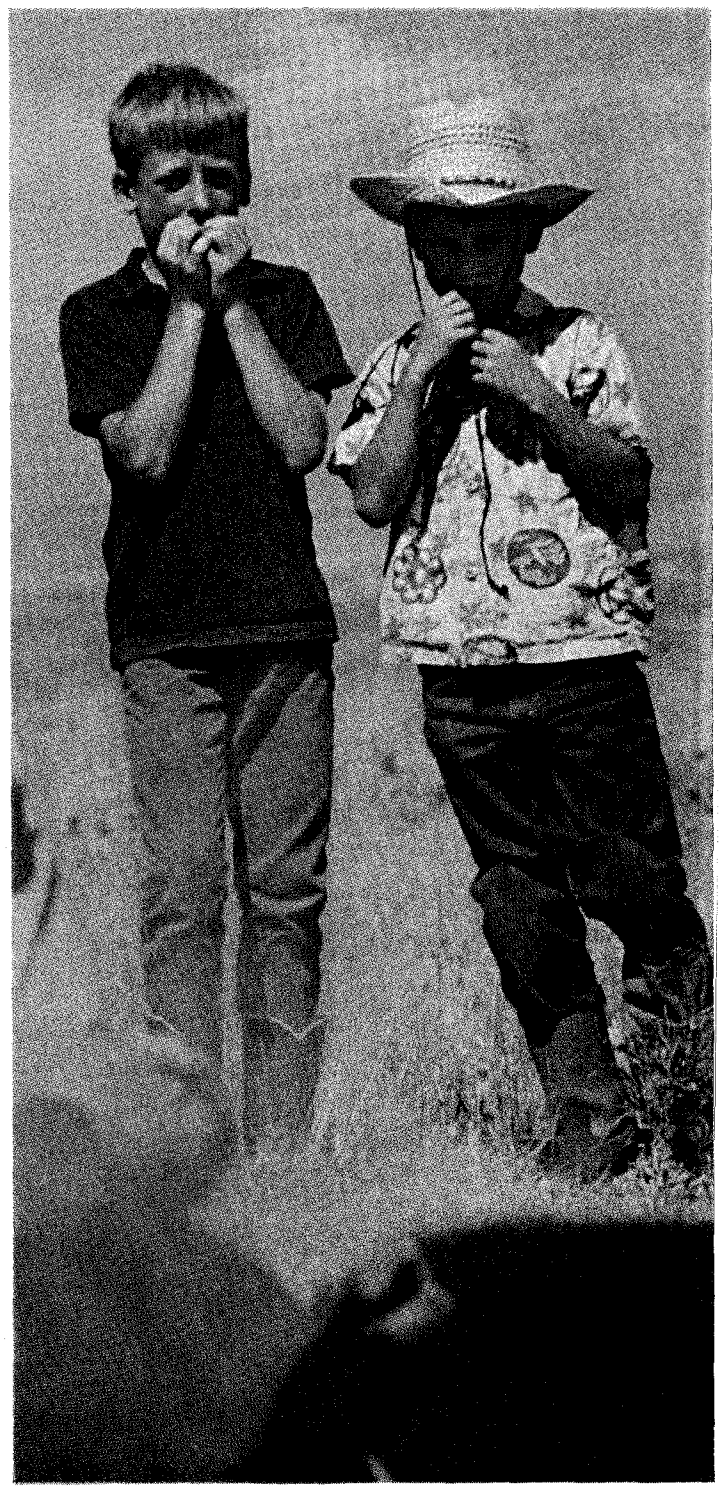
One gentleman who recently celebrated his 50th year as a steady guest at Eaton's with a touching "farewell" speech, followed by his "last" pack trip, has been back for three more trips and was expected this year for a fourth. There is an 82-year-old lady from Ohio, who sits on the porch of her cabin, props her book on a woodpile and knits while she reads—*after* she comes in from riding, that is. A lady from Brooklyn, N.Y., has been a ranch regular since 1918, even though, as an old-timer describes it, "She falls off a horse, breaks her teeth, goes to the dentist, comes back and rides again."

At least two thirds of the guests at the old-time ranches are repeaters, although some of them may wait 20 years to come back. Fathers reopen old saddlesores, initiating their sons into the ranch life that *their* fathers and grandfathers showed *them*. The "new blood" is almost always recommended by previous dudes, as though they were being put up for a club.

And so they are, in a sense. Choosing one's ranch can be as touchy as selecting one's obstetrician—and no two are alike. Siggins Triangle X, near Cody, Wyo., started as a family homestead on the South Fork of the Shoshone River in 1917 (Mrs. Siggins, a frail lady who preferred the bright lights of downtown Cody, thought at the time that they were just going on a family picnic.) The Circle M down the road is run by Bob Meyers, a New York commercial artist who came out as a dude not long ago and couldn't bear to go home. The upholstered versions, with wall-to-wall rugs and heated pools, are called Resort Ranches. Others, which call themselves ranches, are referred to in the trade as "motels with horses."

But the classic genre has no TV, no air conditioning, no Muzak, a squeaky telephone on a party line, no Watusi, no Frug. On Saturday nights it's the Barnacle Bill and the Hokey Pokey to a recorded square-dance band. At one ranch there are also no radios, no newspapers, no drink machines, no potato chips—and no between-meal sales by the ice-cream truck. A Beatle-haired teen-ager who showed up at one ranch this summer was offered the choice of heading straight back to the barber in Cody or letting the rancher have after him with the sheep shears. Another, who asked for a sleeping pill, slept fine after he got told that "Lewis and Clark didn't have sleeping pills; if you're sleepy enough you'll sleep."

But keeping life simple gets more complicated every year. First it was inside plumbing and electricity. Now individual bathrooms in the cabins are threatening the community shower house, once the social center of the ranch. No one knows where progress will strike next. Nearly 100 of the "Authentic Western Ranches Accepting Guests" in nine states west of the Mississippi have banded together in a Dude Ranchers' Association, with



Audience reaction at a calf branding. Dudes who want to try are allowed to wrestle and brand dogies themselves.

Photographs by Bill Bridges

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Fresh from Ernst's Saddlery, author prepares to rough it.

headquarters in Billings, Mont. The D.R.A. was originally formed to persuade the railroads to be kind to dudes instead of dumping them off in the dead of night at the foot of the water tank in Toluca, as happened to Mr. Larom on his first trip to Valley. Now the association ground rules (no member can have a bar, take transients or put up billboards) try to control the march of progress even if they can't stop it in its tracks.

"We are not resorts," Mr. Larom, a past association president, says. "We take families and young people seeking a fine climate and simple life, where children will be safe without automobiles and the tired businessman can relax without routine. That's all we have to offer. Not rapid travel, amusement, celebrities. We have good beds, good food, good horses."

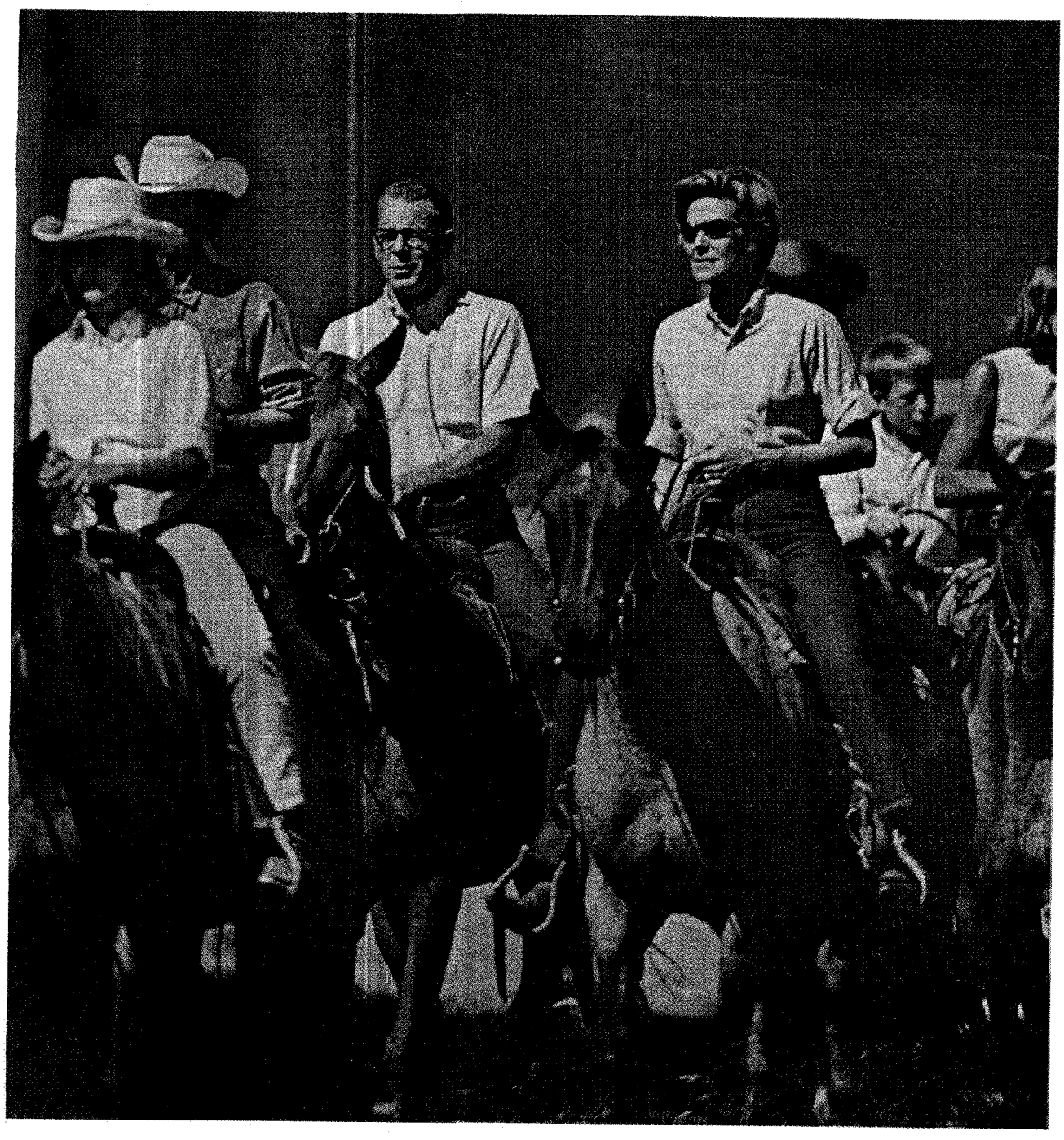
Once in a while a new dude will gaze wildly about him at the hard-won homespun virtues of ranch life and flee into the night. A couple recently retreated from the X Bar A Ranch near McLeod, Mont., because they found no water skiing. There was a new swimming pool, all right. Dudes in residence poured concrete for it after they finished building the corral. No water skiing, however.

But the dudes who stay have left touching reminders all over the West that there is no more dedicated worker than the fellow who is paying for the privilege. Two surgeons staying at Turner's Triangle X Ranch in Moose, Wyo., thought the place would look better with a formal gateway at the entrance. They chopped down three huge pines, hauled them out of the woods by mule, had their wives peel the bark off, hammered together a rustic arch of triumph that is a landmark of the area. At Siggins Triangle X Ranch a guest who came to hunt bears stayed to redo all the window frames. The morning I stopped by there for breakfast I found that the young ladies vacationing from a refined New England boarding school had already oiled all the saddles in the tack room, and were out in the kitchen helping with the dishes. Some of the grown-ups had cheerfully stayed up half the night making sandwiches and crating 40 dozen eggs for the departing pack trip. Guests who missed a wooden Killiloo bird which had once decorated a roof at Lazy K Bar Ranch in Big Timber, Mont., located it, rebuilt it, repainted it and reinstalled it where it belonged.

The Lazy K Bar Ranch, which is operated by the Paul Van Cleve family, offers one of the most stirring examples of the rancher-dude relationship. Not only are guests allowed to wrestle the calves at branding time, but if they pay extra, and sign up in advance, they can help Paul Van Cleve III and his daughter Barbara drive 200 cows and calves into summer pastures in the Crazy Mountains. This last endeavor, which involves five nights in a sleeping bag and six days in the saddle, in rain, wind, hail, dust, oven heat and mountain chill, is usually so popular that several volunteers must be tactfully turned away. "We've had as many as thirty dudes help with the cattle," Mr. Van Cleve told me with Western candor. "And it was absolute chaos. It took two weeks to gather them all up." I think he was referring to the cows.

Although the Van Cleves only added dudes to their stock after the slump in cattle prices in 1922, they represent a dynasty as formidable in Montana as the Kennedys in Massachusetts. Paul senior was the first Van Cleve to head West. He moved to Billings from Minneapolis in 1882, got to know the great Crow Indian chief, Plenty Coups, and killed rattlesnakes on the main street. He homesteaded near Melville, a town whose population has exploded to 15, about eight miles from the present ranch. He built a 36-room house with a polo field and many garages for his own air-cooled Franklin automobile and those of his many Eastern guests, who came to try the fishing, buy his Thoroughbred horses and court his four daughters.

The original ranch house burned down, but the billiard table, said to be out of a Melville sporting house, and the upright piano, which has not been tuned since 1916, are in the main lodge of Lazy K Bar today. Scrumper, as Paul Van Cleve Jr. is called, is now 78 and could rope and tie a calf in 23 seconds long after he was 50. Although he wears a double hearing aid, and arthritis compels him to walk with two canes, he still herds cattle and horses at the helm of a green Jeep. These axle-cracking journeys, hurdling fallen limbs, bounding across boulder-strewn prairie and fording mountain streams, while Scrumper fights the gearbox as though it were an unbroken bronco, are one of the awesome adventures of the West. Once a whole Jeep was lost, in accordion pleats, when Scrumper got out to open a gate and the Jeep rolled backward over a cliff. As one of his grandchildren ad-



Mixed group of dudes (left) moves out from the Lazy K Bar for a day in the saddle. On six-day pack trip (right), hardiest guests urge 200 Black Angus cattle through rough country to summer pastures high in the Crazy Mountains.

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vised a newcomer about to take a ride with Scrumper: "When the dogs bail out, you're in trouble."

Paul Van Cleve III, Scrumper's son, known as "Spike," is cut from the same steel engine block as his father, and has a Western vocabulary that can rival Lady Bird Johnson's. He says things like, "She was nutty as a peach orchard bore," or, "He was grinning like a skunk eating garlic." The first year Spike was married, he and his wife, Barbara, survived very nicely at the ranch on $13 in cash and a shotgun. Most of the $13 went for more ammunition.

Spike and Barbara have four children. Paul Van Cleve IV, 30, called "Tack," fetches dudes from the nearest airport 100 miles away and leads the Saturday-night square dancing; Michele, 26, is married and dude ranching on her own; Carol, 19, called "Buckshot," is such an efficient hand at the corral that her mother has to remind her not to wear her spurs in the house. The oldest daughter, "Barbie," 31, teaches English at Loyola University in Chicago in the winter and helps her father lead dudes and cattle in the summer.

The ranch is medium sized by Western standards, which is to say that their nearest neighbor lives about eight miles away, and it takes a full day in a Jeep to visit the accessible parts of the property, which also includes three lakes and an 11,214-foot mountain, the highest peak of the Crazies. "It's no use to me," Scrumper says, "but I made up my mind they weren't going to tell me where to camp." "They," when Scrumper uses it, usually refers to the Federal Government, which in these parts makes a habit of posting signs wherever it can telling people where they're supposed to camp and put their trash. Scrumper has already stood off "Their" road crew with rocks in a border dispute which he has offered to escalate to an exchange of gunshots. In addition to some 45,000 acres of land the property includes the whole of Go to Hell Creek, as well as large segments of Big Timber, Sweet Grass, Comanche, and several other creeks.

'If an old cow goes up in timber, just stop and cuss her a little.'

The night before our cow-punching expedition started, Barbie gave us an indoctrination preview with colored slides, saying that, "When you get the cattle in, you'd be surprised how happy you'll feel." And she was absolutely right. There is hardly anything that can happen to me now that won't seem a little easier than persuading 200 howling Black Angus cows and their stubborn stiff-legged calves to quit munching the grass, stop sloshing in the "crick," and come out from under the thickets and start traveling uphill. The Van Cleves easily convinced the *people* that the high pastures were greener, but not all the *cows* wanted to sign up. One strong-willed mother with a tottering week-old calf took every shunpike detour it was possible to take, and several that were not. Every single one of us dudes had a whack at trying to guide her, and all we had to show for it were bramble scratches and tired lungs.

"If an old cow goes up in the timber, just stop and cuss her a little," Spike advised us. "If you go after them, they'll head for the mountain, and

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Camping on the all-night grazing ground, we whiled away many a happy hour wondering if a horse would eat our tent.

you'll never get them." Spike had a loud noise he could make that the cows recognized as a voice of authority. Having been brought up on the coast of Maine, I can make no authoritative animal noise except to bark like a seal. And to do it right I have to flap my flippers together in front, which means dropping the reins, which would put even a *trained* seal at a disadvantage.

Reaching an understanding with one's horse, I should point out, is the clue to a dude's survival in the West, and not even a computerized personnel system could match the subtle skill that goes into matching a newcomer and his mount. He must be assigned a steed vigorous enough to satisfy his image of his horsemanship, but not so vigorous as to wipe him off on a cliff. "I can tell when they're under- or overestimating themselves—and I'm lucky," Spike Van Cleve says. The fellow who demanded the meanest horse on the ranch, and "wouldn't be put off by the next worst," was assigned one called Two Lair, which bucked him off 17 times and climbed a tree behind the laundry. Spike looked me in the eye, mentally calculated my beam as viewed from the rear, and assigned me a medium saddle, number 29, and a silvery gray mare named Sleet.

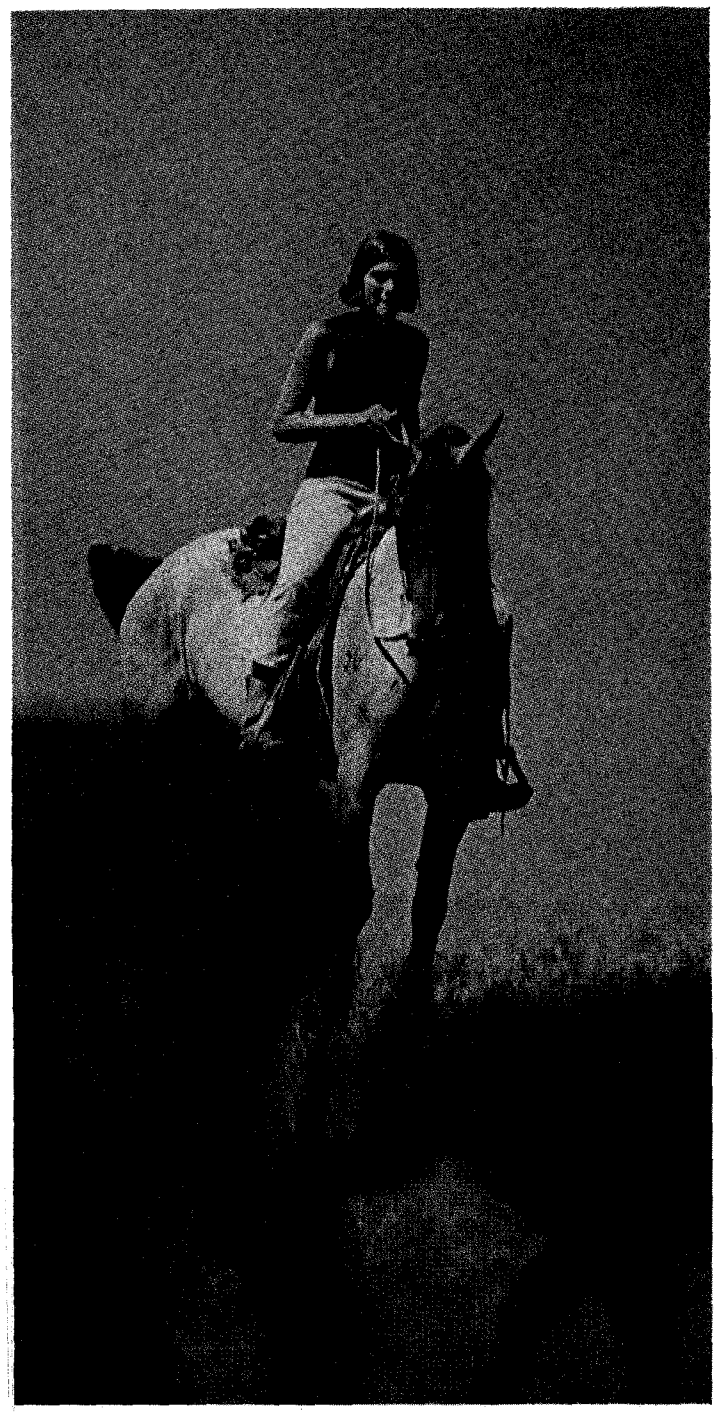
Sleet steered easily and had several forward speeds. One was called a jog, which only jarred the molars. The lope rattled the whole skeleton. She also had a full trot, which I tried to avoid, because even Spike used to say that "a full trot is a dirty gait." At night, when Sleet got rid of me, she would roll in the grass.

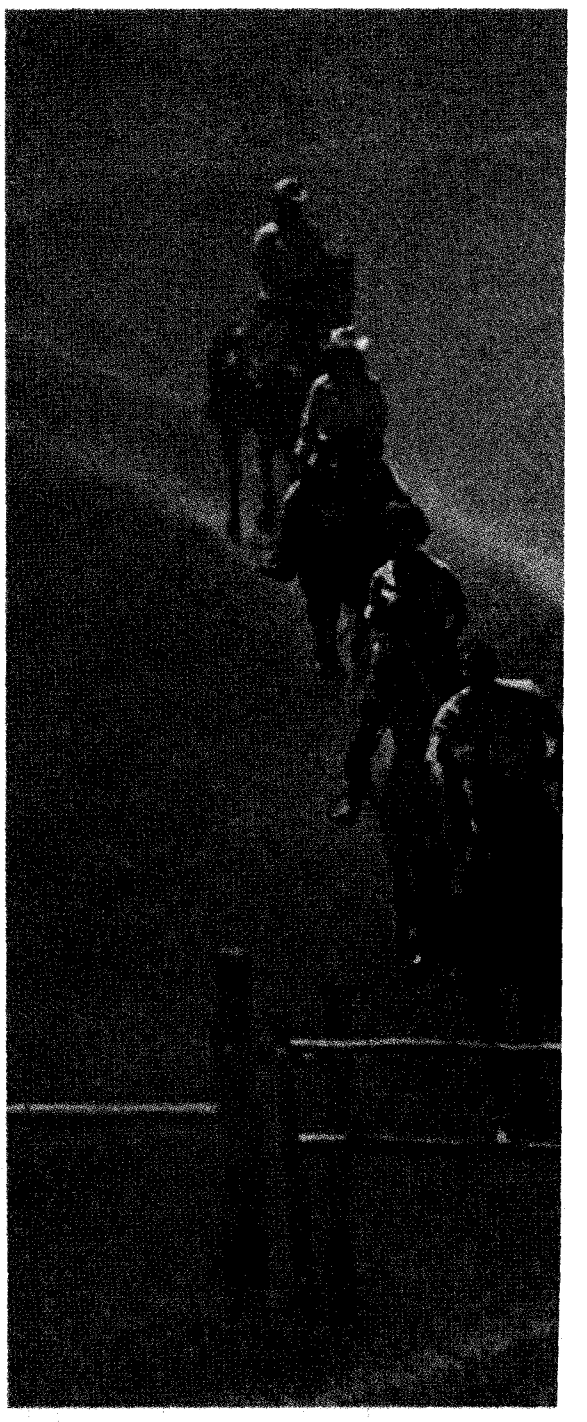
My first day at Lazy K Bar Ranch I decided to get acquainted with Sleet on what was described as "a very short afternoon ride." We were gone three and a half hours, during which time we rode through the woods, across a stream, along a road, through a meadow, up the side of a mountain ("Lean forward and grab a hunk of mane"), across a stream, through forests, across a stream, through two gates, across a stream, partway up another mountain where we got off, tied our horses to trees and climbed the rest of the way on foot, being careful not to stick our hands in any crevices, because of the rattlesnakes. Then back down the mountain, up on the horses, and field, stream, woods, stream, road, stream, trail, stream until we finally sighted the corral. We either forded 18 streams or forded the same stream 18 times. The only thing that saved me for the pack trip, colt branding, calf branding and cattle drive that lay ahead was that the next day was Sunday. And Sunday is the horses' day off.

Our dude team for the cattle drive was a taut little band made up of Haywood Davis, a college student from North Carolina, and his younger brother Tom; Bill Phillips, 13, from Ridgefield, Conn.; Mr. Walter Milliken, a chemical engineer on vacation from Du Pont's New York office, and Mrs. George Oliver, wife of a Pittsburgh banker who sensibly stayed back at the ranch with their three children. Our leaders were Spike and Barbie and their neighbor Marian Whidden, who had pale blonde hair, rode a huge white horse and could make a noise that scared cows even more than Spike.

Barbie pitched the tents, remembered the toilet paper and bug spray, planned the meals, could make canned tuna taste like *quenelles de brochet* and played the guitar. Mr. Milliken washed the dishes, while Mrs. Oliver and I criticized the forks and dried. The young men dug a pit for garbage and fetched the water from the creek. Since Barbie also remembered to bring soap and towels, the ladies bathed upstream in the creek, where the horses drank, and the gents bathed around the bend where we cooled the beer. It was a lot more eventful way to get clean than back home in a bathtub. Mr. Milliken, rolling over to get the soap off, bruised his nose on a submerged boulder and lost his wash cloth in the fast current. For myself, it is the first time I can remember looking up from brushing my teeth to find two deer staring at me.

Sleeping out under the stars took a little getting used to. The first night, which we spent at a place called the Cow Camp, I put my sleeping bag on the back porch because Barbie said it had a beautiful view. It certainly did. I saw it clearly through unclosed eyes every minute of the night. My head was against a big bag of oats we'd brought for the horses' breakfast, and next morning when I asked Barbie if she thought there would be a mouse making that noise in my pillow, and she said it probably was. There is a lot of that kind of sangfroid in the West. The next night we shifted to a base camp in a meadow in Sweet Grass Canyon. This time my sleeping bag was inside a rubberized envelope about big enough for a





Thundering herd sweeps past an uneasy Easterner (left). Back at the ranch, the full posse of Lazy K Bar dudes (including floppy-hatted author at center rear) heads for the corral in a cloud of dust to answer a call for lunch.

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police dog, which Barbie explained was a two-man Alpine tent left over from World War II. Small as it was, looking for my drugstore flashlight in the dark reminded me of the time Mark Twain logged 47 miles on his pedometer while crawling around his hotel room looking for his socks.

Robert McConaughy of R Lazy S Ranch in Moose, Wyo., had told me that, "Next to no injuries, waking up and hearing the horse bells is the mark of a successful trip." Mrs. Oliver and I, who had our Alpine tents in what turned out to be the horses' all-night grazing ground, felt it was more like taking part in the Charge of the Light Brigade. We whiled away many a happy hour wondering whether a horse would (a) eat our tents, or (b) step on the quavering occupants.

My notes on those eventful days are coffee-stained, stuck together with pancake syrup and mashed from a long journey in the back pocket of my blue brushed ladies' Levis from Ernst's Saddlery in Sheridan, Wyo. But I can testify that the first day, after sharing a dawn breakfast of Wheaties, Wackies, scrambled eggs and pancakes with the haying crew at Scrumper's home ranch, we picked up our bellowing charges in a mile-square piece of prairie called Section 34 and pushed them "slaunchwise," as Spike called it, across Section 27, north across Otter Creek, and on through Sections 15, 16, 17 and 18. While shafts of sunlight burst through the clouds, our unruly procession passed at a stately pace through an endlessly shifting backdrop of wild crags, canyons, buttes and tender meadows adrift in wildflowers. As our noisy charges trampled acres of timothy, broom, mustard, yellow sweet clover and sage they set off as many pungent vapors as the spice markets of Fez. Cows are obnoxious traveling companions, but it was a glorious trip.

The next day we chased them up the divide between Dry and Basin Creeks, through something called Wolf Park, down a rock slide which was so complicated I had to get off and lead Sleet so if she fell down it would be on me instead of the rocks, into Sweet Grass Canyon, through a mill site, two sections that belong to the government, Eagle Park and the horse pasture of Section seven. The mill-site section already had stock grazing in it—brown and white Herefords, eager to confuse the genes of our Black Angus. "Kick 'em toward the box canyon," Spike yelled at us. "There is no use borrowing trouble." Unfortunately we borrowed quite a lot of trouble, in the form of a huge bull and several of his harem, but Spike was philosophical about it. As he said, "That's the romance of cow punching."

Once we got the cows into their summer resort, we loaded eight 50-pound blocks of salt on two pack horses and spent a day distributing them in the highlands to make the grazing more tasty. The last day all we had to do was survive the nine-hour ride over a spectacular mountain divide ("If you don't like heights, look the other way," Barbie says), back into Big Timber Canyon and the ranch. Barely in time for Sleet's day off.

Sleet was bored by cows, bothered by flies, impatient with the pace, and had a suppurating sore down near the girth that matched the ones I had covered with Band-Aids inside each knee-cap. I figured her *real* problem was that she wasn't *paying* to be on the trip. "Only the rich," as one of the dudes said, as he happily tottered from the corral, "will pay to be miserable." □

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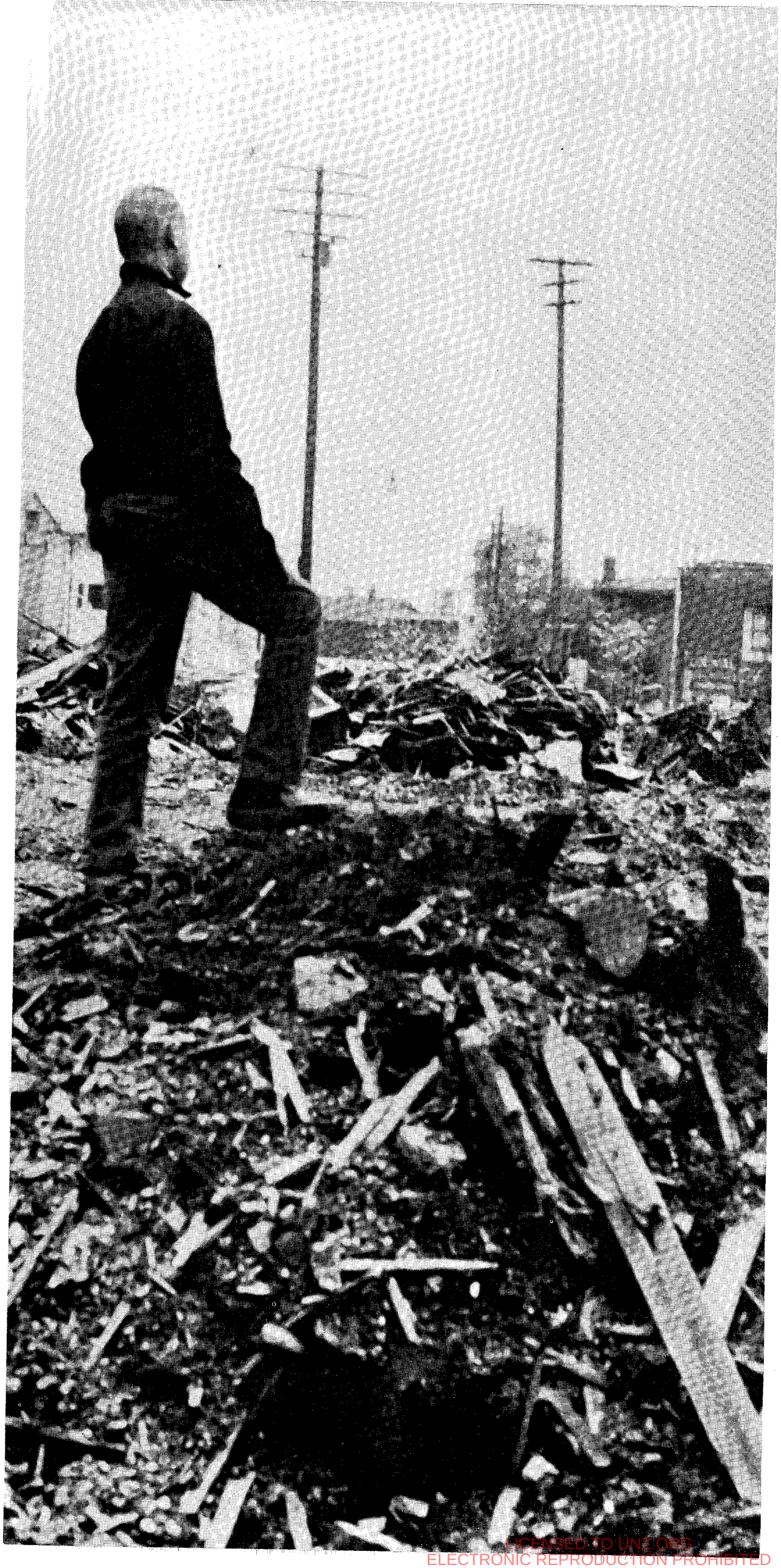

The question i

Watts blew two summers ago, and U.S. householders, fast learners in the geography of disaster, marked it down with Haiphong and Checkpoint Charlie on their lists of distant places to worry about. They marked wrong, and last summer the proud and placid city of Cleveland, Ohio, proved it. The rest of the country learned that Watts is not in Los Angeles; it's right down the street, baby.

In Cleveland's rat-gnawed Hough section last July an inept and undermanned police force was unable to prevent a barroom squabble from becoming five nights of sniping, burning and looting, in which four Negroes were killed, blocks of stores and apartment buildings were gutted and damage ran to name-your-figure. The riots, or "demonstrations," as even moderate, middle-class Negroes in Cleveland pointedly call them, were the worst in the nation during 1966.

They settled nothing. Shooting, fire bombing, dynamiting and denunciation since then have sputtered at sub-riot level. Hough, a 50-block-by-10-block infection of crumbling three-story apartment buildings and huge, rotted frame houses dating from a time when summer meant sweet corn and Citronella, is still owned by rats that can't be frightened and landlords who can't be found. Its backyards are still splattered with rain-soaked garbage and burst mattresses. Derelict buildings stand empty and gutted, as before. Streets are still scavenged by prostitutes, numbers runners, hostile cops, fatherless 14-year-old dropouts high on pills, five-year-old children dull from not eating enough, muttering winos and social workers with hopeless case loads.

Of the area's 89,000 people, 78,000 are Negro (Cleveland, with 810,000 people, is 35 percent Negro, and the percentage is rising fast). Perhaps 25 percent of its men are unemployed; no one really knows. One third of its families live on less than $3,000 a year. A few things are better now: The city has built a large playground promised years ago and paved a few streets. A new federal job-training program has begun, and although every job program tried so far in Cleveland has flopped, this one should work. Church groups, businesses and a union are rehabilitating housing. But bombed-out, riot-wrecked buildings still stand; the streets have graduated more professional muggers; a white patrolman was shot and killed by a sniper; stores and an elementary school have been burned; businesses have packed up because they can't get insurance; a traditional City Hall indifference has hardened into stubborn contempt. Hough has been Hough for one more year.

During the relative safety of the winter, white Clevelanders irritably asked, "Why us?" Now the question is, "When?" It is hard to find a city resident who believes Cleveland will go unburned through the summer. "Oh, yes," admits Public

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By John Skow

he ghetto: CAN CLEVELAND ESCAPE BURNING?

Safety Director John McCormick, "a lot of people have been buying guns, out of fear."

For whatever consolation it brings to Cleveland, the city has plenty of company. One by one, in this second summer After Watts, the cities of the U.S. are exploding like so many jars of spoiled preserves—Tampa, Dayton, Cincinnati—and a prudent guess is that the whole batch is tainted: every city in the nation with enough Negroes to make a ghetto. "Why us?" makes less and less sense. But Cleveland is an excellent place to ask, simply, "Why?" In the words of Dr. Kenneth Clark, a Negro psychologist who convened the nation's top civil-rights leaders last month to plan an approach to Cleveland's problems, "Causes of unrest and despair among urban-ghetto Negroes, as well as their grim, sobering and costly consequences, are found in classic form in Cleveland."

The consequences began on a hot Monday night last July. In the 79'ers Club, a bar at 79th Street and Hough Avenue, where relations had turned sour between the white owners and Negro patrons, a white manager told a Negro barmaid to "serve no niggers no damn water." A sign went up outside the bar: NO WATER FOR NIGGERS. The manager and another white man strutted in front of the bar with shotguns. In five minutes a crowd of 300 people was milling about. Several wagonloads of police arrived. The crowd yelled, in anger or for exercise. Scared, sweating cops pushed the Negroes back. There was a sharp, cracking explosion—a sniper's bullet or, as some say now, a thrown cherry bomb. Police fired into the air and began to back the Negroes down Hough Avenue.

The crowd threw bottles and bricks, and now there was no question about it; snipers were shooting from windows along Hough Avenue. Cops shot back wherever a head showed at a window, and a woman looking out to call her children was killed. Gunfire was now general; police were shooting out all the streetlights along a four-block section to make themselves less visible to snipers. Policemen chased Negroes into houses along the avenue. "They came into the houses like Gestapo," says one witness. As the retreating mob of rioters began to disperse, the police raged through the buildings along Hough.

The fire sirens had already begun, and they did not stop for five days. Fred Barclay, a Negro who is the neighborhood poverty-program director, kept the Opportunity Center open 24 hours a day during the riots. The National Guard, called in early on the third day, used the center as a haven. So did young Negro looters, their hands cut and smelling of gasoline, who came in to talk out their grievances. "They kept talking about rats, and crowding, and filth and high rent," recalls Barclay. "And they kept coming back to broken promises—job-training programs whose graduates couldn't get jobs—and the way the police behaved, spread-eagling the young men against cars, cracking them with sticks if they moved."

The Hough war ended, appropriately, in a final grotesque act of violence. The Rev. Willie Wright, a 33-year-old Negro pastor in the Church of God, was patrolling with his wife in a church station wagon, trying to help calm things down. It was hot, and he had taken off his suit coat and clerical collar. He noticed a National Guardsman arguing with two angry Negroes. "It was payday," Wright recalls, "and those two were going to have a fight, riot or not. I told them we had enough trouble, and they said, 'Yeah, Rev.' About that time the police roared up in four or five paddy wagons and three station wagons. They didn't ask any questions. I got knocked down with a gun butt between the shoulders, and then kicked. They fractured two ribs. Later I called the station, and they said, 'Reverend, you must be drunk.' I went down to show them I wasn't. They apologized then, but they said they didn't want to make a report because it would get in the papers and stir things up again."

The riots burned through the ghetto, but the destruction was selective. The Hough Opportunity Center was not touched. Neither were the houses of white slum families, nor, for the most part, stores whose owners had a reputation for being fair. To members of a grand jury that investigated the riot, this selectivity showed that the whole thing had been planned, and the jury concluded solemnly that the devastation had been brought down on the city by Communists. Cleveland's mayor, an amiable and ineffective time-server named Ralph S. Locher, solemnly agreed.

Communist fire bombers, even imaginary ones, would be a salvation to Ralph Locher if he could get the city to believe in them. (Nicholas Katzenbach, then U.S. Attorney General, dismissed the grand jury's red scare impatiently, and two Cleveland patrolmen who had infiltrated the threadbare Ohio Communist party said that its members were not active in the Hough riots.) A lanky rube of a man, Locher is widely blamed in Cleveland for blundering the city into its present race mess, and he lacks the political agility to get out from under the charge.

Recently, hearing that the Rev. Martin Luther King was in town and planned to make Cleveland a summer project of his Southern Christian Leadership Conference, Locher announced, "I will not meet with extremists." (Much later, with no better grace, he said he might see King.) The mayor grumbles about the "bum raps" Cleveland has been getting from the national press, but for the last few weeks he has refused sulkily to talk with out-of-town reporters.

The mayor's position is that Cleveland's prob-

Photographs by Frank Dandridge

Hough's cops, who patrol with riot guns, are hated by most Negroes, who accuse them of brutality and indifference.

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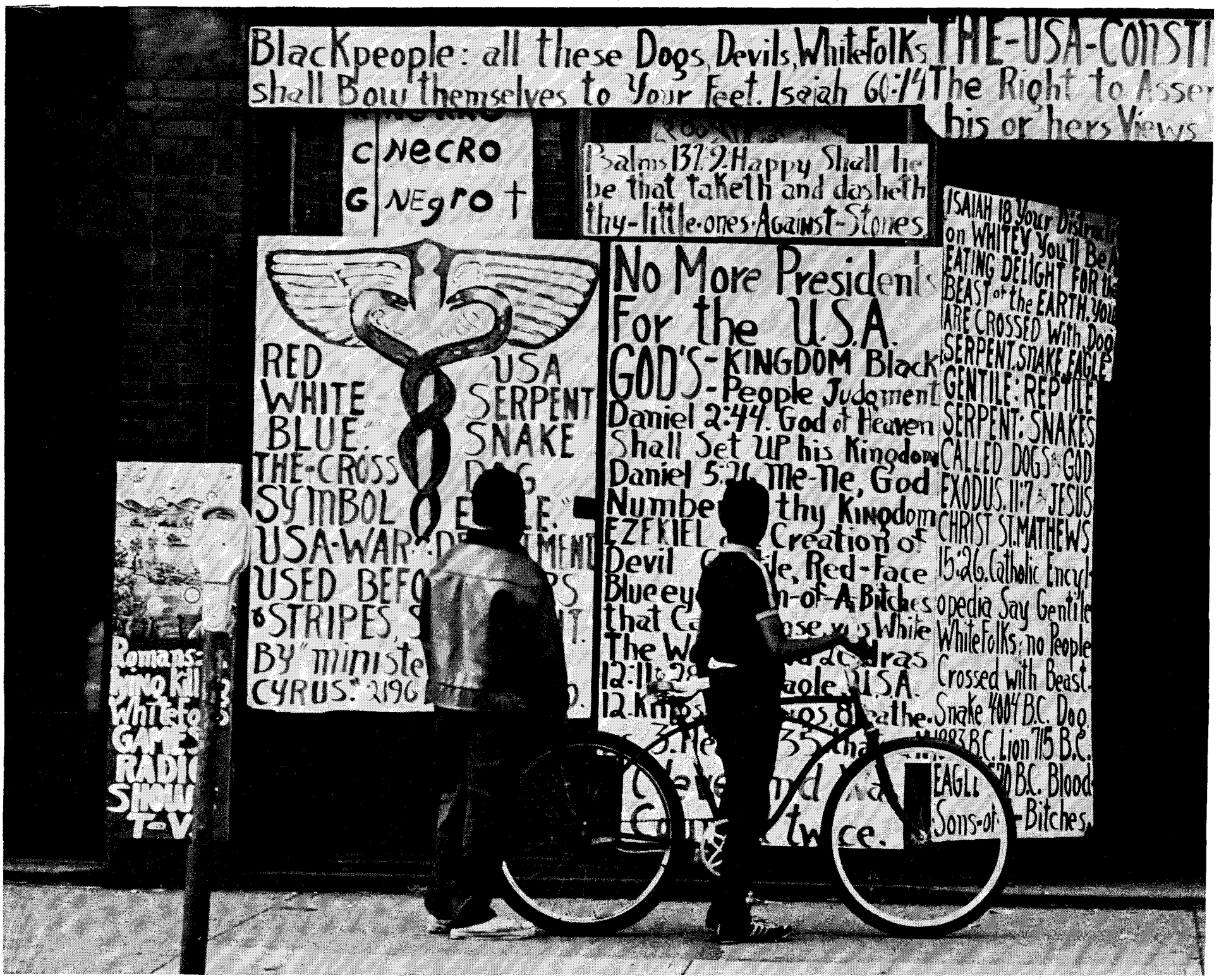
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CLEVELAND GHETTO

lems are no worse than those of other large cities. His critics acknowledge that he is no racist. But he is sensitive to the prejudices of white voters who are racists, and he speaks frequently about the need for "law and order"—a truism that can't be argued with, but which can be read by whites as a code phrase showing a get-tough attitude toward Negroes. Locher told a Senate committee last year that the city did have problems, and did need federal funds, but he wanted the city to control the use of them.

Cleveland businessmen, who would like to get the city's racial problems settled and off the front pages, are noisily disgusted with Locher. (At a recent lampoon night of the powerful and moneyed City Club, a businessman acting the part of the mayor said he felt persecuted and asked a psychiatrist if he were neurotic. "You probably are simply incompetent," was the snapper.) Both newspapers, the *Press* and the *Plain Dealer*, now cover the mayor as if he were a civic disaster.

Roy Wilkins, executive director of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, says this of Mayor Locher: "The distinguishing factor about Cleveland is that it is the only major city we know in which the mayor has rebuffed a committee of downtown, white businessmen who were trying to suggest ways of easing tension, and in effect told them to go to hell."

Two points should be made about the criticism the mayor is getting in Cleveland. The first is that it is very tardy. Locher's failure is no sudden collapse; he is finishing his third two-year term (and will run for a fourth in November). Cleveland's race mess was severe by 1965, and it was clear that City Hall under Locher was not going to touch it. Yet the business community and both newspapers supported Locher. (It seems clear that they could not face the prospect of a Negro mayor; as things turned out, with the white vote split among three candidates, a young Negro lawyer and civil-rights activist, State Representative Carl Stokes, came within 2,200 votes of upsetting Locher.)

'There are kids who would shoot a cop and never think about it.'

The second point is that by 1965 Cleveland would have been in bad trouble even if all of its residents had been colored a soothing pink. The city was worn out and feeble. Its hands shook. People were calling it "the mistake on the lake" (meanwhile Lake Erie, foul with pollution, had itself been recognized as a mistake). Cleveland's school system, excellent 25 years before, was a shabby, dispirited bureaucracy. The city was so underfinanced that it could afford to collect rubbish only once a month. The police department was antiquated, low-paid and 20 percent under strength; its vehicles were creaky and its ancient communications system often could not find them fast enough to send help where it was needed. An overblown urban-renewal program, by far the na-

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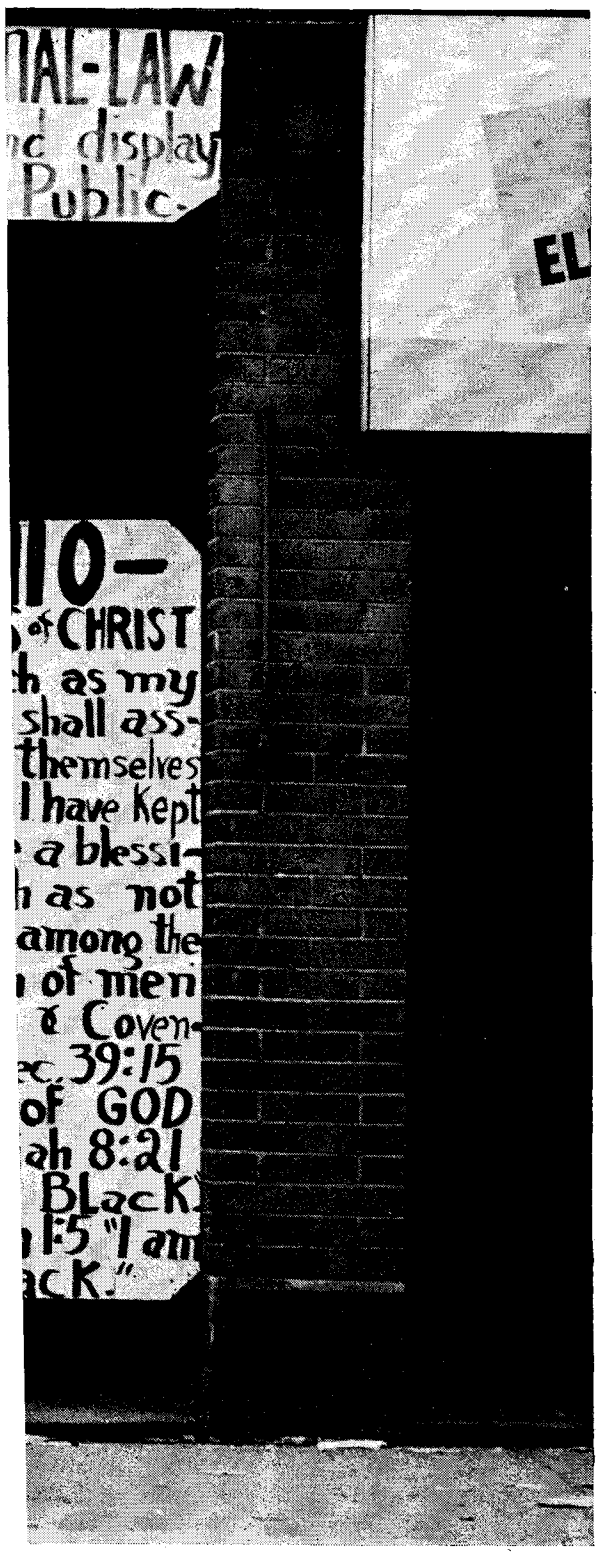


Anti-white slogans and rantings (left) cover the headquarters of Ahmed, a Black Nationalist astrologer who frightens Cleveland with his predictions of racial strife.

tion's biggest, had devastated large areas of the city, renewed almost nothing and was on the point of foundering (last January the federal Department of Housing and Urban Development cut off all new funds for urban renewal in Cleveland).

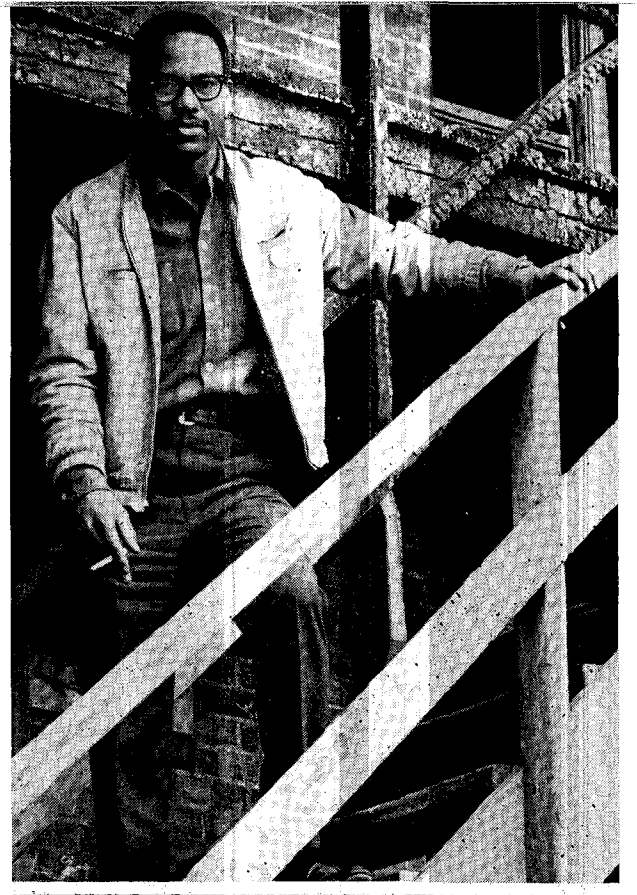
That was, and—except for faster rubbish service and a much-improved school system—still is the condition of Cleveland. But it is unfair to blame Locher for not leading the city to better things. Not leading is what he was elected to do. He is the latest in a string of non-mayors, beginning with his political teacher, the present Ohio Senator Frank Lausche, and continuing with Anthony Celebrezze (later Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare and now a federal judge), whom an uncaring electorate has allowed to sit in the mayor's chair. The only conditions are that the occupants be Democrats (although Cleveland Republicans are a fabled source of wealth for the national G.O.P., the local party is cozily inert), and that they do little and tax accordingly. It is no real exaggeration to say that in this era of non-mayors the customary method of dealing with civic problems has been to demand sternly that they stop bothering honest people. (This spring, very late in Cleveland's progress toward municipal breakdown, Locher did support a needed city income tax, which the voters approved. Some observers think that the tax victory and a sufficiently unsympathetic attitude toward rebellious Negroes will be enough to reelect the mayor this fall.)

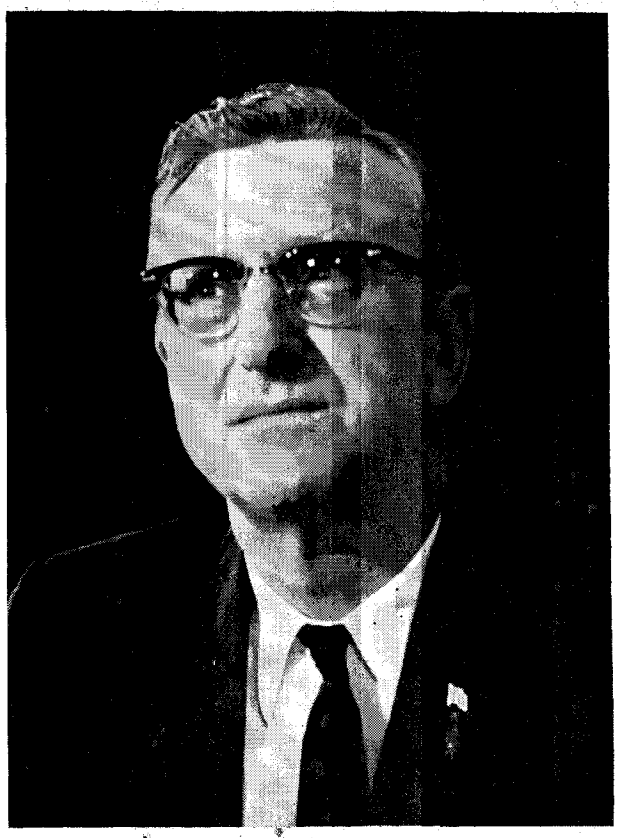
What makes Cleveland's decline classic is its cause: the white flight to the suburbs. The city's best-educated, most prosperous, most politically independent citizens deserted in such great numbers that between 1950 and 1965, despite the immigration of southern Negroes and some Appalachian whites, Cleveland's population dropped by 104,000. In the suburbs the escaped upper crust admitted a few upper-income Negroes, looked unconcernedly at the poor of both races in the central city, resisted political merger with Cleveland, and praised culture. The Cleveland Museum of Art, as a visitor tires of hearing, is one of the finest in the country. The Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, conducted by George Szell, has been called the best in the world.

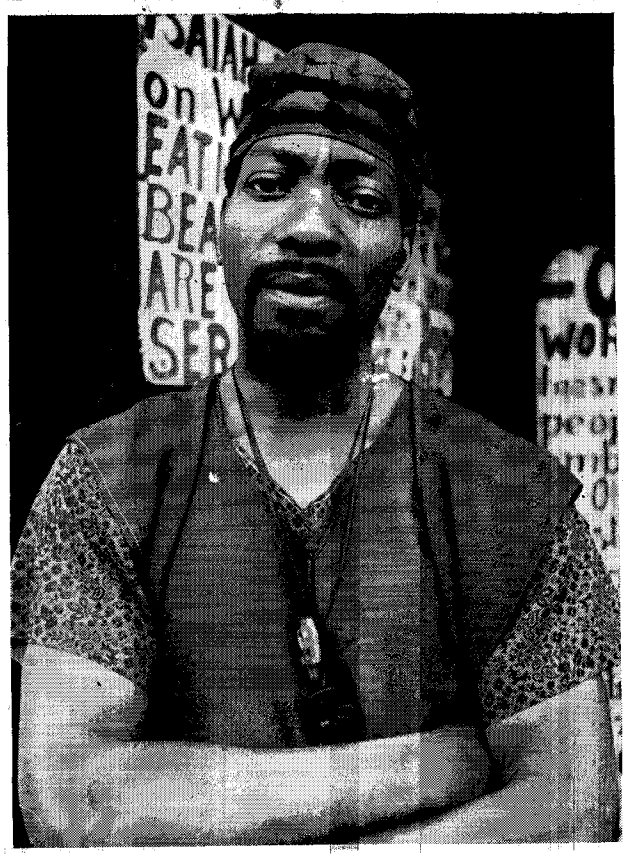
The whites left behind in the central city were not likely to worry about whether their non-mayors were tending to Cleveland's affairs, nor—least of all—about growing bitterness in the Negro ghetto. They wanted to be left alone, and the Lausche-Celebrezze-Locher formula of low taxes, low services, suited them well. These whites were old, or poor, or politicians, or "ethnics." The "ethnics," or "cosmos" (short for cosmopolitans), are foreign-born or first-generation Poles, Czechs, Germans, Romanians, Hungarians and Italians. They are a large part of the city's white population, but Cleveland is no melting pot. Cosmo communities have been encouraged to resist assimilation. It has suited the Roman Catholic diocese to conduct services in the old-country languages. Politicians have found it profitable to treat Hungarian-Americans and Italian-Americans as if they still belonged to different nations. The newspapers have flattered, somewhat patronizingly, an endless list of nationality associations. One result of 50 years of hyphenated citizenship is that a very large minority of the city's population has been trained so well in cosmo thinking that its people have never begun to think and vote like Clevelanders. Much to the contempt of the old Cleveland families who now live wealthily in the suburbs, the city has degenerated into a loose and rancorous federation of walled villages.

Cosmo dislike of Negroes is automatic and intense. In 1964 Italian cosmos in a neighborhood called Little Italy rioted to stop the bussing-in of Negro schoolchildren. They threw bricks, broke windshields, roughed up newsmen and screamed, "Jesus Christ wasn't black! God isn't black!" Cleveland was not surprised; cosmos were like that. Until recently no one seems to have tried to change their minds. Lately the Roman Catholic diocese, under a new bishop, has shifted priests to break down ethnic insularity. The church has supported efforts to aid the ghetto, and clearly does not intend to tolerate racism, but as one young, foreign-born priest said, "You must realize that some of the older priests just do not like Negroes." Bertram Gardner, the city's community-relations director, and a Negro, admits that he got nowhere with an attempt to set up home-to-home visits between cosmo and Negro families. "That was a little advanced for them," he says.

The cosmos' clannishness offers a fine excuse to the more polite bigots of the suburbs. Why should Negroes mind living together? Poles live with their own kind. So do Italians and Czechs. Comparisons







From top to bottom: Lewis Robinson, one of Hough's embittered leaders; Mayor Locher, who is blamed for much of his city's lassitude; and Ahmed, the Black Nationalist.

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For Negro boys there is very little to do, few places to go, except the street itself, which becomes their meeting hall.

One encouraging sign is a fine after-school tutorial program for Negroes that is conducted by white volunteers.

are made: "Ever see Hungarians throw garbage out the window?" "You find women in Little Italy with no husbands, letting the city pay them to have babies?" The questions are asked by people who do not want answers.

The largest of Cleveland's walled villages has its gates barred from the outside. It is the Negro slum on the east side of the Cuyahoga River: the Central-Hough-Glenville area. Its people stay there because the surrounding ethnic neighborhoods and the suburbs will not let them out. Superior Avenue is the northern boundary of Hough; on its northern side, toward the lake, is Norwood, a neighborhood of Polish cosmos. The boundary is strictly observed; Negroes walk on the south side of Superior, whites on the north. Early last summer cosmo teen-agers armed with bicycle chains began driving Negro mothers and their children out of Sowinski Park on this northern border. Negro teenagers struck back, then rioted for three days along Superior. It was a look at what was to come a month later.

Drive through white Norwood at 10 P.M. Neat, old, single-family houses with front porches comfortable as an alderman's paunch. Tiny lawns watered earlier in the evening. Cars off the streets. Few people about. Here and there a lighted window, and a night-owl grocery still open.

Roll up the windows, push down the door locks and drive across Superior into Hough. Here the houses, built like Norwood's 60 or 70 years ago, are bigger and more solid. There are maids' rooms on the third floors of most of them. The front-porch columns that upheld the Sunday-pot-roast respectability of the McKinley Administration are huge and fluted; wood pretending to be stone. The pretense is over; the columns are split and peeling. The single-family houses behind them hold four families and, as often as not, an after-hours joint. Most of the garbage that is thrown ("Airmail!") out of the windows lands in the backyards, but it finds its way into the streets, and stays there.

Hough is both crowded and empty. When a neighborhood deteriorates to slum level, even a decent landlord sees no point in fixing a stopped toilet, repairing a furnace, replacing a broken window. Tenants solve things by moving. When enough tenants have moved, drifters break in. Plumbing fixtures are stolen, and their copper and lead sold to buy wine or heroin. Kids take over. Eventually someone is bound to start a fire. When the fire department goes away, whatever is left is left. On some streets in Hough there are more hulks than houses.

At night no stores are open. Few enough are left during the day; the storekeepers have been gunned down or burned out, or merely starved out. A street that is half abandoned houses has few customers. A storekeeper who raises prices on days when relief checks are distributed—a practice common in Hough—has few friends when a riot starts. Yet price-raising may be forced by defaulting credit customers. A slum devours itself.

Bars, storefront churches and the streets themselves stay open. Hough is, among other things, the rug under which much of Cleveland's prostitution is swept. At night Negro whores in miniskirts are gaudily visible at 79th and Euclid. Two of them wiggle their hips at a cruising out-of-state car. Unmarked special task force police cars cruise the streets, recognizable because in each one a riot shotgun stands on the front seat between the driver and his partner.

The mildest feeling expressed by Cleveland Negroes for their police force is cynicism. Most are bitterly angry, and the anger is expressed not merely by the street-corner mumbler whose ribs ache from the last beating absorbed while "resisting arrest," but by Negro city officials and professional men. Job-and-mortgage householders in Hough complain that patrol cars arrive hours late. "In the middle of the afternoon someone mugged an insurance collector right across from my house," recalled Mrs. Juanita Stepps, a 60-year-old widow who is a social worker at the Office of Economic Opportunity's local center. "I was watching, and I called the cops. They came four hours later. Yeah, four. What good's that?" A reporter in Hough hears a similar story a dozen times a day. The police department's own statistics show that response to calls for assistance in the Hough area is the slowest in the city (although in the police version the average delay is a matter of minutes, not hours).

Some whites shouted: 'Jesus Christ wasn't black! God isn't black!'

Negro State Legislator Carl Stokes, who is running for mayor again, calls Police Chief Richard Wagner "completely unsuited for the job. He is a man eaten up by racial animosity." (Wagner was unavailable for interview during the *Post*'s stay in Cleveland.) The chief has his defenders. "He's not a racist, but he's a stubborn, old-school cop, and it's sometimes hard to tell the difference," said one social-agency official.

Wagner's popularity did not rise in Hough when, two years ago, he testified in favor of capital punishment at legislative hearings in Columbus, giving as one of his reasons the prevalence in the nation of bloodthirsty Black Nationalists. Civil-rights leaders protested to Mayor Locher, or tried to. Locher would not see them. A farce followed in which a prominent Negro attorney, three pastors and the local director of CORE were arrested for sitting in the mayor's waiting room for three days. "We didn't have any signs, and we weren't singing; we just sat there quietly," recalls Richard Gunn, the attorney. "On the third day we decided not to go home at five o'clock, when City Hall closed. At five-twenty we were arrested and taken to jail."

The Cleveland police force is integrated, but in little more than token numbers. There are a few more than 100 Negro patrolmen, four sergeants and no officers in a uniformed force of about 2,200 men. Hough Negroes are critical of their Negro police. "You got just as good, maybe a better chance of getting worked over with some of those colored cats," says a Negro who knows Hough's streets. "They got to prove themselves to the rest." The question of brutality is hard for a reporter to judge. Safety Director McCormick says he has never heard of any, and that no Cleveland policeman in his memory has been punished for using excessive force. On the other hand the department lacks an (*Continued on page 46*)

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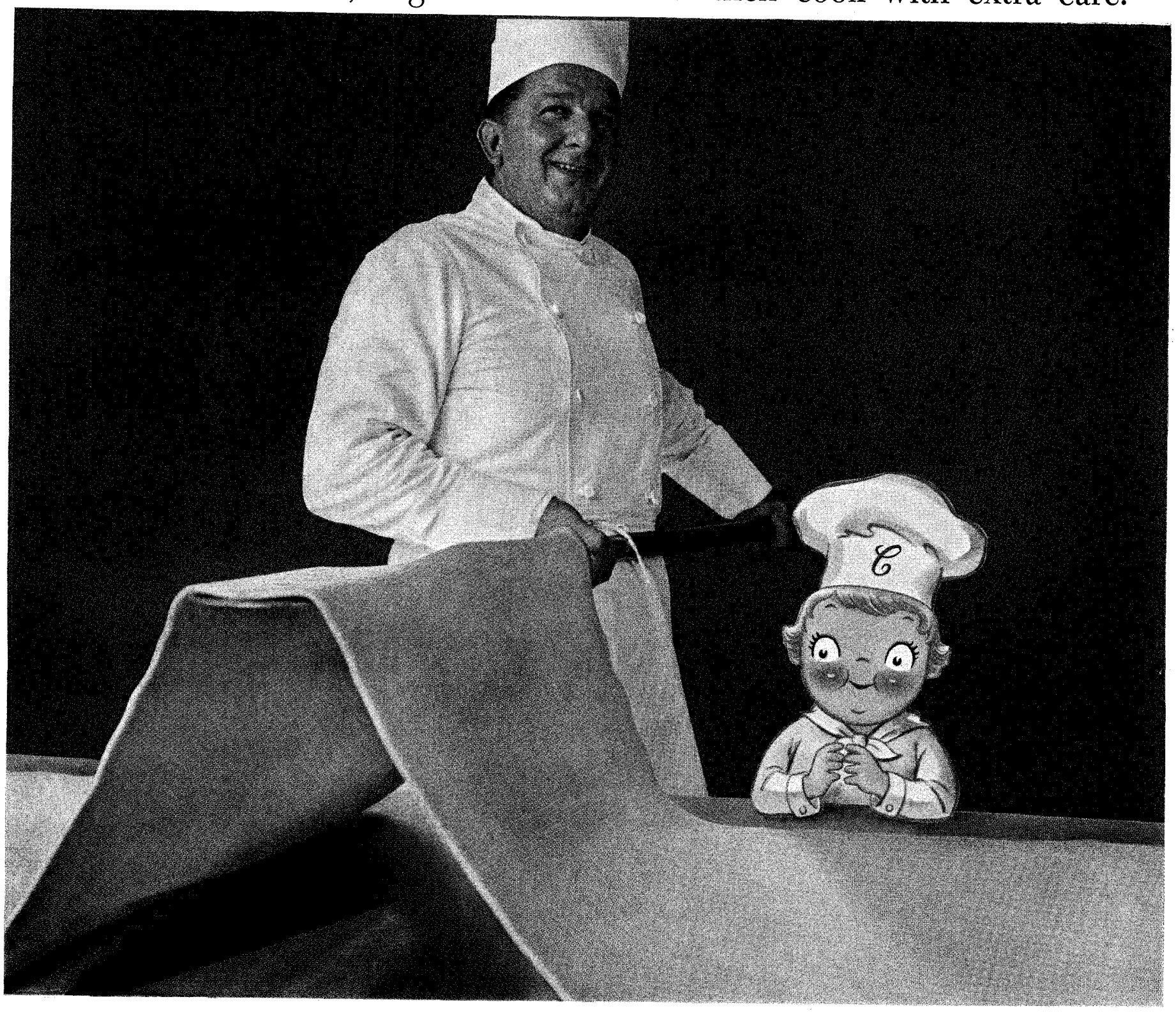
"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."



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Campbell's Sam Sannicandro gives you a better look at its golden egg richness

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(Continued from page 42)

orderly system for receiving and reviewing complaints.

An 18-year-old Negro boy charged with shooting and killing a white policeman this May was presented at his arraignment with his face puffed and bruised and his eyes swollen almost shut. It was explained that—although the boy had taken a bullet through his arm—it had been necessary to use force to subdue him. Says Mrs. Lewis G. Robinson, the white wife of a Black Nationalist candidate for city council: "The cops beat the kids and call them 'nigger.' There are kids all over the ghetto who would shoot a cop and not think about it. And you ask if there's going to be a riot."

A cop killing is a special case, but a reporter who spends time in Hough cannot avoid hearing about mistreatment that is merely routine. Willie Wright, the Negro pastor who was knocked down and kicked by police during the Hough riots, tells of the arrest of a 14-year-old boy earlier last summer: "The boy had been making noise. An officer told him to get into the wagon. The boy, I don't know whether he was high on wine or dope, he said, 'OK, man, I'm going,' and the officer hit him in the face with his fist. I went over and asked him why, and he said, 'You're minding police business; you want trouble?' I told him no." Wright made no formal complaint; "You'd have to have a hundred witnesses, and then they'd find some way to quash it."

Testimony before the U.S. Civil Rights Commission in 1966 told of rough treatment of civil-rights demonstrators by police, and of police inaction when whites spat at or slugged Negroes on picket lines. There were stories of station-house beatings, of a Negro being roughed up by police, being forced to "bark like a black dog" at the whim of the officers, and of Negroes being held for two and a half days without being charged or allowed to make a phone call. Police Chief Wagner admitted that suspects were sometimes held for as long as 72 hours without being allowed to use a telephone, and defended Cleveland's use of a "waiver card" intended to protect police from false-arrest charges. Suspects who are to be released without charges are asked, nevertheless, to sign a statement to the effect that, "I am guilty of the charge of [blank] and the conduct of all members of the Police Department in any way connected with my arrest and detention was in all respects reasonable and proper." Civil Rights Commissioner Erwin Griswold, dean of the Harvard Law School, called the waiver card "a fraud," but it is a useful club to wave at a citizen uneducated or frightened enough to sign it.

A troublemaker tells of his own arrest: "It was April sixteenth, I think. The police came down upon us with shotguns. They say you are under arrest. Brother Shacklin here asked what are you arresting us for, and he received the butt of a shotgun across his mouth. We were just walking down the street, about seven at night, not doing anything. I did use some abusive language while I was in the wagon, I admit that. At the precinct they said we have one smart one here, and they asked me to get out. I stepped outside the wagon, in an alley, and I was knocked down by a group of policemen, all white. I've seen them before. I've been *beaten* by them before. I was kicked in the face and in the head. Later a tooth abscessed."

The speaker is Ahmed, a Black Nationalist astrologer whose legal name is Fred Evans. He is a huge, gaunt man of moonstruck eloquence who wears astrological amulets and his own version of African clothes. His followers are two or three dozen out-of-work wine drinkers who use such names as Ho Chi Minh and Addis Ababa. Ahmed says things like, "Saturn is in the house of Aries; the ram is in the burning bush; this summer will be threefold worse than 1929." One of his predictions, picked up by the press, was for worldwide racial strife on May 9 (he picked the day because a partial solar eclipse would occur then).

Cleveland is so tense that even a costume-party villain like Ahmed is frightening. To white citizens his prediction was a threat of riot. Hough Negroes don't take Ahmed's group itself very seriously ("When people start running through the streets with guns, yelling, 'Get Whitey,' those cats will be hiding in the cellar."), but there was a danger that Hough teen-agers—the 10-to-16-year-olds who throw the fire bombs—would try to fulfill the prophecy. As things turned out, May 9 was fairly normal for Cleveland. Two fire bombs were thrown at Negro schools, causing minor damage. Police raided Ahmed's astrology parlor, which they had closed earlier for "sanitary violations," and—say the Nationalists—broke all its windows.

Safety Director McCormick denies blandly that police have harassed Ahmed's band of losers. "But if the shop is unsanitary, why of course we have to close it." At the astrology parlor, windows have been replaced with blotchy signs (BLACK PEOPLE: ALL THESE DOGS, DEVILS, WHITE FOLKS SHALL BOW THEMSELVES TO YOUR FEET, ISAIAH 60: 14). Inside the shop Ahmed, Addis Ababa and three or four brothers drink from pint bottles of wine bought with two dollars cadged from reporters. The discussion touches the accused cop killer. Addis Ababa lowers his pint. "Write it down, man. If he burn, Cleveland burn."

Blocks of the ghetto have been leveled, then left, by the city's collapsed urban-renewal program. Rats nest among the tumbled bricks. A pack of 10-year-olds has found a carton of mimeograph paper in the rubble. Boys break open the package and throw the sheets high in the air. Wind catches them; they blow across the lot into a row of houses still occupied.

"Urban renewal means Negro removal," civil-rights leaders say, but nothing so coherent seems to have been in the minds of Cleveland's leaders when the renewal programs began in the 1950's. (Urban renewal is run by city officials, along guidelines and with funds supplied by Washington.) The nearest approach to a policy seems to have been an agreement—admitted by housing officials before the Civil Rights Commission last year—to stop enforcing the housing code in areas marked for renewal. Cleveland did not have enough building inspectors to go around, and this seemed a good way to save money. The result in Hough, which had been white through the 1940's and was still shabbily respectable as the 1950's began, was urban destruction.

Public policy had decreed a slum. Property had no long-term value, so investments had to be made back quickly. Rents were jacked. Landlords and tenants felt the logical illogic of hopelessness: Why provide enough garbage cans? Why bother to use them? Hough developed one of the worst rat problems in the nation. The city made only gestures at coping with it.

Talk with an unmarried A.D.C. (Aid to Dependent Children) mother in her five-room, $90-a-month apartment. A rat runs across your feet and into a hole gnawed in the plaster. You leave; she stays, and so do the 10 children who live with her. For each child on A.D.C. a mother gets 73 cents a day. This is 17 cents under the minimum daily requirement for subsistence set by the state of Ohio in 1959, and an estimated 45 cents a day under present cost levels. Slum women have a lot of children, partly because in a slum the day after tomorrow is the unimaginable future, and nine months is an absurdity. But they do not have children to get 73 cents a day.

The University-Euclid urban-renewal project, which includes the eastern end of Hough, was started in 1961 to protect the city's art museum, Western Reserve University and Case Institute of Technology from urban blight (meaning from Negroes, cynics suggest). Since then it has spent all of its original administrative budget, although only 15 percent of the renewal project has been completed. But it was not wastefulness that finally goaded Secretary Robert Weaver of Housing and Urban Development to cut off funds for new projects. It was a wholesale failure of the city—in the University-Euclid project and others—to see that displaced families got decent housing, as H.U.D. rules clearly required. Only 40 percent of the families displaced got help. The city has no record of what happened to the rest.

When it became obvious last summer that H.U.D.'s patience was at last running out, the Cleveland Bar Association offered to provide lawyers—free—to help the city's understaffed urban-renewal effort out of its mess. No one accepted the offer, but it led, recalls James C. Davis, now president of the bar association, to a splendid story of Locherism: "Nearly two months after the offer of assistance, Mayor Locher thanked me for the free assistance which the bar association was providing, and expressed the hope that the lawyers were receiving every cooperation in the performance of their work in behalf of the city. He expressed complete amazement when I advised him that no such assistance had actually been provided. No change in the city's unwillingness to accept the association's aid occurred. . . ." Davis, who has been trying to make Cleveland see that its race problem comes in two colors, thinks City Hall snubbed the lawyers because to accept aid on urban renewal—in effect, to find homes for displaced Negroes—would have made the cosmos angry.

Some of the Negroes displaced by urban-renewal projects in Hough crowded into already-crowded districts in the area, compounding all the basic problems. Other Hough DP's are now carrying their misery to Glenville, a Negro district to the northeast. There are still more good streets than bad in Glenville, although this may not be true six months from now.

Utopian schemes to one side—desegregating moderate-income suburbs and building low-income public housing outside the city must still be classified as utopian—there remains the problem of making the ghetto livable. Here and there private groups are trying to solve it, mostly by small-scale rehabilitation efforts. The Warner & Swasey Co., a machine-tool firm, has started a project, and so have the meatcutters' union, the Cleveland Development Foundation and a church-backed group called Project HOPE.

In what used to be the Blue Note Café, the sort of bar no one ever called a cocktail lounge, a gangly white pastor sits punching at the hold button on his telephone. The place is now the headquarters of Project HOPE (Housing Our People Economically). Walter Grevatt finishes his call—he has been talking beguilingly about the advantages of selling something to HOPE at a discount—and conducts his guests across Hough Avenue to the Belvedere. It is HOPE's first sizable project, a 30-unit brick apartment building. A year ago it was sour and rat-run, sliding quickly toward the stage when winos would loot it for the copper in its pipes. "Come on inside," says Grevatt.

What we see is startling. There is no painted-over dirt. Everything is new—stoves, refrigerators, plumbing fixtures—and nothing is cheap. The Belvedere is the first rent-supplement building in the nation, which means that the Federal Government pays the difference between what poor tenants can afford—usually 25 percent of their monthly income—and the actual cost of their housing. "We put up seed money to get a project started," says Grevatt, "and then we can get an FHA mortgage at three percent, covering the whole cost. But we have to pay back the mortgage, and we need the rent supplement."

We walk out behind the Belvedere. A Negro workman is painting window sash. He is nonunion, of course; almost no Negroes have been able to get into the building-trades unions in Cleveland. According to federal law and a presidential order, federal building projects must use integrated crews, but for years Cleveland contractors have built without being able to comply with the requirement. Finally, a few weeks ago, an order came from Washington to cut off $44 million in federal construction funds for such projects as the new Cleveland State University campus until contractors integrate.

"We've had no vandalism at all," Grevatt is saying; "The block itself has protected this building. Now look," he goes on, pointing out an area of tiny, fenced backyards rancid with garbage and ruptured sofas. "We're going to turn the backyards into a park. We're going to rehabilitate fifty-six or fifty-seven buildings. Some we'll buy, some we'll work on with the owners. We'll shuffle the tenants around while we're doing the work, and then move them all back in."

Grevatt, a United Church of Christ minister, started HOPE two years ago with a local Catholic priest, also a white man. Now 35 churches, most of them integrated but led by whites, back the project. Talk with a ghetto

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Negro who knows his way around: "Oh, sure, it's a good thing; it all does some good." The reaction is the same—polite optimism and a shrug—to the efforts of downtown groups such as the Businessmen's Interracial Committee on Community Affairs and the Inner City Action Committee, which have tried hard to fill the huge gap left by City Hall's indifference. The ghetto needs Negro leaders and knows it.

But an attorney who can shop for a $65,000 house in Shaker Heights (colored people's price; $59,500 for whites) is regarded as a sellout, and so, often with good reason, is any Negro in city government. "They're us's when we send them, but they're not us's when they get there," one Hough woman said of the city council, which is more than one third Negro.

Lewis G. Robinson, candidate for city council from the 21st ward, is a ghetto leader who lives in the ghetto, and no one has called him a sellout. He is a Black Nationalist, "But not an astrologer," he says. "We all work together, but astrology's Ahmed's bag." To Robinson, Black Nationalism means "being concerned with political control being in the ghetto, not in the boss's house out in the Heights." White suburbanites do not want to hear about a moderate in Black Nationalist terms, but that is what Robinson adds up to.

"And he doesn't run around yelling, 'Get Whitey,' " Robinson's white wife Beth says, although that is just what a highly placed Negro in the city government had told me that Robinson does yell when his audience is Negro. After some hours of talking with Robinson I was willing to take him more or less at face value as an angry, honest man. But his career so far shows how painfully hard it is to lead a ghetto from within. The odds against Robinson are crippling. A man who chooses to stay ghetto-poor (a good-looking, articulate man of 38, he owns a law degree he has never used) earns the deep suspicion of middle-class Negroes and whites.

Robinson is bitter. "We're in the streets to stay," he says. "And if the city gets used to that, if nothing changes, any oppressed people will go into a prolonged guerrilla action like we see in Vietnam, baby, and V.C. don't mean nothing but Very Colored." Three years ago, disgusted with slovenly law enforcement, he formed a neighborhood rifle club. "It was for protection," he says, "and it was to scare whites into seeing how bad the situation was." Press reaction was violent, and Robinson was fired from his job as a city building inspector.

Late in 1964 Robinson and eight other neighborhood men started a settlement house named, pointedly, after John F. Kennedy and Jomo Kenyatta, Kenya's president. (Although large pictures of both Kennedy and Kenyatta hung over the door, newspapers refused to refer to the place as anything but the Jomo Kenyatta House.) "At first it was just Ping-Pong—we got some plywood and made tables—and a speakers' night, and on Tuesdays a charm school for girls. We taught Negro history, and we tried to give the kids self-respect. We told the boys they would be marrying the girls someday, and in two and a half years not one of our girls got pregnant. Which is saying something. No, there wasn't any civil-rights thing at first. The kids got interested after a bunch of them were standing in front of the J.F.K. House one night, and a cop took a shot at them. There was a burglar alarm going in a store next door."

The report of the special grand jury that investigated last summer's riots said that testimony, "Discredited Lewis Robinson as a leader concerned with generally altruistic interests in youth but rather points to him as inciting these youths to focus their hatreds and as indoctrinating them with his own vigorous philosophy of violence." The report says that teen-agers were taught to make Molotov cocktails in the J.F.K. House, and that Robinson and other J.F.K. leaders conferred with Communists who arrived on the scene.

"Look," says Robinson, "they say we had discussions of revolution and all that. You're darned right we did. During the Superior demonstrations I headed off a big bunch of kids. They were going to burn up Whitey. I got them over to the J.F.K. House, talking out their hate. It was like group therapy, you get the kids screaming their lungs out instead of out in the street throwing rocks." Significantly, there has been no attempt to indict Robinson or other J.F.K. House leaders.

To a reporter, much of the grand-jury finding seems to discredit itself. The jury's foreman was Louis B. Seltzer, former editor of the Cleveland *Press*, who did not disqualify himself even though Robinson was suing Seltzer for libel at the time (he objected to *Press* coverage of the rifle-club inci-

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dent). The attitude of the jurors toward ghetto Negroes was not the "Never" of the deep south, but it seemed to be the "Later" of the deep suburbs: "Impatience among the Negro people for the improvement of their citizenship is understandable, but the opinion has been expressed that they may be attempting to exact too much too fast for the community to bear within an arbitrarily fixed time limit."

The *Plain Dealer* offered dependable breakfast reading during May. Often there was a choice Locher story. (One of them told of Cleveland's application for federal "model-city" funds. With the nation's large cities competing for $900 million—and some certain to lose out—Cleveland filed its model-city plan on the last possible day, without details, and without the required approval of the city council. The mayor attached a note to the document. It said he would try to fill in the rest of the form by the end of the month.)

One morning the story to spill coffee over said that the House of Representatives had ended the federal rent-supplement program. Project HOPE's Belvedere would continue, but new projects would be crippled. "Oh, we'll keep going," Grevatt said later. "Cut down on the plumbing, paint over dirt instead of plastering. Give the poor what they deserve. I guess that's what it amounts to."

And the morning after Ahmed's May 9 riot scare, a one-paragraph story said that the Patrick Henry Junior High School in Glenville had been fire bombed during the night. At the school, a Gothic Elsinore with kids' names written all over it in spray-can paint, we were captured by William Smith, a stocky Negro in his mid-30's, with the expression of a man who is going to ask you to take a card, any card. He has been principal of Patrick Henry for two years, since a new school board and superintendent began to bring Cleveland's schools back to life.

"You see what the school looks like," Smith went on, looking sly. "They're going to paint it up this summer, but it still won't be pretty. I'm going to shock you. It's the best junior high school in the city." He sat back, clasped his hands across his middle, then sat forward. "Four years ago we had almost two thousand, five hundred students fighting for space in the halls, seven hundred more than the school could handle. We had fire incidents all the time, five locker thefts a day, maybe three or four good big fights a week, and I'm not talking about one boy against one boy. We had forty separate gangs, and the kids wore their jackets to school. Any teacher who could leave, left.

"We've had one fire incident this year, that little bomb last night that broke a couple of windows. No locker thefts. Maybe one fight a month, and you don't see the gang jackets. We've cut dropouts way down. Listen," Smith went on, "yesterday was a tension day. A lot of parents kept their kids out. May ninth, you know, supposed to be blood on the floor. We had some pretty specific information about what was going to happen here; kids make sure we know, now. I told my faculty the night before. It's about one third white. You know how many teacher absentees we had on May ninth? We had two, and one had a broken ankle and one was in the hospital."

Smith told a hall guard to bring back the first six kids he saw. The children came in, wondering what Smith had found out this time, and what my white face meant. "OK, Jonesy," Smith said to a boy who, like the other boys, wore a coat and tie. "What gang was it you used to hang with?"

"Gang?" said Jones.

"Yeah, gang, back last year when you were writing your name all over the front of the building." Smith smiled like a crocodile.

Jones smiled a little too. "Oh, yeah, well, I guess that was the Delamores." Was Jones still a member? No, he said, it had kind of died out, and anyway, he didn't have the time. What took up his time now? Well, he was at school most afternoons and evenings. (William Smith told us that for the last year the school had been kept open until 9:30 at night, and on Saturdays, under a federally financed Extended School Services program. Children and adults could take classes, hold meetings, see a movie. There were 1,100 adults on the rolls and about 4,000 children from the area. "A very strange thing has happened," Smith had said. "Now the school belongs to them. You know what else? The people around here are getting some self-respect. The word 'black' sounds all right now.")

Smith turned to an eighth-grade girl, clapped his hand to his head and said, "Oooooh, my, don't we look elegant today," and then asked what she thought about the fire bombing.

"What you mean what I think?" she said, frowning. Well, Smith said, how would she like it if someone had burned down Patrick Henry?

"If they burn it, where'm I going to school?" she asked Smith scornfully, shaking her head at his question.

In the basement of Patrick Henry, where boys used to steal things out of lockers, another federal program offers as much hope as the extended school services. Five makeshift classrooms give intensive help to children who have had trouble adjusting to the impersonality of a junior-high-school's constantly shifting classes.

"For the most part it's just paying attention," said Mrs. Jacqueline Lawson, a teacher's aide whose 14-year-old daughter is president of the Patrick Henry Student Council. "With most of these children it's the first time anyone *has* paid attention." Patrick Henry's transition-class children, who would normally be dropouts before they got to high school, have the best attendance record in the school.

As we leave Patrick Henry I bump into a boy in the doorway. "After you, company," he says cheerfully. Outside a police car moves slowly across a field toward a group of boys. They disappear, and other boys pop into view behind the car. They are dropouts, and they are there every day. Almost certainly one of them threw the fire bomb. "If we could have got this started two years earlier, they wouldn't be there," Smith had said.

The following night we visit the school again. Men are playing brute-force basketball in the gym, and kids are hooting at a Western movie in the auditorium. In three classrooms big, solemn adult Negroes sit at small desks learning how to read and write.

Not all of the children are watching the movie. Some of them, amazingly, are upstairs studying. "It's all volunteer," says Dr. Leonard Cohen, a young, white research chemist who thought up Operation P.H.D. (Progress toward High school Diploma). "The kids volunteer to show up, and the teachers volunteer to teach them." The teachers are mostly white—"Negroes who could teach usually have two jobs," Cohen says. Some of them are prep-school boys or girls, and some are professional men. James Rice, a young NASA mathematician who is one of the tutors, introduces Bruce Sands, a 16-year-old Negro who is a sophomore at Glenville High. This year Sands is a tutor. Last year at Patrick Henry he was a tutorial student himself. Rice helped him plan the building of a gas chromatograph which won the top prize for a Cleveland student that year in the Northeastern Ohio Science Fair. Sands says he wants to be a doctor, and there seems to be no reason why he won't make it.

The man who gave William Smith the job of changing Patrick Henry from a zoo to a school is Dr. Paul Briggs, a wry, forceful man in his 50's. He took over the Cleveland schools three years ago after disgusted citizens voted in a new school board. (They were the same voters who still tolerate lethargy in City Hall. But bad schools were hurting their own children, and they could see the damage.) Now when Clevelanders brag about their city—and some still do, stubbornly—they mention the art museum, the orchestra, and Paul Briggs.

The Cleveland schools had come to a dead stop when Briggs was brought in from Parma, Ohio, as superintendent (he was the first outsider to come into the city's top-level school administration in 50 years). School buildings were ancient and crowded. Since 1950 the city's population had dropped by more than 100,000 as whites escaped, but school enrollment had swollen from 98,000 to 152,000. The new pupils were poverty children, and the schools were not likely to help them. Not one of the city's elementary schools had a library. Only two of 15 high schools had vocational training—in a city where few children were headed for college.

"We got libraries going with donations and volunteers," Briggs recalls. "Every high school has vocational training now, and the equipment and the courses are up to date. We got the city's businessmen to tell us what training they wanted graduates to have. A department-store manager is running our retailing courses now. We hired a personnel man from the power company, and he's placing our kids. There are only four boys from the January graduates who don't have jobs."

Briggs has hired a deputy superintendent who is a Negro, but he admits that his schools are less integrated racially than when he took over. Four out of five Cleveland children attend schools whose racial imbalance is at least ninety-five percent. "There's not much you can do when a neighborhood runs out of white students. Our geography defeats bussing; we have seventy-five blocks of factories between the east side Negro slums and the west side, where the whites live. But we bus our kids to enrichment classes downtown, and they're integrated. It's token integration, sure. We're going to build a big, city-wide comprehensive high school downtown, and that will be integrated, of course. And we'll have an integrated, ungraded high school for potential dropouts. There'll be one teacher for every five kids, if that's what it takes. You come back and look at us in three more years."

Almost no one is really against good schools. Integrated housing is another matter; a visitor gets the impression that almost no one in Cleveland is really for it. "The riots have justified segregation to a lot of whites," says Stuart Wallace, who is head of a private firm called Fair Housing Inc., which tries to integrate Cleveland and its suburbs. In three years Fair Housing has made 73 sales—49 to Negro families in previously white neighborhoods, and the rest to whites in neighborhoods in danger of "tipping."

"Not a sparkling success," Wallace admits. "And our listings are lower than they've ever been." When Fair Housing gets listings—"Some of our best are given to us for spite"—the strategy is to block off white escape routes by integrating a number of districts. If neighborhood "B" is known to have Negro residents, whites in neighborhood "A" won't move there merely to escape Negroes.

"People are worried about their neighbors; in the middle class we live for the approval of others. You know who caves in quickest? The well-to-do white Protestants; they've had a warm smile all their lives everywhere they've gone, and they can't face disapproval. We almost got a listing in Hunting Valley"—a wealthy, segregated exurb—"but our WASP family caved in on us." Wallace went on to talk about the stony refusal of Cleveland realtors to sell integrated housing, the reluctance of banks and savings-and-loan outfits to negotiate mortgages, and the "color tax"—higher interest rates on mortgages that are made, and jacked-up prices on the houses themselves.

"We can beat all that, though. You know the problem we're not touching? It's class, not race. We liberal, college-educated whites don't mind liberal, college-educated Negroes, but we don't want poor people moving next door no matter what color they are. That's the next problem, and it's going to be harder than white against black." It is a chilling point. Some of Cleveland's suburbs are beginning to be color-integrated, but they are all segregated against the city's poor.

One war at a time, however. I had brought my family to Cleveland Heights to visit relatives. While we were there someone—presumably white—dynamited the home of Dr. J. Newton Hill, the Negro director of an international culture center. Hill's house was only a few blocks away from us. This made me angrier than all of the rats and rickety children I had seen in Hough. What maniac was blowing off dynamite near *my* kids? The night after the bombing a big Episcopal church nearby was crowded with outraged citizens. They pledged $8,000 in reward money to anyone who informed against the bomber. People got up and said that segregation was bad. Three weeks later the local city council hooted down a suggestion that it counteract publicity given to the dynamiting by making a public statement in favor of open housing.

Out in Parma, a segregated, mostly blue-collar suburb settled largely by

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cosmos, a Protestant churchwoman tells a reporter, "I wouldn't move if a Negro bought next door, but I wouldn't sell to a Negro, out of consideration for my neighbors." An older member of her church says, "Of course if they've been treated unfairly, then that's bad. Everyone says they need education, though, and look at those colored kids rioting at Texas Southern. To me the only thing they understand is force."

On Cleveland's white west side a glittery-eyed man named Robert Annable sits in a bookstore full of "Never" literature. He heads the local Wallace-for-President effort, and supports the National Association for the Advancement of White People. He explains that, "A couple of years ago the attitude on civil rights was maybe they do have some grievances, maybe we did do something wrong. But over the last year and a half the thinking has changed. People are buying guns and learning how to shoot."

In Collinwood, a cosmo area on the east side where whites rioted two years ago to protest integration, a white engineer says without optimism, "Yeah, we've got some rough boys saying 'segregate or eliminate.' We try to keep them in line."

In a downtown office building a Negro professional man who has spent most of his life as a nonviolent civil rightist says wearily, "I think the Nationalists are telling them wrong. I'd say why burn up your own houses? Go burn the Terminal Tower, go out in Shaker Heights and burn." And one of Ahmed's 16-year-olds says that's what it will be next time. "See you out in Shaker," he says, smiling.

Cleveland's bitter voices echo in the mind, and a visitor uneasily adds up hopeful signs, wondering how well the good guys know their business. Does Walter Grevatt really know how to run a large real-estate operation? Will the public spirit of the businessmen hold up through another bad summer?

One of the agreeable surprises that the city springs on a newcomer is that the Clevelanders running the local Office of Economic Opportunity are at last learning how to fight. The branch has lived through a squabble that brought a few live poor people to its board of trustees. More important, it has learned that you need street people to reach street people. One of its best field workers is a former bookie. "The cats on the corner look at my little briefcase and my little bow tie and say, 'Man, you in the boozhie bag now,' " he says, undisturbed. ("Boozhie" means "bourgeois"; a Negro who is boozhie, the field worker explains, is said to carry his watermelon in his bowling bag.) Last year on the riot's third day a young Negro, whose police record included mugging, walked into the Hough Opportunity Center and asked for a job. He got it. "You see me out on the corner shooting craps," he explains now, "well, I'm working. I'm telling those studs that I'm making good, steady bread, and the Man"—the law—"isn't looking for me."

One of the ways a Negro slum is different from, say, a white immigrant ghetto of a few decades ago is that the Negro community is held together by its women. (Lately sociologists have realized that Negro men have been shoved aside in their own families, first by the family-splitting of slave traders, later by the fact that Negro women could get jobs more easily, and now by welfare rules. "A Negro man will come to you and say he's planning to leave his family, and risk jail for desertion, so that his kids can get A.D.C. money," Walter Grevatt explained. "He can't get a job, and everyone's hungry. What do you tell him?")

The Hough Opportunity Center gets much of its strength from a small crew of amazingly tough, sassy women social workers. They are accomplished mayor baiters, boss devilers and brushers aside of regulations. They are also completely dedicated; after hours, out of channels and never-mind-the-case-load they scrounge furniture, food and landlords' promises for their people. "I lived in Hough," says one of them, Mrs. Fanny Lewis. "Each morning I had to tell myself I could make it. Women here wake up and it's still all the same, and they take their relief check and buy a bottle. Sometimes it's better. Listen to who was in here this morning: The woman used to have a good family. Then her husband got in trouble and went to the pen. Now she's got six children home, one in the detention home. Her oldest daughter has two children and no husband. Her next is a known prostitute. Her two grandbabies, one has heart trouble and the other asthma. Her 15-year-old boy has snuck off, and he's living with two white girls and a Negro man who's in trouble with the cops. Her *problem*, why she came *in* here, is, should she turn the boy in to the juvenile authorities before he gets in real trouble?" Mrs. Lewis laughed—"hah"—and went on: "She's an alcoholic now. People say she shouldn't be. That's right. She should be dead."

One way to change hopeless lives is with jobs, but every job-training program tried so far in Cleveland has flopped. Now the Cleveland Economic Opportunity program has set up one that should work. AIM-Jobs, as it is called, will go out and find jobless ghetto residents. "You've got to go get them, in the pool halls or wherever," says Ralph Findley, who heads the Cleveland War on Poverty. "These people have been in too many waiting rooms." (This has not been an easy lesson for Findley to learn. He is very much the middle-class Negro bureaucrat, and some of the waiting rooms have belonged to the CEO. But apparently he has learned it.) Trainees will get a little money to take home on the first day of their orientation periods, and more a few days later. There will be medical and dental care, and help with appearance and speech. Each trainee will have a coach to help him over rough spots, and to help him pick the job training he can absorb. "And," said Findley, "everyone who finishes training will have a job waiting for him. Not just made work, but a job a man can move up in. We have commitments for one thousand jobs from industry and another one thousand from government." Each new worker will have a buddy—an old hand in his plant or office—to help him adjust to the job. "We'll have people fall through the cracks in the program," Findley went on. "When they do, we'll follow them up and get them back into training at a level they can handle."

But AIM-Jobs and every other public and private try at bringing the city back to life can be stifled by City Hall, the airless eye of Cleveland's storm. The city's recovery depends largely on who is elected mayor in November. And that depends on the mood of a touchy white electorate after what everyone predicts will be, in the new cliché of municipal crisis, a long, hot summer.

The mayoral race is cluttered with candidates, but there is no recognizable hero in sight. As the hot summer begins four candidates have filed papers, and at least one more is expected to do so. The only clearly encouraging sign is that two of the candidates are suburbanites who, recognizing a duty or an opportunity, have moved back to the city to run for mayor.

Mayor Locher will run for his fourth term. Democratic party officials, it is said, tried to persuade him to take shelter in a federal appointment, but got nowhere. The mayor's announcement read, in part, "I pride myself on being honest. Throughout my career there has been no price tag on honesty in government." It is the boast of a stubborn, puzzled man, and an honest one. Its honesty is perhaps the only aspect of Locher's administration that no one has questioned.

Carl Stokes, the Negro who nearly beat Locher two years ago, will run again, as a Democrat or an independent. Handicappers give him an even chance of beating Locher. But they hedge: There must be no riots. Stokes is not hopeful about the summer. He says bitterly, "I'm sure Locher's plan is to see that there is sufficient disturbance to elect him."

With one third of Cleveland—the Negro community—for him, and another third—the cosmos—solidly against him, Stokes needs strong support from the non-cosmo whites. His candidacy announcement was tactful: "I am proud of my Negro heritage, but I am not running as the candidate of the Negro community or of any other special group." That sort of statement took another Negro, Massachusetts' Edward Brooke, to the Senate last fall. But Stokes wears his anger close to the surface and, unlike Brooke, he has fought publicly in his state's civil-rights battles. For him the uncertainty is—apart from riots—whether the white middle class in Cleveland is fed up with civil rights, as seems to be true in the rest of the U.S.

If Stokes does win, says a Negro who is a political enemy, "Those crocodiles in City Hall will maneuver him gently over the trapdoor and pull the cord." Stokes laughs cheerfully at this, and says, "I know how to fight. I've been on every picket line here."

If Cleveland has had enough of Locher but balks at Stokes's color ("and it's good and dark," Stokes says; "they don't have any trouble seeing me"), the likeliest winner is Democrat Frank P. Celeste. A lawyer who ran up a good record as mayor of nearby Lakewood, he promises an "open-door" mayor's office, and says that the city can be run with efficiency and compassion. Celeste seems well-enough liked by Negroes. He is Italian-born, usually an asset in Cleveland. No one knows whether it will be in his case, however, because he was also Catholic-born, and is now a Protestant churchman. (Ralph Locher, whose background is Romanian, is also a Protestant, but not an ex-Catholic.)

Cleveland's drowsy Republican Party has not put a man in the mayor's office since 1936, and is not likely to do so in November. This year's sacrifice is a decent and high-minded ex-suburbanite, Seth Taft. He has the Taft family name, and the experience gained eight years ago in a losing fight to merge Cleveland with its ring of suburbs. He is a liberal; ironically, his only chance of becoming mayor would be—as a dark horse with a pale face—to oppose Carl Stokes in a two-way race and capture the votes of alarmed whites.

The candidate who wins the appalling job of tidying up the mistake on the lake would do well to remember the battle plan of Fanny Lewis: After hours, against regulations, never mind the case load; scrounge, borrow or steal. "You got to give them some confidence. That's what the game is about."

The next mayor might remember, too, this testimony given before the U.S. Civil Rights Commission last year: "Never before in our history have the problems and the future of our cities received the attention they are getting today. And well they should. We very well could be known as the generation, for instance, which put a man on the moon while standing ankle deep in sewage. . . . It makes little sense to talk to a man about his role in society when he's out of work, when his family is going without the basic needs of life, when his children are poorly dressed for school, or when he cannot pay his bills. . . . There must be equal opportunity for employment, there must be equal opportunity for decent housing, and equal opportunity for quality education. For the city, ladies and gentlemen, is the citadel of civilization."

The speaker was Ralph S. Locher, and the sentiment was just fine. □

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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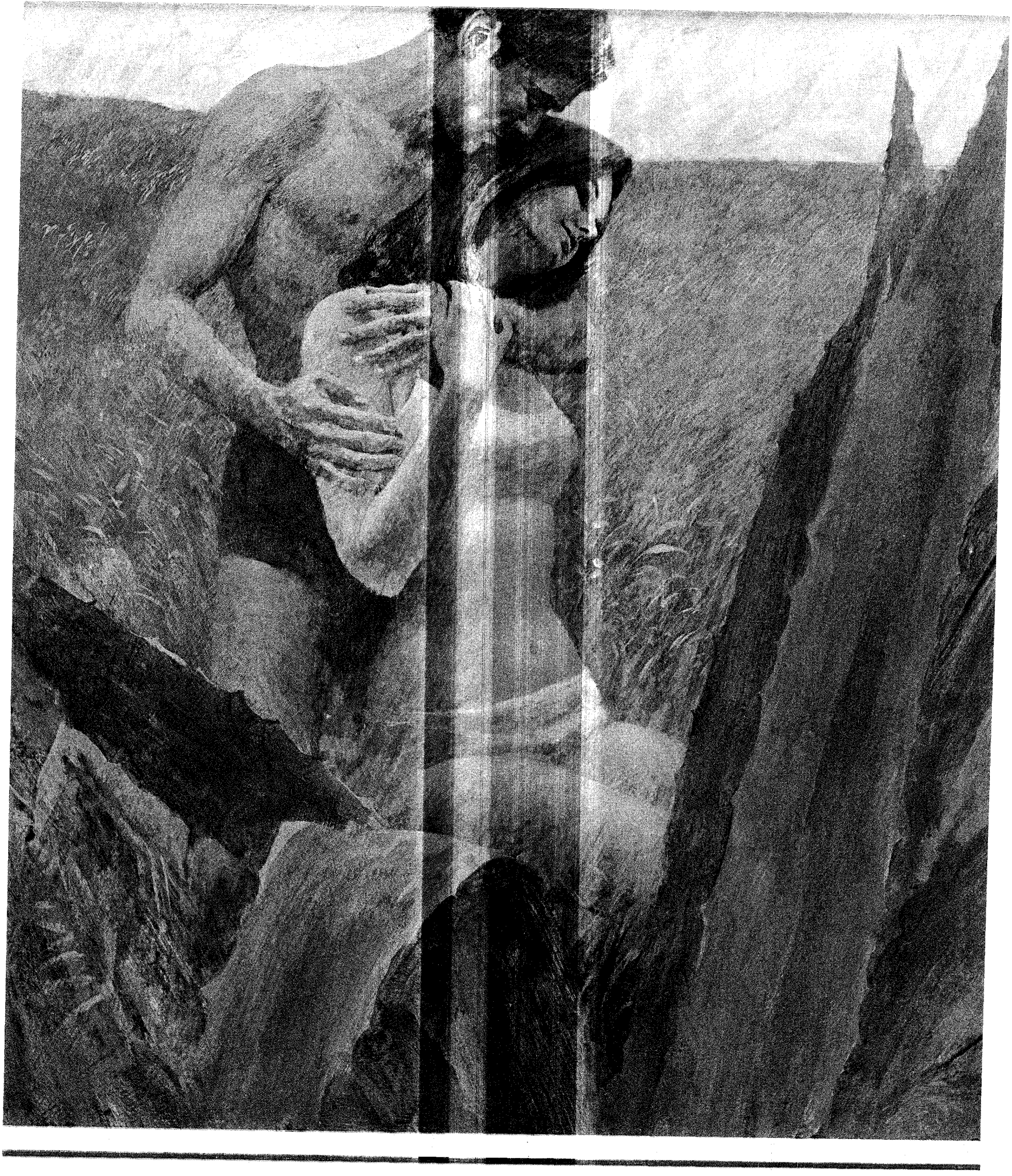

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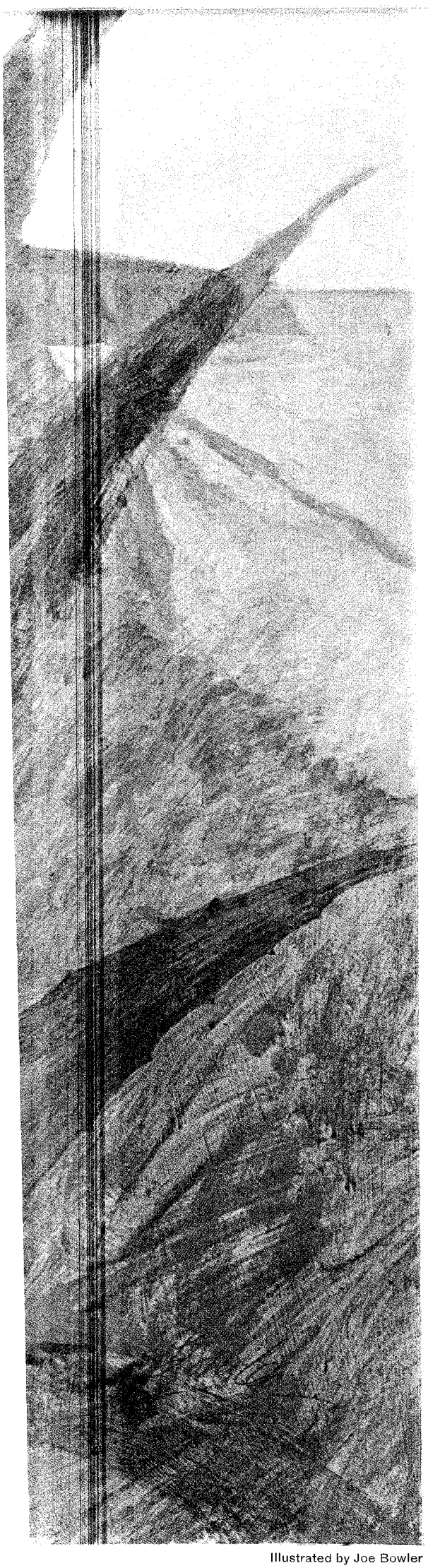

Illustrated by Joe Bowler

Sword cactus

Michèle was seventeen and in love. Heaven was as near as the blue of the Mediterranean. And then the blonde showed up.

By John Moore

The cliff path—just broad enough for a very loving couple to walk along it side by side—ran for two miles along the jagged coastline from Monte Carlo to Cap d'Ail. Above the path were the villas rented by the rich. On terraces hedged with bougainvillaea they drank and gossiped and talked about money in the shade of bright umbrellas. Far below, upon the sparkling sea, the yachts crawled in and out of Monte Carlo. On board, people still richer than those in the villas drank and gossiped and talked about money in the shade of the deck awnings.

But the cliff path belonged to a different set altogether. These loved the sun as the lizards did, and were nearly as brown. They came here from all over France during August and September: the holidaying young, who called themselves *copains*, which old-fashioned dictionaries translate as pals or chums. Some camped on the beach, some slept in hostels, the luckiest stayed with aunts or uncles who kept shops or ran businesses along the fringe of the rich men's playground.

The cliff path gave them access to the coves and beaches, where they had as much right to play as the richest had; and in this world of wealth they rarely gave more than a passing thought to money, of which they had so little. Covetousness hardly troubled them, unless perhaps they lacked a pair of frogmen's flippers, or a transistor radio. If, all of a sudden, heaven had seen fit to shower miraculous fortunes on them, they wouldn't have known where to put the bundles of notes; the boys were naked save for the briefest bathing trunks, and the girls vied with each other in the matter of minuscule bikinis.

Here, then, on the cliff path and in the rocky bays below, they basked, climbed, loitered, lazed, and swam, salting and sunning their soft young skins. They were at once so surefooted and in such a hurry that they ran quickly along the dangerous cliff path, despite the sword cacti that grew out of the rock face and aimed their deadly daggers at all who passed by.

They had discovered, however, a use even for this barbarous piece of vegetation. With a penknife or a pointed stick you could *write* upon the fleshy leaves. You could carve your initials, join two sets of initials in a romantic association, or even make a date with someone you hoped might pass that way: *Martine—Le dancing à La Coquille 20 hrs samedi—Georges.*

Lastly, if your overburdened spirit drove you to it, you could boldly proclaim your love upon a cactus sword. So all the way along the cliff path the quaint graffiti told how Jacques, Geneviève, Maurice, Véronique, Gaston, Françoise, André, and Virginie had once vowed eternal love for someone whom by now, perhaps, they had quite forgotten.

There was a girl called Michèle who was particularly embarrassed by the long-lasting nature of a declaration made upon a cactus sword.

Last Easter, when she was sixteen, she had fallen in love with a boy called Jean-Baptiste who was so slow on the uptake that he didn't summon up the courage to kiss her until the very last day of his holidays. This great event took place on the cliff path only half an hour before he had to catch his train. The kiss was by no means protracted. Nevertheless, Michèle returned later to the sacred spot, mooned about there, wept a

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little, and spent the rest of the afternoon carving her protestation upon the largest sword she could find.

J-B! Je t'aime! she wrote; but on consideration the words failed to suggest the deathless character of her love. Michèle could hear her heart thumping as she added, for the benefit of the Recording Angel and anybody else who might see it, her affidavit concerning the circumstances and the times: *Vacances de Pâques, chez ma tante Yvonne, 14 avr 1966*. She signed it boldly: *Michèle.*

But now it was August, the cactus had grown larger, and the words written on it in April were stretched out and distorted, as indeed were her memories of J-B. Moreover, the words had become sere and brown. This too was fitting, but it made them even more legible than before. Michèle could hardly believe she had written such nonsense, for Jean-Baptiste was half forgotten, and now she was deeply in love with a boy called Jean-Luc! Worse still, she realized that sooner or later his eye might fall upon the particular sword and read the record of her folly. She toyed with the idea of altering or adapting it; but although, with a little ingenuity, "J-B" could probably be changed into "J-L," the rest of the wording didn't fit, and, anyhow, the whole proposition would be a cheating and a betrayal. So in a frenzy of love and terror she scratched and scraped at the offending cactus, breaking two of her long nails in the process, until the record of her foolishness was erased from it forever.

Of course, she now reminded herself, she'd been only sixteen; a girl might be forgiven a little foolishness when she was sixteen. In June she'd had her seventeenth birthday; and so had become grown-up and wise. Even Aunt Yvonne seemed to recognize this; she grumbled less about her staying out late, though she still grumbled. "Beginning so young . . . It must be the Italian in you," she would say.

This made Michèle furious. It was true she had an Italian grandfather. He had worked as a chef in Ventimiglia, just over the Italian frontier. Michèle had been told he chased people with carving knives; she was not proud of him. Nor did she admire the boys she met when she stayed with her Italian relations at Ventimiglia. They were too free with their hands, always slapping and patting you in a casual and abstracted way, as if you were some sort of pet animal, though, of course, they paid you the most highfalutin Italian compliments while they did so. Michèle mistrusted their ardent speeches; she wouldn't have liked to walk along the cliff path with them after dark, as she did most nights with Jean-Luc. She trusted *him* absolutely, and to Michèle trust seemed the most important part of any relationship.

Jean-Luc was twenty, but looked younger because he was slightly built and had a face like a faun's, with big ears and a wide stare. Holidays in the sun had already etched some hair-thin crinkles round his eyes. When he smiled these came to life, matching two small creases which twitched at the corners of his mouth.

Jean-Luc came from Paris, where he worked in a shop that sold sports equipment. He had taken pains with his English so that he could converse with foreign customers. Sometimes in his ordinary speech he used American expressions such as "Gee!" or "Oh, boy!" But he wasn't sophisticated in a way Michèle mistrusted, and he liked doing simple, silly things, which touched and surprised her. One day he said, "We'll have a grand dinner tonight."

"But we haven't any money!" Michèle said.

"I'll catch it, and you'll cook it!"

And they tore down the zigzag path which led to their favorite bay, where, in a secret hiding place between cleft rocks, they kept a kit bag containing various possessions. It was a demonstration of their closeness, which gave Michèle much joy, that their separate belongings should be jumbled together in this bag: towels, handkerchiefs, combs, her makeup, his fishing lines, a frying pan and a saucepan, their shared tube of salve for mosquito bites, and the clothes they would need when they changed out of bathing things and went into town. To Michèle, her shift rolled up with Jean-Luc's shirt and jeans was symbolic of conjugal intimacy.

Now he took his black frogman's suit out of the bag. With the Aqua-lung slung between his shoulders and a long knife in his hand, he looked deadly and James-Bondlike; nobody would guess what a tender creature his clothing disguised! He plunged into the sea; his black flippers kicked up like the feet of a sea monster as he disappeared. Michèle herself was a nervous swimmer who was apt to see sharks which weren't there. But Jean-Luc never teased her about this.

"Everybody's foolish about *something*," he said. "Slugs or spiders or bats, or looking down from heights."

"You too?" she asked, though she felt sure he was above such frailties.

"Yes."

"What's yours?"

"I don't think I shall tell you," he laughed. "It's such a silly one." Then he pulled down the mask over his face and became once more intrepid, invulnerable as James Bond.

This afternoon, for fear of sharks, Michèle did not swim far from her basking place near the tide line. She splashed herself when she was hot, then laid herself out to dry. The blazing sun, the cooling sea, and her thoughts about Jean-Luc joined together to put her into a delicious mood that could only be described as passionate idleness. Now and then he came ashore; she would hear the splashing and open her eyes and see him against the dazzle as a black, deadly sea hunter, but the prey he brought back consisted only of small cuttlefish with their tentacles waving, and sea urchins about the size and shape of baby hedgehogs. He offered her these little presents with the air of a tiger laying its kill before its mate, and she accepted them in the same spirit, bearing them to the secret hiding place, where she put them into a canvas bucket of sea water in the shade of the rocks.

As a rule, they had this bay to themselves, but toward evening a stranger appeared. Michèle, who was dozing, heard a shrill squeak; then she saw a big blonde girl trying the water with her toe. "Ow!" exclaimed the girl, turning toward her. "*Froid!*"

Michèle knew by the girl's accent that she was English. She resented her intrusion, and took a dislike to her for other reasons too. Being dark, Michèle envied girls who were blonde; still more so if they had fine, full breasts, as this girl had, for she considered her figure almost boyish by comparison. The girl also had fat thighs and a large bottom. Although this should not have been a cause for envy, it was only too true that the boys at Ventimiglia preferred such girls, especially if they were blonde as well.

The big girl tucked her long hair into a yellow bathing cap. Suddenly, as if she were taking part in a race, she hurled herself into the sea and swam with great speed into the middle of the bay. This gave Michèle two more reasons for resentment: The girl could swim better than she could, and she now inhabited the same bit of sea as Jean-Luc. He surfaced even as Michèle watched. The girl, seeing his black shape, stopped swimming and trod water warily; but as soon as she realized it was a man, and not a porpoise or something, what did she do? Exactly what you'd expect such a girl to do, thought Michèle; she waved at him, and shouted, "Hoy!" Her cry came clear across the water: "Hoy!"—a vulgar mode of address, typically English.

Now if only Jean-Luc would have the good sense to submerge, and show what he thought of her by kicking up his flippers in disdain! But he did nothing of the kind. He swam toward her. Now he lifted his mask so that he could see her better. Now there was only an arm's length between the yellow cap and his black head! The glare hurt Michèle's eyes, and angry tears stung them, as she watched the blonde turn over on her back. Michèle couldn't see her toes, but she imagined them twiddling at Jean-Luc in a wanton and exciting way. Meanwhile, Jean-Luc swam slowly round her, and when at last he sank beneath the sparkling ripples, his flippers did seem to wave a farewell, but by no means a disdainful one. Indeed, Michèle's imagination put the blackest interpretation on it: "See you again soon!"

And the blonde, in her silly way, actually waved back—as if his feet had eyes in them! Soon, with her showoff Australian crawl, she swam ashore. Pinkish now instead of white, she came galumphing along the water's edge toward Michèle, but Michèle wasn't going to smile at any blonde who introduced herself to Jean-Luc by shouting, "Hoy!" Michèle glowered, and the girl retreated to where she'd left her towel. Then Jean-Luc returned with two more sea urchins and began to get out of his frogman's rig. The blonde, meanwhile, wrapped in her towel, was on her way up the zigzag path toward the villas. As she climbed, she waggled her behind, and it seemed to Michèle that Jean-Luc's glance dwelt unnecessarily long upon this.

"What did she say to you out there?" she demanded.

"She thought I was the Loch Ness monster," laughed Jean-Luc. He was quite unaware of the fires that smoldered in Michèle's bosom. "She's English. She only came out yesterday."

"I could have told you that. She looks like a white slug," Michèle said. Jean-Luc, in the process of divesting himself of his frogman's suit and of the authority that went with it, suddenly looked small, alarmed, and vulnerable. Michèle pressed home her advantage. "What else did she say? You were talking to her for hours. What's her name?"

"Barbara."

Michèle blazed. "You certainly learned a lot in a short time!"

Instead of reminding her that she'd just been accusing him of talking to the girl for hours, Jean-Luc, who had a habit of truthfulness, explained patiently that he had in fact met Barbara before. Michèle went off like a machine gun: Where? How? Why? When?

"This morning. On the cliff path."

"I didn't see her!"

"No, because ——"

"There's plenty of her to see!"

"—you weren't there."

"A secret assignation!"

"I was waiting for *you*."

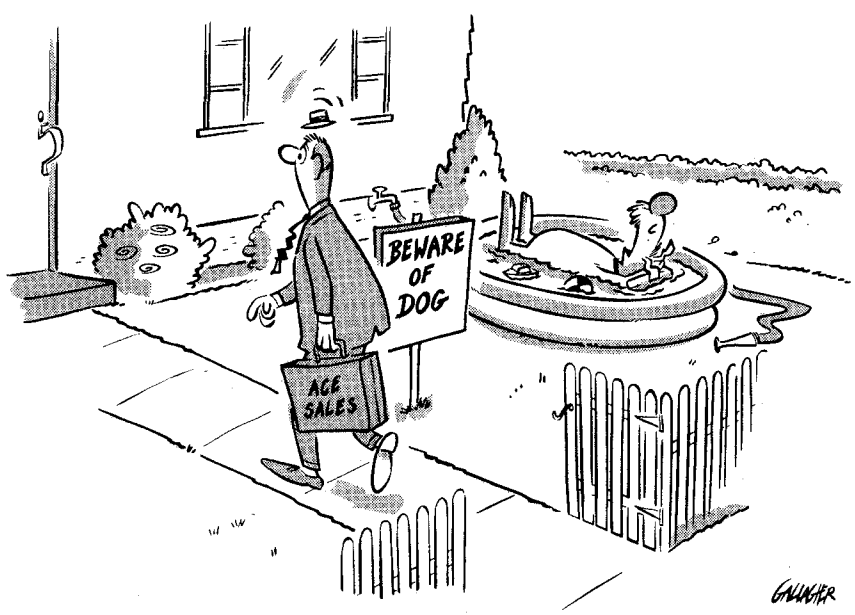
"At what time?"

"Noon. You were late."

"Liar. Deceitful liar."

"You are always late," Jean-Luc said without rancor.

"Bah-bah-rah!" she cried. "You can



"*Rowf!*"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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have your Bah-bah-rah! You can give *her* that grand dinner you've been talking so much about. She can cook it for you—*à l'Anglais!* And I hope it makes you sick."

With that she tossed her head and ran off. Halfway up the zigzag track, she was tempted to look round and see if Jean-Luc was following; in doing so she stumbled and slipped sideways against one of the largest, wickedest clumps of sword cactus on the cliff. She squealed, and in seconds Jean-Luc arrived, panting, at her side. He put his arm round her, led her down to the bay, and sat her on a rock while he fetched clean handkerchiefs and the antiseptic ointment from the kit bag.

"Does it hurt badly?"

"Terribly." Michèle thought she must be bleeding to death.

All solicitude, he fussed over the least of her wounds, a mere scratch which ran from her navel to her hip. Chastened by pain, Michèle was in a mood to enjoy his care of her, but when she murmured, "The worst ones are farther down," his bold, swift, and decisive action took her breath away. He firmly seized her pants and pulled them off.

Then an extraordinary thing happened. She was aware of the warm tickle of blood running down her thigh and of Jean-Luc kneeling before her in awe, alarm, and tenderness as he dabbed at it with a handkerchief. A second later, she could hardly believe her eyes. Jean-Luc lay flat on his back on the sand, pale as a ghost, his eyelids fluttering—and now it was Michèle's turn to administer first aid! She dipped the bloody handkerchief in the sea to make a cold compress for his brow. In no time he was sitting up, and the color was coming back into his cheeks. He didn't say a word about the reason for his fainting, but Michèle thought it showed the utmost concern and ultimate chivalry for a man to swoon in such circumstances; she loved and trusted him more than ever. She even forgot that she was naked, and was surprised, but not dismayed, when she found herself so.

She went down to the tide line and sat in the sea. There she investigated the injuries she had made such a fuss about, and found that they were not like the claw marks of a lion, as she had supposed, but more like cat scratches. It was for this reason rather than for modesty that she asked Jean-Luc to fetch her bikini pants and put them down behind her. She pulled them on. Then she came out of the water, and soon the salt and the sun stanched the thin trickles of blood.

But the sun was going off the bay, and the rocks cast chilly shadows. "Let's get dressed for dinner," called Jean-Luc. Pulling on her dress over her head, Michèle mumbled inside it, "I'm sorry for all the things I said," and Jean-Luc, with one leg in his jeans, assured her there were no girls in his life other than Michèle.

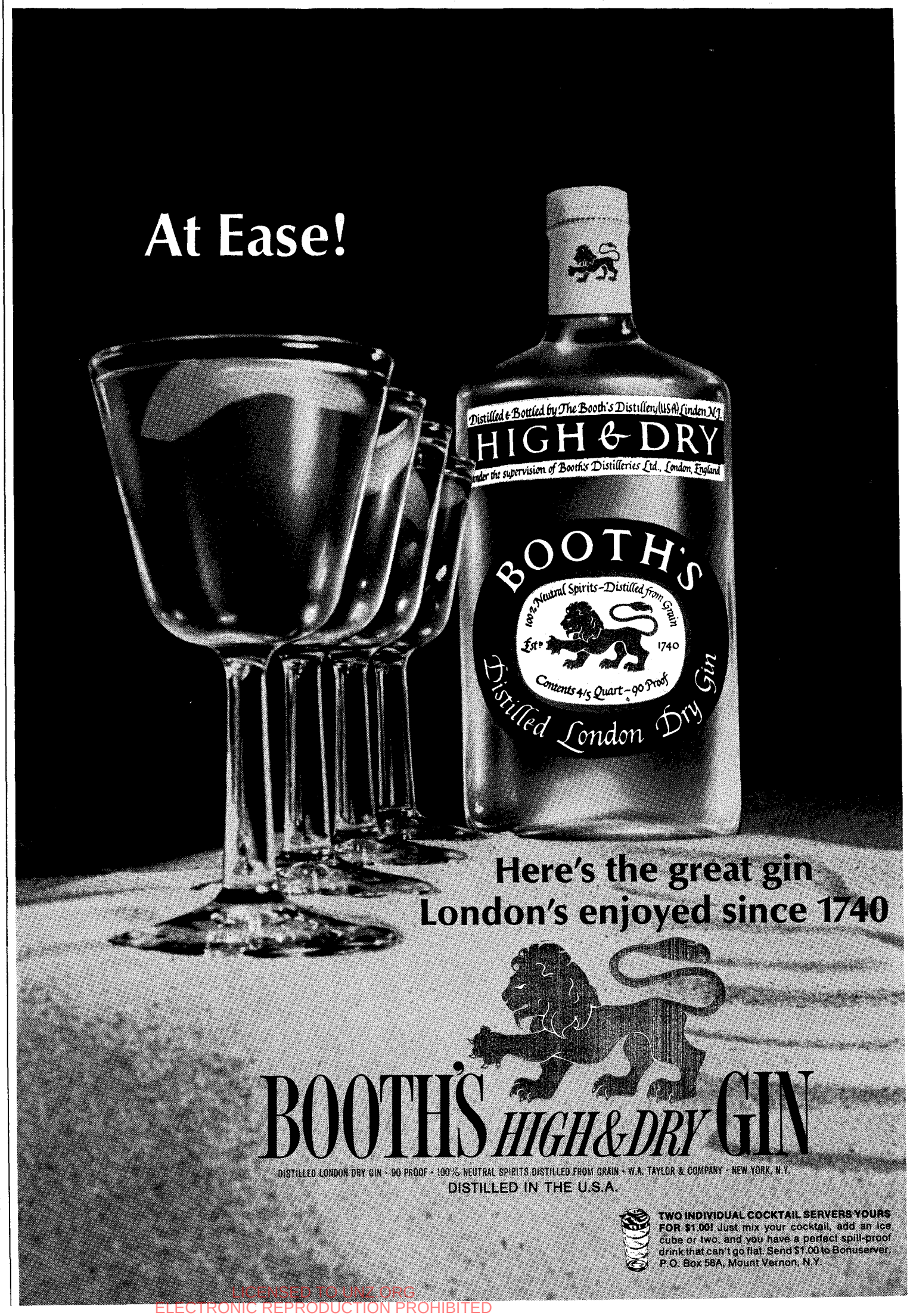
From the hiding place in the cleft rocks he fetched their frying pan, cooking oil, a loaf of bread, some butter, a bulb of garlic, and lastly a bottle of wine. Blanc de Blancs, which he'd bought that morning, unbeknownst to her. She was so touched by this gesture that she ran to give him a kiss. Then they went off in search of driftwood to make a fire. Arm in arm, he in his checked shirt, she in her little sleeveless shift which was the color of ripe tomatoes, they felt as dressed up as if they had really been going out to dine at the Hôtel de Paris at Monte Carlo.

The first course was *pieuvres*. Michèle fried the chopped cuttlefish until they were brown, while Jean-Luc made a sauce out of their ink flavored with garlic.

"It's like being married," he said. Michèle's heart leaped like a lark ascending. "The woman cooks, but the man always makes the sauce on special occasions."

The cuttlefish were tasty, but small. "Next course," said Jean-Luc. "*Oursins au naturel.*"

He took a sea urchin out of the bucket and sliced it in two. Then he cut her a slice of bread, buttered it, and told her to dip it in the yellow stuff that clung to the inside of the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shell. It was rather like eating an egg, if you could imagine a spiny one.

"It tastes like clams," Jean-Luc said.

Michèle decided she liked it, whatever it tasted like; and she mopped up the insides of six or seven with the help of half a long loaf of bread. She also drank nearly half the bottle of Blanc de Blancs, using a glass filched from her bedroom at Aunt Yvonne's.

By now the sun had set; a soft, delicious duskiness wrapped itself about them. Because of the steep rocks which rose up on each side of their little bay, it always grew dark here before the light had faded from sky and sea. As if through a window, they saw the first star blinking above the sunset, and then a whole constellation of bright pinpoints that looked like stars but were in fact the lighted windows of Prince Rainier's palace in Monaco. Michèle was full-fed and so agreeably flushed with wine that she felt, not quite soberly, like a red rose bursting into blossom.

"I don't suppose Princess Grace had a grander dinner," she murmured contentedly. "I love sea urchins."

"They're supposed to be *good* for us," said Jean-Luc airily. "I read all about them in Larousse Gastronomique: 'The sea urchin is believed to have great restorative powers.'" He turned to her with a startled expression, and by the last light of the sunset she watched the crinkles coming around his eyes and the creases round his mouth, to give him that look of mischief that delighted her. She leaned against his shoulder, and the stars in the sky became a little confused with the stars in the palace windows. She shut her eyes tight to put out both Sirius and Prince Rainier's electricity.

"It's high time somebody took you in hand and told you the facts of life," said her Aunt Yvonne next morning, and she proceeded to do so, firmly shutting the stable door after the horse had bolted. "It was *four o'clock*, my girl, when you arrived home this morning. *I* know, because of my insomnia. It's the Italian in you, I suppose. What in the name of God were you doing on the beach at four in the morning?"

"Talking," said Michèle.

"Yes, and I've known girls to get themselves in the family way while they were talking. What's more, you use this house as a hotel; I won't allow it. Your Great-aunt Nicole is coming today. I suppose you'd forgotten?" Michèle had. "All the way from Antibes specially to see you, and of course she'll stay the night, so you'll kindly dress yourself respectably, make yourself agreeable, early to bed, and an end to these alley-cat goings-on."

Aunt Yvonne had a forceful personality; there'd be no more holidays at Cap d'Ail unless Michèle did as she was told. Luckily, Jean-Luc's youth hostel had a telephone, so she was able to notify him that she couldn't meet him today. "But I'll be there tomorrow."

"What time?"

"The usual. Noon. But if I'm late——"

"You're never late." And she could imagine his funny little shrug at the other end of the telephone.

"If I *should* be late," said Michèle, who had remembered he'd first met Barbara when he was waiting for her on the cliff path, "don't hang about. Go straight down to our bay, and I'll meet you there. Catch some more sea urchins."

"Yes, they are very good for us," Jean-Luc said.

As it turned out she *was* late, through no fault of her own. Great-aunt Nicole, a horrible old woman, had complained about Michèle's hair. "Rats' tails," she'd said. So Aunt Yvonne, who ran a hairdressing business, decided it must be fixed by the best of her girls. "That's Antoinette. She can fit you in at ten forty-five for a shampoo and set."

"But, Aunt Yvonne——"

"No buts from you. Antoinette books up weeks ahead. You're lucky to get her. That young man of yours? Let him wait. If you're not worth waiting for, he's no good to you anyway."

Antoinette, of course, thought she had to take extra-special trouble over her employer's niece. She told Michèle that her hair was splitting at the ends, and insisted on taking off half an inch. It was ten past twelve before Michèle escaped from her, nearly half past by the time she got to the cliff path and hurried along it toward her rendezvous with Jean-Luc.

She was wearing her white bikini, and carried a towel over her shoulder. Now she took off the towel and let the sun's touch, like a blessing, fall on her bare back and shoulders. She swung the towel gaily. Little lizards, sun worshipers like herself, darted up sheer walls of rock and basked there. Myriads of yellow butterflies danced among yellow flowers. Michèle's heart danced with them. In a few minutes' time she'd be seeing Jean-Luc!

She was very glad that she had told him to go down to their bay instead of hanging about on the cliff path where Barbara might be lying in wait for him.

"Bah-bah-rah!" she said to herself: a stupid name!

And at that very moment she heard it spoken, quite loudly, only a few yards away. She stopped dead. There it was again, a lot of jabber with "Barbara" in it. She realized now that people were talking on the terrace of the villa, twenty feet above. That must be where the girl lived. She stood still for a moment, listening to the meaningless English chatter, and while she did so her glance happened to fall upon some writing on a nearby cactus sword. It caught her attention because it was new, also because it was clumsily done, amateurish compared with the work of the *copains*. But now she realized what was wrong with it, and the significance sank in.

Je vous aime.

Only a foreigner would write "*vous*"! Michèle looked at it more closely. What she thought was a period was revealed as an initial, so timidly small that it must have been carved either with a hairpin or a nail file: the letter B.

Furiously, Michèle seized hold of the sword and gave it a tug. The serrated edges tore the palms of her hands. She didn't care. In a frenzy she pulled it and bent it and twisted it and turned it. Still it would not yield.

Barbara, in the sea below, turned on her back and floated. She examined the little sea urchin Jean-Luc had caught for her. "I can see why it's called *oursin*. That means 'little bear,' doesn't it?"

She asked dozens of questions about it: What did it taste like, what did it feed on, where was its mouth?

"The *other* end," said Jean-Luc.

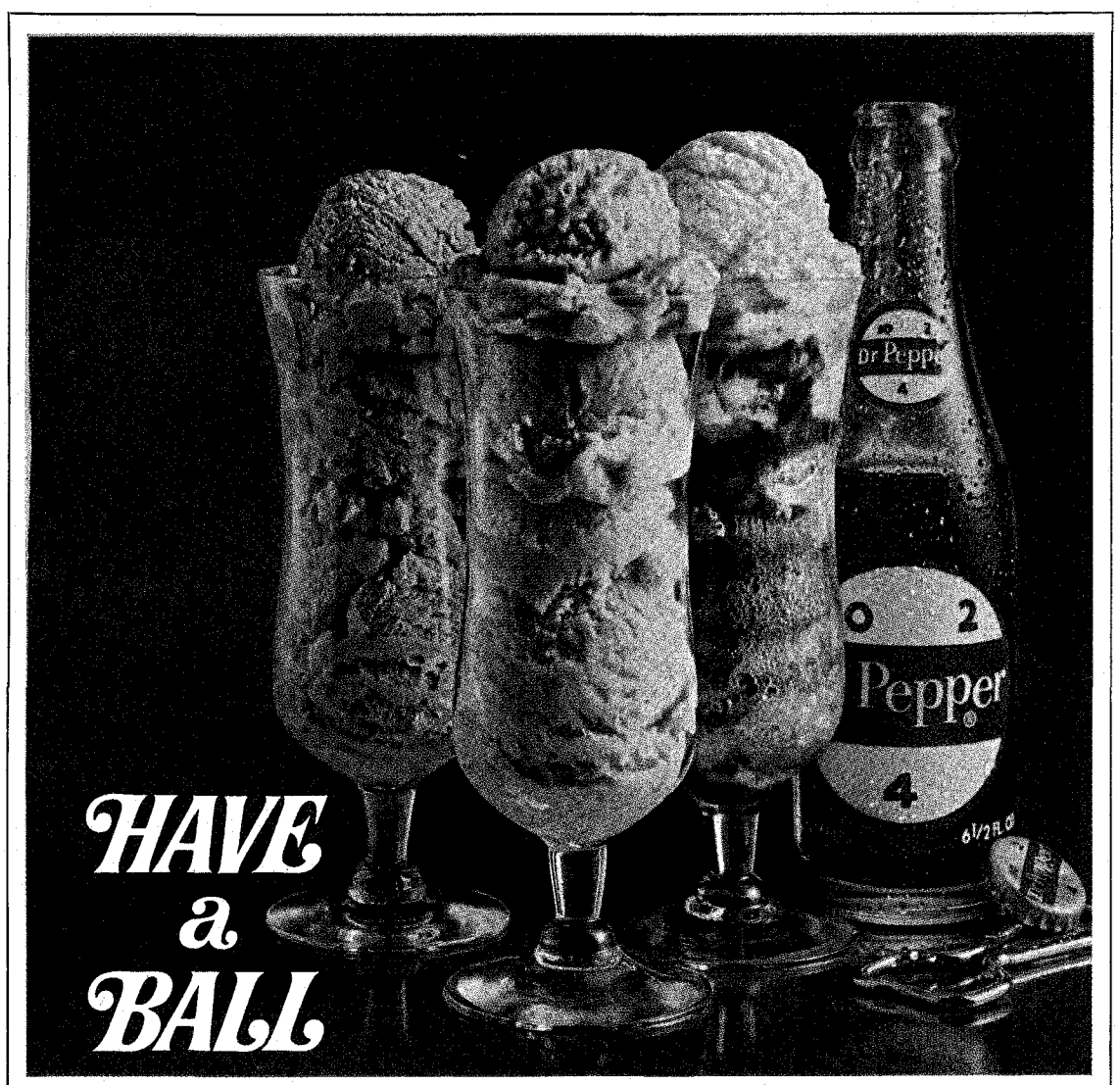
"And it eats seaweed? What's that in French?"

"*Goémon*."

"What's the French for skin diving?"

"*La plongée*."

So she went on, while Jean-Luc kept anxious watch on the cliff path for Michèle. He had to admit that the blonde was quite pretty, now that her skin was no longer white but a charming peach color. Nevertheless, it was true that she was fat; her belly made quite a little mound as she lay on her back in the sea, and her legs were short and thick, whereas Michèle's were long and slim. By comparison with Michèle, the blonde was a bore, and hav-



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ing had one experience with Michèle's jealous temper he dreaded being discovered in the blonde's company. It was with the greatest relief that he heard her saying, "I shall have to go. I'm most frightfully sorry."

"Not at all."

"I wouldn't, but my father promised to take Mummy and me to lunch at Eze."

"I quite understand," Jean-Luc said politely.

"Of course, I'd much rather stay here with you. You really don't mind? And may I keep my *oursin?*"

"Of course."

"See you again soon," said Barbara.

A figure appeared upon the cliff path, and Jean-Luc's black head sank out of sight beneath the ripples. It was several minutes before he dared come up. By then Barbara had dried herself and was halfway up the zigzag track, waggling her bottom. Michèle, inexplicably, was still on the cliff path where he'd first spotted her. She had her back to him, so that he couldn't see what she was doing. Perhaps there had been some misunderstanding and she had intended to meet him there.

So he came ashore, took off his frogman's suit, and clambered up the path as quickly as he could.

Barbara arrived on the cliff path at the very moment when the cactus sword, which Michèle had been twisting, yielded to a final desperate tug and came away in her hands. The path was narrow here, and, as Barbara raced past, her thigh brushed Michèle's. Neither girl spoke; though Barbara saw what Michèle was doing, and Michèle, for her part, noticed the sea urchin in Barbara's hand and the way she clutched it to her bosom almost possessively, as if it were a kitten or a doll.

So all of Italy was ablaze within Michèle when Jean-Luc appeared a few moments later, panting after his climb up the cliff. Before he could get his breath she flew at him.

"You gave her one, I saw it!" she shouted. "I know why you gave it to her, too! You beast, you treacherous beast, you gave her one of our sea urchins!"

The suddenness of the attack took Jean-Luc by surprise. Its violence unnerved him, and its injustice aroused in him that diligence for truth which invariably got him into trouble. "You see, when I came down to the bay, here was this Barbara ——"

"An assignation!" cried Michèle. "I knew it! Deny it if you dare! Look at this!"

She waved before his eyes the cactus sword. "*Je vous aime!*" she mocked.

Jean-Luc, who had never seen it before, did what he always did when events moved too fast for him. He shrugged his shoulders. But this particular shrug was a special and comprehensive one; it was the gesture of a man who shrugs off the whole incurable madness of the world.

Michèle, however, didn't see it like that. To her it seemed only an expression of indifference. It was beyond endurance.

She struck. Gripped tight in her hand, as some of her ancestors had doubtless held their stilettos, was the needle-sharp cactus sword. It bore the blonde's loving message upon it, and Michèle, for one glorious second, saw herself as an instrument of retribution as she stabbed with all her strength at Jean-Luc's brown chest, exactly where she imagined the treacherous heart might lie.

Jean-Luc, to her astonishment, uttered no sound. He stood quite still while a small trickle, which widened into a patch of scarlet, appeared on his breast. Michèle let go of the cactus sword, and it fell between them. Jean-Luc, whose familiar expression of startled surprise was now intensified a thousandfold, lowered his head to stare at the blood on his chest; then all of a sudden, *flop*—down he went at Michèle's feet. There he lay, speechless, motionless, not a flutter of his eyelids even, not a heartbeat that Michèle could hear as she threw herself down beside him, laid her cheek in the warm blood on his chest. She tried to mop up the blood with her towel, took his limp head between her hands and shook it, all to no avail.

She looked desperately about her: Nobody on the path, no fisherman on the rocks. In panic, she leaped to her feet and, cupping her mouth in her hands, shouted up toward the villas for help: "*Au secours! Au secours!*"

But although she knew there were people on the terraces, no one answered, no heads appeared above the bright bougainvillaea hedges. The bee hum of conversation went on without a break. She could hear the questions and answers, though she couldn't understand a word of them.

"*Isn't she ready yet?*"

"*Poor Barbara's in a bit of a tizzy, I think.*"

"*Well, I wish she'd hurry. What's that hullabalooing down there?*"

"*Just those French kids, always kicking up a shindy . . .*"

Michèle called out again, but apparently her cries meant no more to the people on the terraces than their talk meant to her. She tried one last yell, with all the power of her lungs: "Help! Help! I've killed a man!"

Only an echo came back from the cliff face, very faint and despairing—*killed a man*—and just as she was on the point of panic again, about to flee in terror from her awful deed, there was a stirring at her feet, and Jean-Luc was sitting up, looking very surprised but very much alive.

"Is this the man you killed?" he said, and got to his feet slowly. And now his mouth was twitching at the corners, and he was looking down at her, all mischief and crinkles.

"Oh, if you'd been dead! I'd have jumped off the rocks there," Michèle said, believing every word of it. She touched his chest where the smear of blood was already going sticky in the sun.

"It's nothing," he said. "There's a lot of bone there, I think. You must learn to aim straighter, my little Italian."

"But you *looked* dead!"

"*You're* frightened of sharks in the sea. I told you I had a foolishness, too. The sight of blood. Even just a little, and I faint. Do you remember——"

"When I hurt myself on the cactus, and you——?"

The murmur of drawling talk continued on the terrace above them.

"*It's Barbara's own fault; it's too late to go to Eze.*"

"*What shall we do, then?*"

"*Go to the Hôtel de Paris, I suppose. Bit of a bore but . . .*"

The voices fell silent. For a moment it was so still you could hear a lizard scrabble on a rock.

Suddenly Jean-Luc said, "I've got an idea!" He held Michèle close to him. "Let's have another grand dinner tonight!"

"Oh, let's!" cried Michèle, jumping up and down within his arms.

"Let's buy another bottle of Blanc de Blancs!"

"And a loaf of bread!"

"*Two* loaves!"

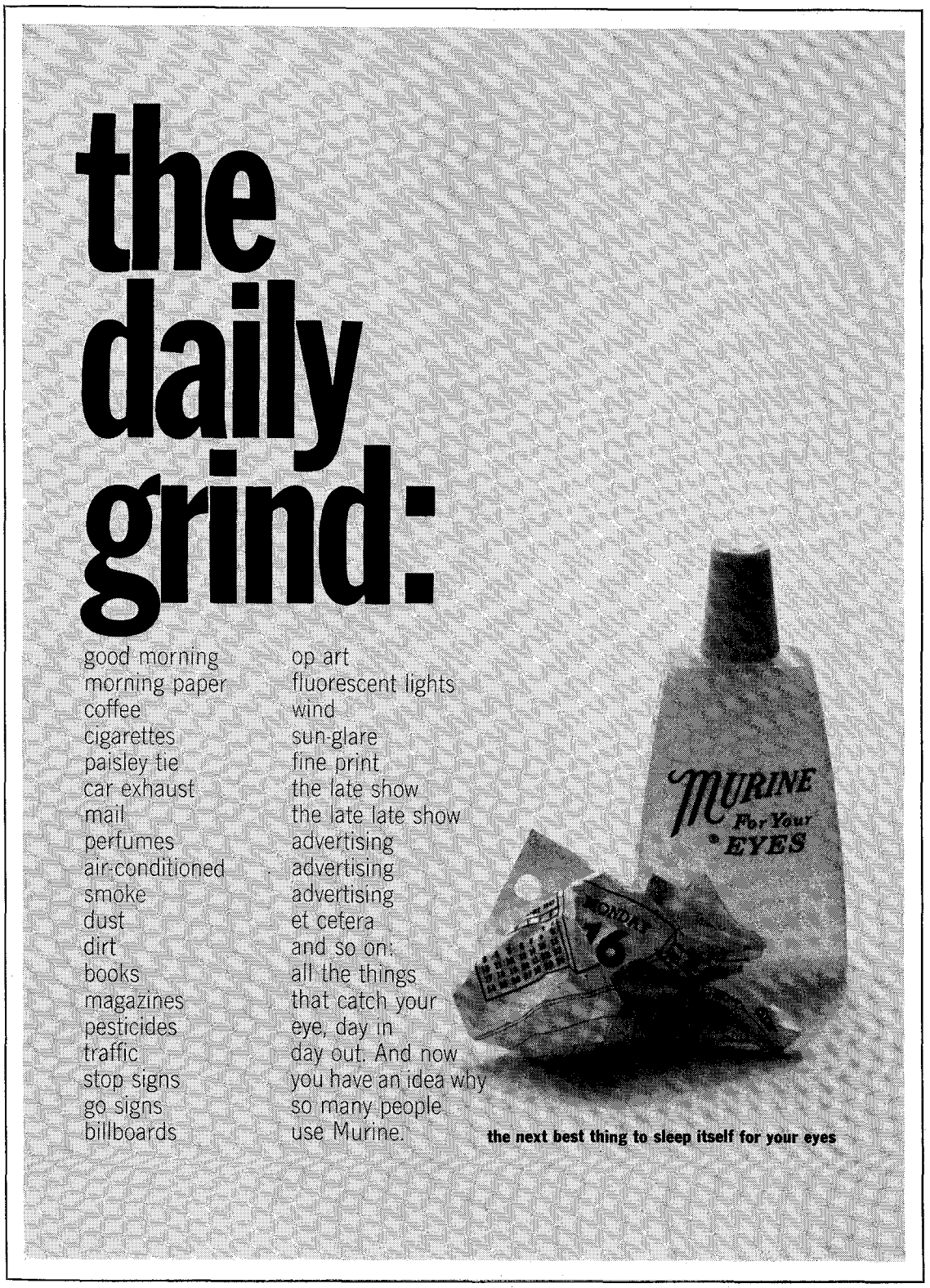
The complaining voice from above seemed to butt into their dialogue. "*After all, one's got to lunch somewhere, I suppose . . .*"

But they weren't listening to it. Michèle's head lay against Jean-Luc's chest, where the sticky blood was.

"Two loaves and some butter."

Jean-Luc couldn't see her small and secret smile.

"And dozens of *oursins*," she said. □



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THE SNOOKER SHARK

A green-felt table was his battleground. There he would discover who he really was, and what his life would be.

By William Harrison

There were no lettered archways, no inscribed monuments, nothing which properly announced that this was the University, his dream. Sammy looked in vain for a single Latin phrase cut into the façades of the buildings.

The dormitories, the battered columns of the building where most of his classes were held, the worn tables of the Student Center disappointed him, as did his fellow students, who slouched along beneath the campus trees at an indifferent pace, coming to life only at rallies when the varsity paraded onto the amphitheater stage. His professors, too, frustrated him; they stood mechanical and grim beside their desks. One, a graduate student who taught Sammy's first English class, had a spark of enthusiasm, but misspelled two words in writing the first assignments on the board.

In the library he had expected miracles, expected to find himself lost in a maze of impressive shelves, deep in an intellectual ecstasy. But the rules prevented him from penetrating beyond the check-out desk; prim, bored girls brought him the books he requested. "Lose yourself in that wonderful place, Sammy," his mother had told him. "Lose this little town, the life in your daddy's pool hall, every shackle. Do it, honey, and never forget that you've got a mama who can let go, who can tell you how to let yourself go too!" Good advice, the expression of a dream. But only teachers or graduate students with special permits could proceed beyond that miserable check-out desk.

His father had added a warning. "Put your cue stick away," he had said. "You haven't got a talent. More like a curse. And never let anyone up there see how good you are, or you'll be in trouble. I seen it happen to too many guys, and I know."

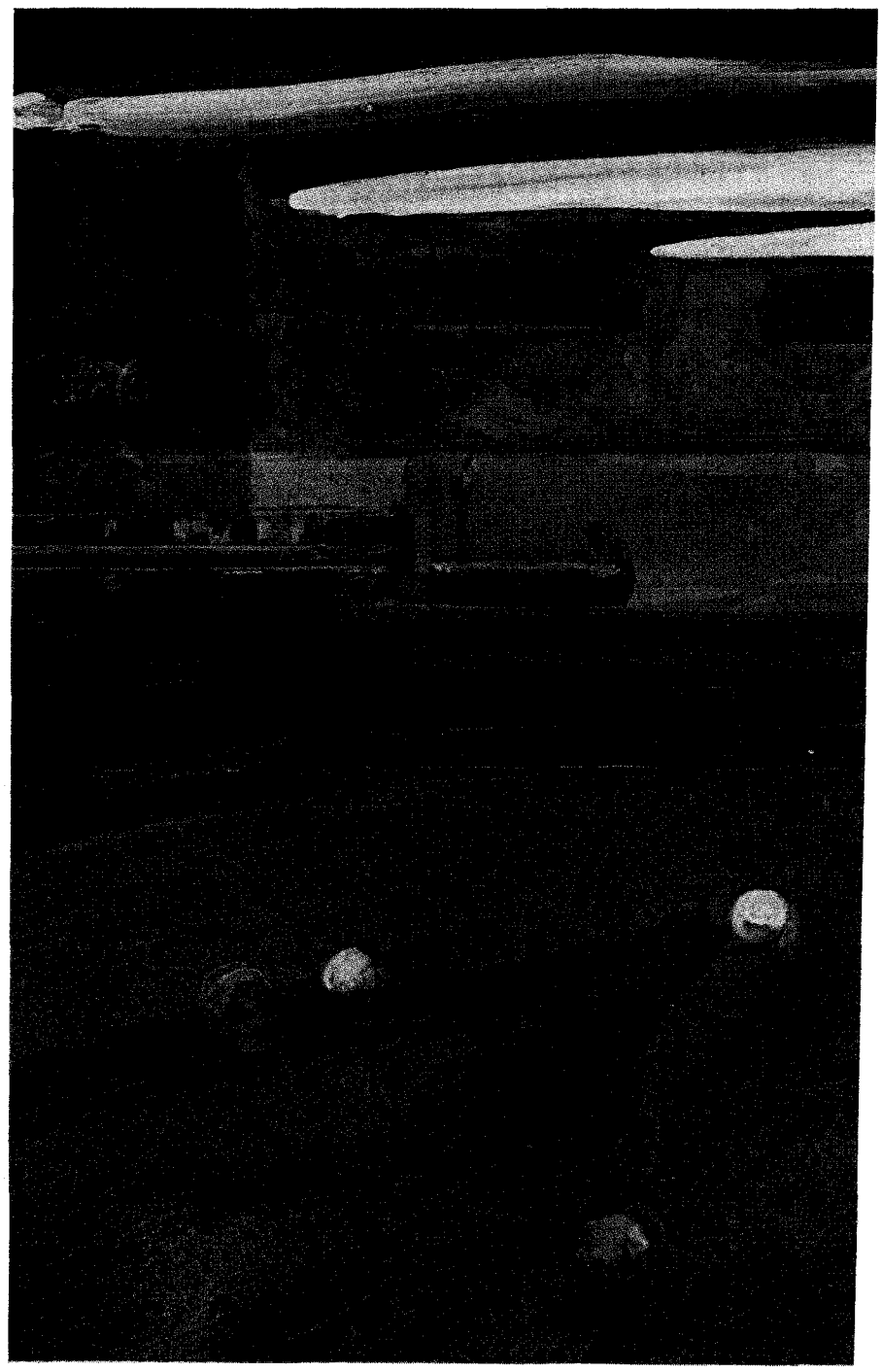
Yet that first semester, before September was gone, he went down to McNeil's Pocket Billiard and Snooker Parlor, turning in his dismay to this familiar concentration, this therapy. At one of the back tables, he broke a rack of snooker balls and shot the table clean—the fifteen one-point red balls, the six two-through-seven-point "color" balls—missing scarcely at all. He broke two more racks, played them equally well. When he was finished, he pulled on his frayed corduroy jacket, paid his bill, and went back to his dormitory room.

In his father's pool hall Sammy Stahl had long ago forsaken the more popular game of pocket billiards for the larger table, the smaller balls and pockets of the game of snooker. At the age of nine he could beat anyone in Westedge except his father. At thirteen he could beat him, and after his fifteenth birthday none of the old men who came down to watch him, who came to fondle a beer and talk sports, ever saw Sammy in defeat. It didn't matter what handicap his opponents had; he made fantastic runs, left them impossible angles. He turned everyone, finally, into admirers of the game as it ought to be played.

Only twice during his high-school years did Sammy gamble, both times at the urging of his father, and only to get rid of undesirables who had drifted into Westedge to hustle a few dollars. Except for those two times, money was never part of his game. Snooker remained for Sammy an athletic skill. Long-legged, baby-faced, wearing bright white sneakers, he moved around the table like a junior-high basketball player, innocent and eager.

But snooker was never the dream. In the Stahl house knowledge was always the dream, the vision which kept Westedge in its proper small corner of the world. Sammy's parents carefully kindled the dream with overstatement. "The University, Sammy, ah, there's nothing like it," his mother told him. "A crossroads for ideas. People going someplace, doing things, talking exciting subjects!"

Educational institutions were shrines to his uneducated father and to his mother, who had once, during the Depression years, worked as a waitress in order to stay a few months at that very university. In their Westedge house—a clapboard bungalow near the fields of truck gardens south of town—his mother scrimped the grocery money to provide Sammy with installment-plan culture: a set of encyclopedias, a phonograph, a tolerably good microscope, subscriptions to magazines. In the pool hall T.R., his father, preached a gospel of concentration. "Think!" T.R. would cry out. "Snooker is a subtle game. How you gonna get me hooked this time? How? Think about your game! Will you go for the hook, or will you shoot for points? You



Illustrated by Tom Quinn

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haven't thought about it yet! Put down that cue stick for a minute and use your head!"

Their urging that he educate himself had not been necessary. He came to the University eager to read, to major in history, to buttonhole his professors. He came in all his innocent confidence, believing that education, like snooker, would be difficult but possible. He would become a storehouse of information, a citadel of insights; he would travel, absorb, digest; he would teach those who followed after him. His father, the son of a Belgian farmer, had seen, in the schoolyards of his childhood, boys carrying young valedictorians on their shoulders, celebrating their accomplishments, and T.R.'s approval for enthusiasm of this sort was shared by Sammy. "I'm a serious man," he sometimes warned his high-school girl friends. "Ambitious and serious. Take me that way, or leave me." If the girls hadn't heard from their fathers and brothers about Sammy's famous runs on the big snooker tables in Stahl's Recreation Hall, they might have laughed at him.

His girl at the University that year was named Sterrett. She was tall, like Sammy, and wore sneakers like his. Their early dates went well, but by the Thanksgiving recess they had argued, parted, exchanged a series of silly notes, dated again, parted again. They didn't know what to make of each other. He wanted her to understand his intellectual dream; she wanted him to be her provider, with a clear and lucrative ambition.

"Vague," she said once. "You've got no goals. I mean, what kind of major is *history*, after all? What'll you do with it?"

Or again: "Who do you think you *are?* Take stock of yourself! Just a boy from a small town downstate who imagines he doesn't need to pledge a fraternity. But you can't just *study*—you've got to *live* too. I love you, Sammy, but what in the world do you want?"

"To be an intellectual," he answered. Simply, as always, just like that.

"But you can't want *that!*"

"Why not?"

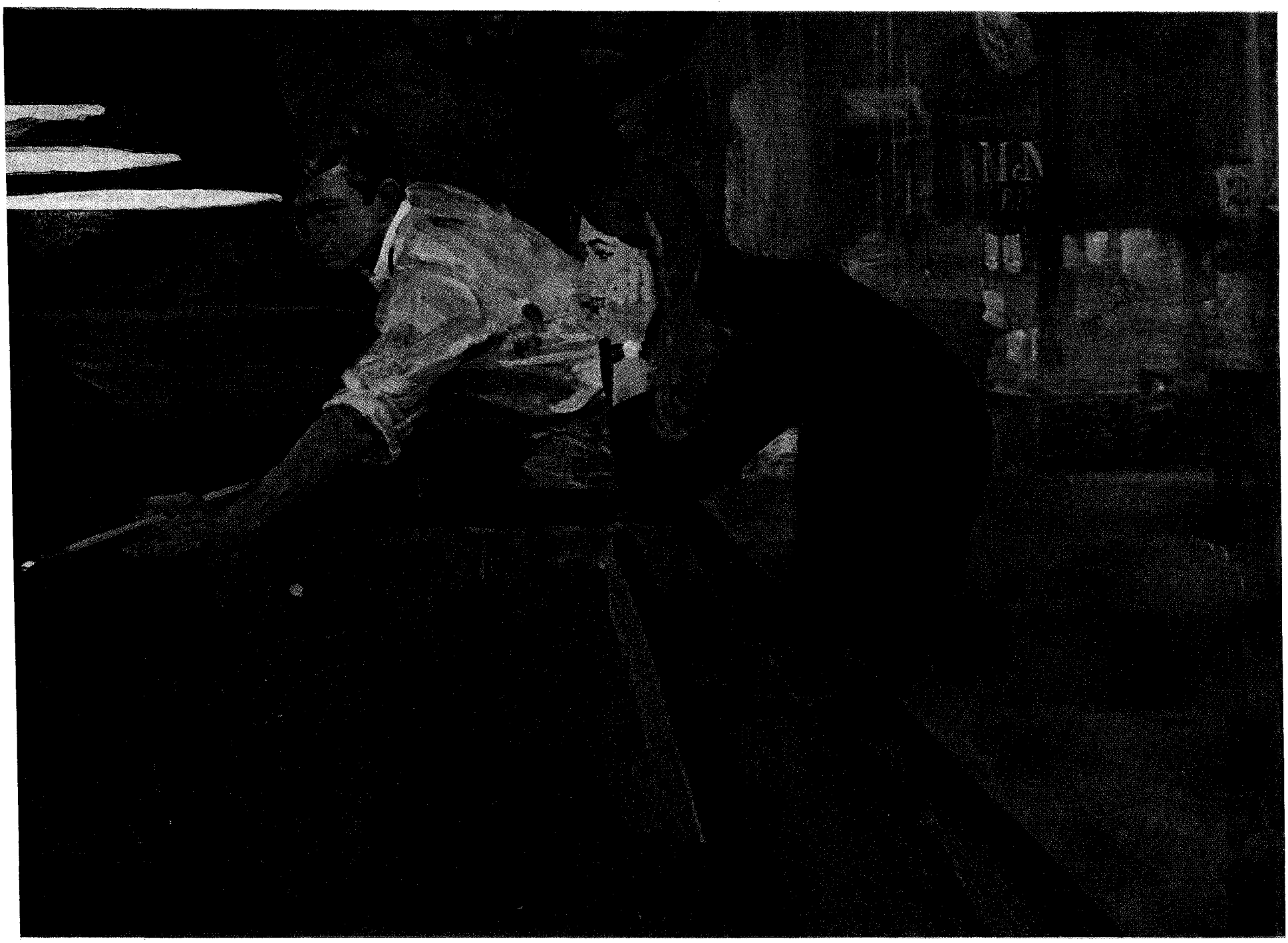
"Because that's like wanting—well, uh, *fame*. It happens, but you just can't want it *per se!*"

"Sure I can!"

"Oh, sweet, no! Sammy, love, you're so *good*. And I adore you! But why can't you just be pre-med or something sane like that?"

So Sterrett, in her way, became part of his dismay. Often that first semester, wrapped in her cashmere embrace, he suspected that he was inadequate, that his dream was unsubstantial. His parents, he thought, had never guessed how difficult things would be.

One November weekend afternoon Sterrett lured him from his



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books to a picnic at a river resort sixty miles from the campus. They nibbled hot dogs and sang campfire songs with the sorority sisters and their dates; they lay on blankets, Sterrett's warm breath against his ear; they went for a long stroll in the pine forest. Standing on the canoe dock that afternoon, he delivered an earnest speech to Sterrett.

"I'm treated with condescension," he complained. "My adviser gives me idiotic smiles. Have they stopped believing in education? Have they given up on teaching? I corner them in their offices, you know, and they put me off. I want to ask questions and have my say about Livy and de Tocqueville and Will Durant. I want to hear their cynicisms—if that's all they have to say. Let 'em say that history is just a makeshift art, an illusion. But they clam up on me! Why? And why should I care so much? I think the system is against serious boys like me, Sterrett. Ah, hell, I could jump in this slimy river and float away!"

"Your chin," she answered. "It's a lovely, melancholy chin, Sammy, it really is." This was his Sterrett: the materialist, the enemy of critical thought.

Had he been able to communicate with her in any other way, he wouldn't, finally, have taken her down to McNeil's Pocket Billiard and Snooker Parlor. But he had to show her, make her glimpse the depth and passion of his academic monasticism. At least that was what he told himself as he led her into that place of stale beer odors where few females had ever trespassed. Perhaps some residue of adolescent pride lingered in him as he led her between those rows of green-felt tables, but he imagined that from his performance Sterrett might come to understand his determination, his ascetic flight from the hard physics of the snooker table, that she might somehow embrace his abstract dream.

But she couldn't comprehend what she saw. Sammy, frowning with concentration, ran an amazing seventy-seven points off the table, and only McNeil himself, lurking by the door to the men's room, offered any appreciation. "Gawd," he sighed, when the run was over. "I can't believe it!"

Sammy replaced his cue stick in the wall rack and rolled down his sleeves.

"Well, what of it?" Sterrett asked.

"Nothing," Sammy told her flatly. "It's just that I'm probably one of the greatest snooker players in the world."

"Oh, you *silly*," she said.

He shrugged. "It's true."

Then McNeil stepped up. "What's your name, son?" It was the only identification he asked; he had seen enough.

During the ensuing conversation, Sterrett, slightly confused and embarrassed by McNeil's bursts of enthusiasm, drifted away. For Sammy, as she slipped on her coat and left the poolroom, a vision blurred, a dream ebbed. "Yeah, yeah," McNeil was saying, "I heard about you. I know you now. I heard about you from two hustlers who toured downstate. Sure!"

In January, when Sammy returned from the Christmas holidays, Sterrett was still at home with the flu. Trudging across the icy campus, he felt terribly alone. The library remained a great stone fist closed against him. The students threw snowballs and were frantic about basketball.

Sighing, he turned again to his books, studied hard. On his narrow dormitory bed, propped up so that he could see the trees beyond his window all heavy with ice, he turned even to Thomas Wolfe. *Naked and alone we come into exile . . . we come into the unspeakable and incommunicable prison of this earth . . . O lost, and by the wind grieved, ghost, come back again.* It was just too damned lovely, too true. He wanted to weep. He went to the small mirror in his room and examined his chin—it did seem a little melancholy. Sterrett was right, and she was right about his indecision, his lack of direction and identification. He stood before the mirror, chin jutted out, remembering the most exciting snooker games with his father, how the crowds had gathered, how silence and cigar smoke had filled the room. McNeil, he decided. He might understand. At least he'll know what I've given up.

"Oh, son, yeah, I seen 'em all," McNeil drawled, pulling the wide brush across the snooker table. Sammy watched him intently. McNeil was certainly no demonic figure, no scowling hustler. He wore a dirty T-shirt, and his jolly keg-sized stomach hung over his belt. A perpetual smile creased his face, a smile without malice or design.

"Who's the greatest you've ever seen?" Sammy asked. "Minnesota Fats? Mosconi?"

"Don't even know his name," McNeil said. "Came in this very place wearing a bus-driver's uniform. He sat quiet until he spotted Todd Ragsdale, about the best local shooter we ever had. Drank a soda and just watched Todd. Then he challenged him to a game of straight pool. I knew right away he was hustling when he wouldn't play call shot. The really good shooters try to make their shots look accidental, you know. Well, he had ninety dollars and some odd cents, and he lost eighty-five dollars to Todd. Sat back down over there with another soda. Looked like he might bust out cryin'."

"What happened then?"

"After a time he got up and started playing around the other tables with that last five dollars. Cleaned everybody in the place, then got back to Todd Ragsdale. It was a setup all the way."

"He beat Todd, I guess?"

"Son, he must've walked out of here with a thousand dollars. And his shots—hell, I can't describe 'em! Great, only he'd make it look like he was just slopping 'em in, and he'd shake his head and say, 'Be damned, look at that! Am I ever lucky!' Best I ever saw, but I'll tell you this: He couldn't beat you at your game. No sir! Here, play me a few racks."

They played. Time and time again Sammy left the cue ball kissed behind a cluster of other balls or half snugged in a corner pocket, an impossible challenge to McNeil. Then, at the proper moment, he ran the table.

"Genius!" McNeil cried. "You're something, Sammy! Have a beer!"

"I never drink," Sammy said, smiling.

It went this way for weeks. Sammy came more and more to McNeil's, practiced his game, basked in McNeil's encouragement. He could hardly bring himself to answer the letter from his father which arrived in late February.

Sammy:

I see you took your personal cue stick back to school after Xmas vacation. Didn't see it missing until this week. Yr not minding what I said. Are you drinking hard liquor too? Smoking stogies? Dating experienced girls? Send the stick back, Sam, please. It won't do you no good up there at school, just make trouble. Enclosed is my little check for $20. Study hard.

Yr dad, T.R.

One evening as he sat with Sterrett in the parlor of her sorority house, he learned that she was afraid of him.

"Afraid of me? Why?" he asked.

"Because you're *different* nowadays. And I know it's that *place*, Sammy, and whatever you're doing there!"

It was true.

Standing idly with his monogrammed cue stick by the great green snooker table in the center of McNeil's, watching his opponent bungle through a few points, feeling the crowd tense and expectant around him, he was learning his identity. Nearby, on the bench where he seldom had time to sit before his opponent missed a shot, there would be a textbook, a marker stuck among its pages. Occasionally, glancing at it, he would ask himself: Is it so good to know who I am? Will I be a snooker shark forever? Who knows me? Ah, professors, Dad, Sterrett, if you could only know! Call me dunce, call me anything, but know me.

His game improved shamefully, and by April he had begun to take on visitors, out-of-town shooters who came weekends at McNeil's invitation.

Yet snooker remained just an avocation in his thoughts. Around him at McNeil's bets went down, but he had no share in them and accepted only soft drinks and cashews as rewards for his winning performances. Late in the evening, his feet aching and his clothes rank with the stale smoke of McNeil's, he would trudge back to the library and slump at one of the long oak tables behind a wall of books. Sterrett, who had come to regard him with increasing awe and curiosity, would go with him, often just to sit and watch him as he read.

"The good student can simply overcome a dull school," he said one evening, turning to her abruptly.

"That's right, Sammy." She smiled, detecting a lack of affirmation in his voice. He was her Sammy now, her companion of campus reputation, her man. His small confusions didn't matter because of his mastery at McNeil's tables; the game of snooker—though Sterrett had never fathomed it—had relieved all her anxieties. He'd go through life a champion of sorts, full of assurance, she told herself.

In May a shooter from Ohio came to town at McNeil's invitation, and Sammy agreed to play him. Word got around. On the evening of the match, boys poured out of the fraternity houses to watch; McNeil's big room bulged with spectators. Even Sammy's adviser, Professor Whitson, was among the first-row spectators, an old straw hat jammed down on his wide forehead. Sterrett and a girl friend stood watch-

America, America

"I appreciate your asking me to join the klan, man, but I think you got a wrong number!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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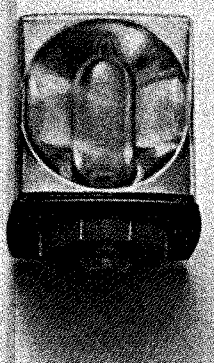

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ing the expanding crowd for a few minutes, then departed. Moments before the match was to begin, while McNeil's boys were still arranging chairs and benches and serving big schooners of beer, Sammy saw his father push through the onlookers.

"I didn't expect you," Sammy managed to say.

"So then we surprised each other," T.R. Stahl replied grumpily.

The Ohio shooter was a thin, hawk-like man with long fingers that formed a delicate bridge for his cue stick. He gambled and won at the very first, breaking the rack with a hard shot and scoring. Sammy saw his father squirm in his chair, and walked slowly around the table to him. "Ah, Sammy, Sammy," T.R. whispered. Sammy bit his lower lip and said nothing.

The Ohio shooter was taking his time and not missing, but Sammy couldn't concern himself with the game. He wanted to say something to T.R., something like: *Our dream wasn't a true dream, wasn't realistic, and I couldn't wait for another. I wanted to be somebody. I had to. It's a petty compensation, T.R., but that's what I needed.* He watched his father remove his coat. The familiar gray garters held his sleeves. Vest open. Tie, as usual, slightly askew. The same old T.R., Sammy thought. My mentor and tormentor. He imagined a sadness in the curve of his father's mouth.

A slow ten minutes passed, and the Ohio shooter still hadn't missed. The red balls were all gone now, and the two, three, and four balls; everyone watched the Ohio man draw a bead on the blue five ball, saw it topple slowly into a corner pocket—no chance now for Sammy to win. "That's game," McNeil announced. He had lost one hundred dollars before his protégé even had a turn at the table, and though it was a long match—ten games at one hundred dollars each—he seemed a little grave.

Sammy's father went to the bar and drank a small glass of beer. Nervous, his hands fussed with his collar and vest. He tipped over the empty beer glass when he set it back on the bar.

Sammy opened the second game with a safe shot, then went and stood beside T.R. again.

"Snooker!" T.R. said with derision. "What's gotten into your head? What're you thinking about?"

"I'm thinking about everything," Sammy said dolefully. "My whole life."

T.R. winced and looked down at his shoes. Reaching out, he patted his son on the ribs. "But you shouldn't be here," he said uncertainly.

"It's not only snooker," Sammy said, fumbling. "It's school too. It's people and what's expected of me. All those ideas we had about the University were too idealistic."

T.R. frowned, trying to understand. "You were going to study hard," he protested.

"I *did*. I still do. Only no one wants that from me. This is what they expect of me instead. That's one of my professors sitting over there!"

T.R. shook his head sadly, and watched in silence as Sammy and the Ohio shooter traded safeties.

Between shots, all the questions and doubts of the recent weeks buzzed in Sammy's head. Does a talent always possess its owner? Do I owe my arms and concentration to the world's silly snooker tables? Pondering, he stared into the soft blue cloud of cigarette smoke hovering overhead. Sterrett. It's partially her fault, he thought. But excuses—— No. I'm mostly to blame. Me.

The crowd broke into applause as the Ohio shooter made a difficult shot and broke up a defiant cluster of red balls on the table. The game was suddenly wide open again, and everyone could see that it was going to be another good run for the visitor.

Sammy leaned on his cue stick, waiting. Across the silent room, suffering, T.R. rested his chin on his fist. Oc-

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Admit it, Edna! You've hidden a piece of blue sky and part of a horse's ear!"

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casionally he looked up at McNeil and the other spectators, rubbed his eyes, then let his head sink down again.

Another burst of applause from the crowd brought a thin smile to the lips of the Ohio shooter. Then, on his next shot, he missed.

With great deliberation, Sammy chalked the tip of his cue. The Ohio shooter stepped back, and for a moment there was no sound in the room except the soft scrape of the chalk. Sammy sighed. T.R. was taking everything so hard. If only I could stand up on the table and make a long speech explaining everything, he thought. A long speech with a slide projector, enough pictures so that T.R. would understand—Sterrett, the library, old Professor Whitson asleep under his old straw hat.

T.R. got to his feet again, and came over to Sammy. "You're not thinking," T.R. said. "Don't you know some men in here have bets on you?" They took a long look at each other. A faint hope was suddenly aroused in Sammy that communication had been established, that T.R. knew him. In a moment he was sure that T.R. did, for his father wagged a finger at him and said in a low whisper, almost a hiss: "Concentrate!" Then, turning to McNeil, T.R. produced a thick roll of bills from his pocket. In a voice loud enough for the entire room to hear, he asked, "Any particular limit on the side bets in here?"

"Well, how much?" McNeil drawled. He looked at T.R. with suspicion.

"Oh, two hundred on this game." Having said this, T.R. swallowed hard.

McNeil took a long look at the table and scoreboard. Though the Ohio shooter had missed, he was forty points ahead and there were only the four, five, six, and seven balls left. "Hell, I'll give you six to one on the boy," McNeil said. "On the Ohio feller, I'll ——"

"Never mind about him," T.R. said. "I'll take your odds on the boy. I'll take 'em because this kid is maybe just the greatest snooker player in the world."

It was too much, a grandstand wager. Something profound stirred in Sammy, and he wanted to reach out and touch T.R.'s slumping shoulders.

The Ohio shooter complained about the delay, but the bet had been made. Sammy came slowly up to the table then, his tennis shoes squeaking on the floor. His fuzzy adolescent whiskers were illumined in the harsh slant of light from above the table. He looked such a mere boy that several in the crowd allowed themselves small derisive smiles.

Sammy took his stance—feet together, body low, cue stick leveled like a rifle, head slightly tilted. With his easiest touch, he left the cue ball behind the black seven ball.

"Your shot," he told his opponent.

The object ball was the four, and the Ohio shooter studied the angles for more than a minute, then tried a two-cushion shot and missed, losing points.

"The name of the game," whispered T.R. Stahl to those around him, "is snooker."

Sammy glared down his cue stick at the table, hoping that this sudden capitulation on T.R.'s part was genuine, that his father somehow understood. Then, measuring his stroke carefully, he hid the cue ball again, this time behind the blue five ball. When the Ohio shooter missed again, Sammy gave the scoreboard a quick glance. He was still far behind, but knew he would win.

Eight times in a row Sammy forced the Ohio shooter to miss and forfeit points. Then, with a great sigh, he rammed in the remaining, the winning, balls. "Game!" McNeil shouted hoarsely, and the crowd broke into shouts and applause.

Sammy watched his father. A faint smile had edged into the corners of T.R.'s mouth, but it wasn't a smile of relief at having won the bet. It was not a smile of satisfaction of any sort. A sad smile, Sammy thought. Resignation.

He didn't lose again. Methodically, wearing down the Ohio shooter with hopeless table problems, he won the rest of the games in the match, and McNeil, for the first time in anyone's memory, offered drinks on the house.

That evening, in the town's leading restaurant, Sammy devoured a huge meal: sirloin steak, potatoes, three glasses of milk. His father and Sterrett sat beside him, T.R. describing the match for his son's girl friend, Sterrett saying things like, "Oh, it must've been wonderful!" and "I'd love to have seen it!"

But the next day, before his father went back to Westedge on the train, when he and Sammy were alone together, there was almost no mention of snooker. "Your mama is always going to adjust to anything you do," T.R. said. "She can let go. She told you so herself."

The afternoon vexed Sammy. A strange uneasiness had grown between them; his father, sitting with him in the dorm room, then lunching with him at the Student Center, had offered no admonition, no regret, nothing more than an unexpected piece of advice before he stepped onto the train at dusk.

"Don't let them guys play you free anymore," he said. "Go ahead and take your cut. Play the game."

Sammy still hadn't wanted to hear that. He had wanted to throw out his arms and shout: "But—— The library! It's still there! I can't just give it up! I can't get what I want from it, and I can't forget it either!" And he had wanted to shout: "All the big stimulation I was going to find, it isn't here! Some of it's in me, but buried way down where I can't dig it out!" But he had known that such cries would be ridiculous, and he had felt abandoned. Abandoned and alone, an exile. He was full of poetic argument, but kept silent because he sensed—and knew T.R. did too—the inevitability of his destiny.

That night he sat on the edge of his bed and stared out at the dark, fragrant trees. He wished that T.R. hadn't said those things, that he had come into McNeil's poolroom resolute against this inevitability. *Don't let them play you free* . . . It was just T.R.'s way, Sammy knew, of letting him know that he was a talent, and therefore a property of the world.

He settled back across the bed and fell asleep. When he woke the next morning he was thinking about his next match, and Sterrett, and the excitement of the coming weekend. □

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Letter from Cairo

Trevor Armbrister (left), manager of the Post's Washington bureau, was on his way to Vietnam via Cairo when the Middle East exploded. In this letter to the managing editor, Armbrister tells what it was like to be caught in the outbreak of war.

Dear Otto:

This may seem a bit disjointed because I'm rushing to get it in the mail before proceeding on to Vietnam. Our ship arrived at Piraeus late this afternoon--46 hours after leaving Egypt. The sun is setting now; my room at the Athens Hilton offers a marvelous view of the Acropolis, but I'm too damn exhausted to think of sightseeing. I won't attempt to organize these notes on the Six-Day War, primarily because I suspect that the real story is on the Israeli side. The best thing to do, I think, is to provide you with a personalized Sit-Rep--call it a Cairo Diary.

I arrived in Egypt on Saturday, June 3. After checking in at the Nile Hilton, I went to the U.S. Embassy for a briefing, got my U.A.R. press credentials from the information department and set up interviews for Monday. After lunch I set out to explore the city in a rickety taxi. The heat was oppressive. My driver kept mopping his brow with what once might have been a clean white shirt. In the past few years I've been in some fairly grubby places but I was totally unprepared for the stench and filth of Cairo--flies everywhere, men sleeping on the sidewalks, buzzards circling overhead. We followed the traffic into the Mussky, the central bazaar. Men in flowing galabias were shouting at every corner. The walls were ablaze with pictures of Nasser and posters urging the destruction of Israel. The most common of these depicted two large Arab boots squashing a tiny figure wearing the Star of David.

Nasser had declared the first military alert on May 15. For the past two weeks there had been continual air-raid drills, but to say that an atmosphere of impending crisis hung over the city would be an exaggeration. Most Egyptians seemed to think the crisis was over, that Nasser had won a major victory by blockading the Gulf of Aqaba without having to fire a shot. Vice President Zakarria Moheiddin was in Algiers that Saturday and was scheduled to fly to Washington in a few days to confer with President Johnson. The English-language newspaper Egyptian Mail ran a banner headline reading MORE INTERNATIONAL SUPPORT FOR THE ARAB CAUSE. Mohamed Heikal, editor of Al Ahram and confidant of Nasser, declared, "If Israel strikes to break the Arab blockade, she will be shattered." Heikal was sure, as were most of the people around Nasser, that the United States and Britain would persuade the Israelis not to attack.

But what if an attack did come? The Egyptians seemed equally confident that their modern, 400-plane air force (including at least 150 late-model MIG 21's) could wipe the Israeli Mirages and Mystères from the sky. Egyptian ground forces had already taken up their advance positions in Sinai.

On Sunday, June 4, the Egyptian Gazette headlined the news that private talks to end the Aqaba blockade had failed. Army commander General Abdul Mortaga issued a message to his troops which began: "Brave fighters, the decisive historical moment which our Arab nation is passing through today is centered around the sacred battle which you will fight to restore the usurped rights of the Arabs...." Workers piled sandbags in front of the radio-television building. Still, there was an air of unreality about all these warlike pronouncements and preparations. The swimming pool at the Nile Hilton was crowded.

On Monday morning I was awakened early by the rattling of the hotel's windows. It was a clear, crisp (for Cairo) morning; a few feluccas were sailing slowly down the Nile. The rattling, I decided, was just the wind. I called room service and asked for breakfast. "We cannot serve any food now," the operator said. "We are being bombed." I looked out the window again. I could see flashes in the direction of the airport, but I could see no planes. The elevators weren't functioning, so I ran down the stairs to the lobby. I joined a group of reporters and raced to the radio-television center five blocks away on the Nile Corniche. At every corner, small groups of Egyptians huddled around transistor radios. "It begins," one of them told me, his face a mixture of pride and anxiety--"the war."

The TV building was mobbed. Moments after we showed up, Kamal Bakr, the U.A.R.'s pudgy, quietly unprofessional press-relations chief, tacked military communiqué No. 1 on the bulletin board. "Israel began its aggression this morning," the document read, "by raiding Cairo and now the governorates (sic) in the U.A.R. The U.A.R. military crafts face the planes." Communiqué No. 2 at 10:20 told us that Radio Tel Aviv had just announced an Egyptian air raid on the city. Ten minutes later the Middle East News Agency ticker announced that 23 Israeli planes had been shot down. Pandemonium. The crowds outside the building began chanting "Nasser, Nasser" and hamming for American TV crews. A group of white-uniformed police marched past the TV building. Their leaders carried stubby Czech-made submachine guns. The rest of the men carried broomsticks.

At 11:10, press officer Bakr told us that 42--not 23--Israeli planes had been shot down in the first attack. The U.A.R., he added, had not lost a single plane. Furthermore, the Israeli bombs had inflicted no damage. Five minutes later an air-raid siren wailed for the third time that morning. I saw one bomb burst off to the west, then looked up to see the contrails of what was presumably an Israeli jet zigzagging at high altitude. A little while later, that estimate of Israeli losses was adjusted again, this time to 90 planes. Great whooping and cheering. Radio Cairo began broadcasting messages in Hebrew. Arab armies would be in Tel Aviv tomorrow night.

Even in retrospect it's hard to explain the Arab claims. Surely, by this time, the Arab commanders must have realized that they had already lost. The demolition of the U.A.R. Air Force had been complete. How could they have been caught napping so badly? They had Russian radar. There is talk that they just forgot to turn on their sets.

And yet from our vantage point--or lack of one--we could see nothing to indicate that the war was going badly for the Arabs. The military communiqués kept flowing into the press center--each one couched in superlatives. That night we heard our first news from the outside world. The BBC reported that Israeli troops were advancing deep into Sinai. BBC also quoted a Tel Aviv report that two Egyptian jets had got into a dogfight and shot each other down.

At 2:40 Tuesday morning we were hustled out of bed and escorted to the lobby by civil-defense workers in blue pajamas. A few flashes in the distance, an occasional barr-umph, some sporadic ack-ack fire. This went on several times that night, moving one American to proclaim that he was going to move his cot into the closet just to escape the air-raid wardens. All of us were down in the lobby again at eight. The breakfast room was closed. Israeli planes were approaching, the bell captain said. We hustled up to the TV center. Even at this hour, the loudspeakers on every corner were blaring, "Idrib, Idrib, Idrib"--strike, strike, strike.

On Tuesday morning a banner headline in Al Akhbar announced, OUR ARMOURED FORCES ADVANCE DEEPLY INSIDE THE ENEMY LINES. The English-language Egyptian Gazette ran a similar head and an inside shot of what appeared to be a piece of scrap iron. The caption read, "Wreckage of the wicked raider." The Gazette's horoscope column advised readers to "take action along technical lines if you would realize better than average gains today." The Egyptians should have paid heed.

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Almost overnight, the mood of the city changed. The atmosphere was becoming increasingly anti-Western. The second air raid of the day began at 9:05. A few minutes later the MENA ticker in the TV center chattered out a communiqué marked 'urgent, urgent.' "It has been definitely proved," the report stated, "that the U.S. and Britain are participating in the Israeli military aggression. Some U.S. and British aircraft carriers are undertaking large-scale activities in supporting Israel...." Dan Garcia of the U.S. embassy staff promptly tacked a press release on the bulletin board, denying the charge as a "total fabrication." As a group gathered around it, press officer Bakr tore down Garcia's denial.

Most of us had asked Bakr repeatedly for a briefing from the U.A.R. military types. We'd also asked to see the downed Israeli planes and inspect the bombing damage. Now Bakr declared that there would be no briefings, and we were ordered not to try to go off on our own. Later that morning, a Land Rover pulled alongside us in the street, and a man in the front seat spit at us. As we went back to the hotel, we noticed that the police guard in front of the U.S. compound had been doubled.

By midafternoon on Tuesday it was clear that a U.S.-U.A.R. break was imminent. Nasser had to break diplomatic relations to give credence to his claim of Western intervention. At eight o'clock--during an air raid--Kamal Bakr rushed into the hotel cafeteria. He came to the table where several newsmen were eating and said, "I have very important news." We asked him to join us for dinner. "It is impossible," Bakr replied. "You have to leave the country--tonight." How were we supposed to go? Call your embassy, Bakr said. We did, and an officer there told us to stay put for the time being, at least. Later that night, air-raid sirens wailed again. A frightened child began to cry. I could see flashes and hear loud explosions from the direction of the Pyramids. The Egyptians were replying with rockets and ack-ack fire. They didn't seem to hit anything.

On Wednesday morning, despair settled over the city. Sails were lowered on the few feluccas traveling the Nile. Shortly after noon, all 22 American reporters were rounded up and sent to the Nile Hotel, a dingy establishment facing the Corniche. As we milled about the entrance, a convoy of army vehicles rumbled past loaded with sandbags and artillery shells. We'd seen such convoys before, and the troops had always been singing. Now they were silent. The Egyptians made it clear that we were under house arrest. A blue-gowned Nubian named Mahatma guarded the hotel entrance, thrusting a thick black arm in front of anyone who attempted even to peer outside.

The hotel's restaurant had shifted its service to the boiler room, a smelly cavern abuzz with flies. The luncheon menu Wednesday was equally unappetizing, the pièce de résistance being a dried piece of meat which we decided came from a camel. Waiters in filthy galabias plopped six bottles of beer on the table. There would be no more until the war was over; the beer factory was closed.

Two reporters in our group had short-wave radios. We spent our time listening to BBC and VOA and wondering how long our internment would last. There was another air raid that night and the city was blacked out again. From our windows, we could see a thin cordon of Egyptian cavalry posted near the hotel entrance. They looked decidedly unmilitary.

The headline in the Egyptian Gazette Thursday morning read, ARAB FORCES INFLICT BIG LOSSES ON ISRAELIS. According to the BBC Thursday morning, Jordan decided to accept the cease-fire. The Israelis had reached the banks of the Suez Canal. Radio Cairo declared only that U.A.R. forces had regrouped at Sharm el Sheikh and that they had annihilated a regiment of Israeli paratroopers. Throughout the day loudspeakers kept up the incessant din of martial music.

At noon on Friday we received word that Nasser would address his people that evening for the first time since the start of the war. Someone located a TV set and at 7:30 we gathered around it. Nasser looked exhausted. He spoke in soft tones and began by admitting that the U.A.R. had suffered a "grievous setback." The Israeli attack, he said, "came with much more force than we expected and with much more than the enemy owns. It is clear that there were other powers behind the enemy...." And on into a reiteration of the charge that America and Britain were involved. He told his people that they had to "insist upon the removal of the effects of the aggression, learn a lesson from the setback (he never called it a defeat) and maintain a unified attitude." Just at that moment, an air-raid siren wailed. Nasser went on: "I have decided to give up completely any official or political post...." The entire address lasted 24 minutes and there were tears in Nasser's eyes at the end. To me, it was all very convincing.

The chants began less than 20 minutes later. From all over the city you could hear "Nasser, Nasser, Nasser." The voices got louder and louder, and someone reminded us that an Iraqi mob had dragged Europeans from their hotels in Baghdad in 1956 and butchered them in the streets. Suddenly the sky lit up in an eerie display. The crazy Egyptians were firing ack-ack and rockets at the stars--and some of the bursts seemed close. A few minutes later, an army captain shouted, "Rush to your rooms. They are coming," and up we went. At 10, we were escorted back downstairs for dinner. A few demonstrators, someone explained, had tried to set fire to the hotel, but they had been stopped by the police.

At 1:20 Saturday morning, just minutes after most of us had dozed off, we were awakened. U.S. embassy officials expected trouble in the morning. So did Egyptian security officials. We would leave the hotel at once. They loaded us into gray prison vans and at 3 a.m. drove us under guard to the railroad station. As we waited for the baggage to be loaded, a mob of about 5,000 on its way back to the city from Nasser's residence passed within two blocks of us. Our train, which was surprisingly comfortable, arrived in Alexandria at 8 a.m. We were led past rows of machinegun-carrying soldiers into a Mussolini-Modern terminal building.

We were forced to hand over all Egyptian currency. One particularly venal inspector reached into the wallet of an Embassy secretary and extracted $200. The girl protested, then asked a senior U.S. diplomat to intercede. He just shrugged his shoulders helplessly. There was really nothing he could do. One American scientist was pushed up against a wall and frisked for the crime of having been born in Palestine, Texas.

The Greek ship Carina II had been in Alexandria harbor for some time, but the Egyptians didn't allow us on board until 4 p.m.--eight foodless hours after our arrival at the terminal. We sailed at six o'clock. As we left the harbor, two Egyptian submarines which had been following us submerged. What a relief it was to be aboard that ship--even if it meant spending the next two nights in an uncomfortable deck chair, which it did. And what a group we were: Among the 557 bedraggled Americans were a man who X-rays Pyramids, a 93-year-old judge, the world's foremost authority on ticks, one Argentine Jew and four Canadian beatniks. The cost of the voyage was $78.20, and our method of payment must have set a precedent. Never before have refugees been able to pay for an evacuation with a credit card.

I left Egypt feeling a mixture of anger and pity toward the Egyptians. Once again, after "unresigning," Nasser has managed to turn defeat to his own advantage and his position seems safe--but only for the moment. There was an abortive military coup last year. There were further rumblings in the Army this spring, and it's likely that these rumblings will increase in volume when all the barefoot and beaten soldiers get back to Cairo from Sinai. Every expert with whom I talked expects internal strife within six months. Egypt's economy is a shambles and it is bound to get worse.

It's now Wednesday afternoon. My bags are packed and I'm waiting for the night flight to Bangkok. Internment was a new experience for all of us, and before we scattered we had a farewell drink. We formed an informal club to be known as the Nile Hotel Users' Association and decided to hold our first annual reunion next June 5--in New York.

Best regards,

Trevor

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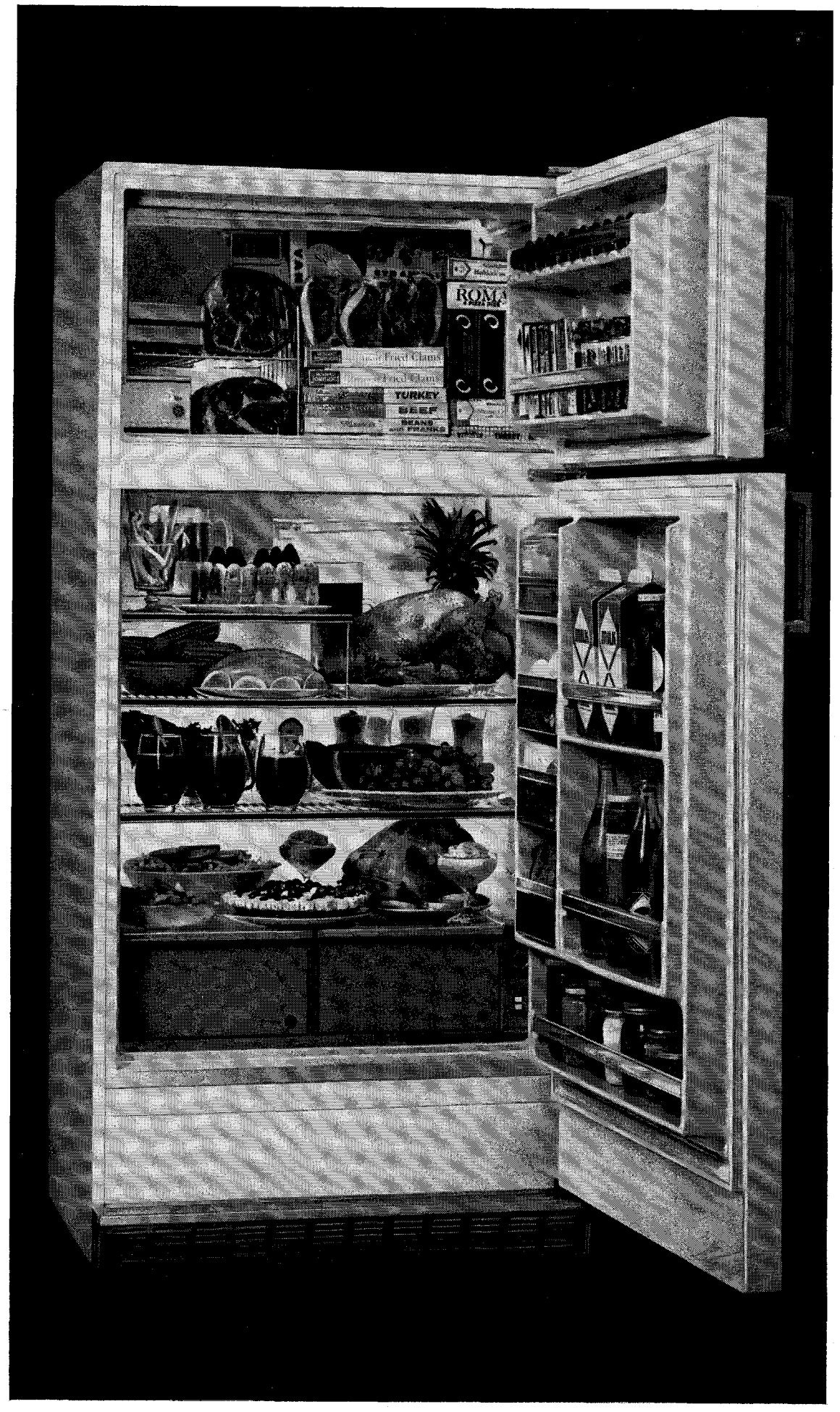

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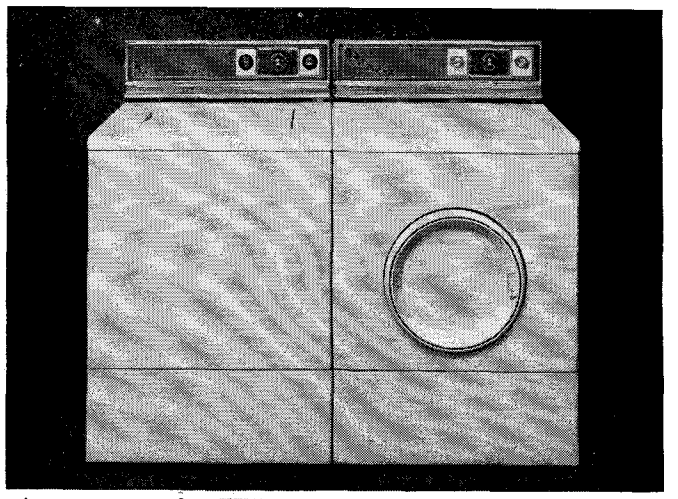

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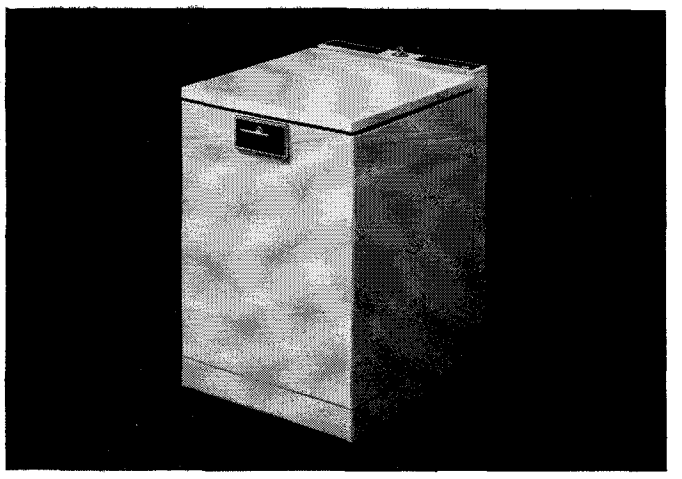

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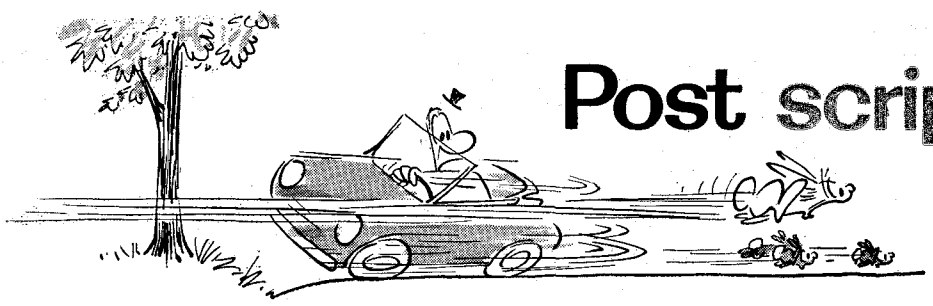
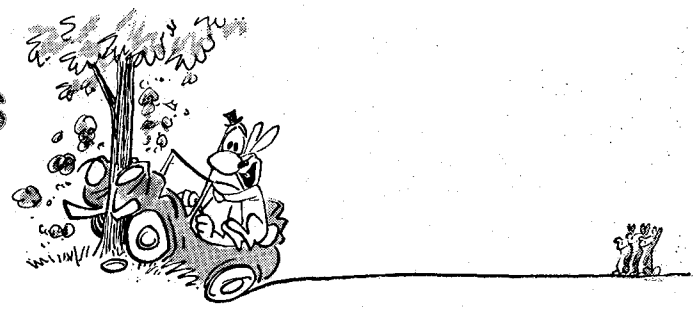
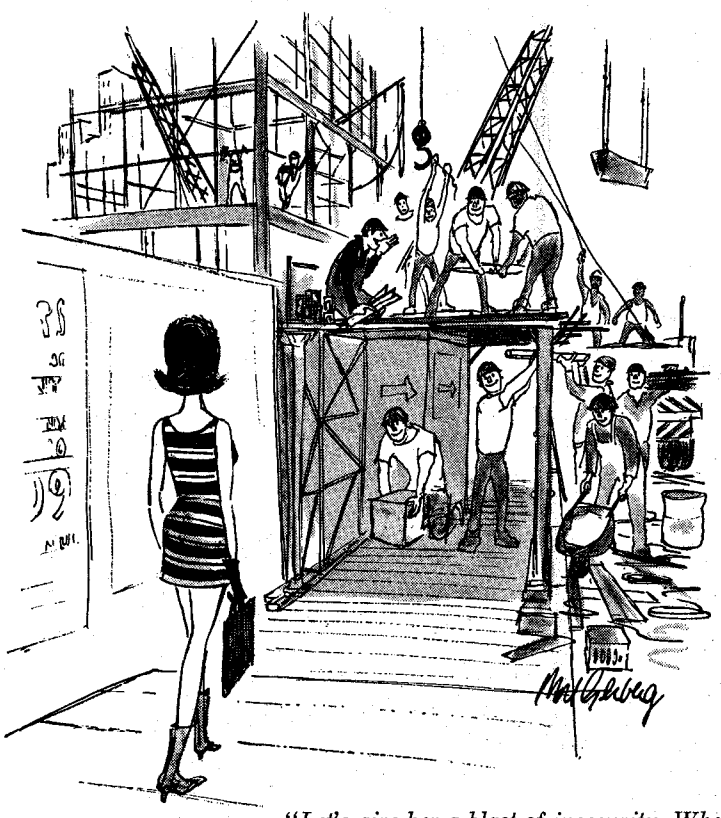
Post scripts



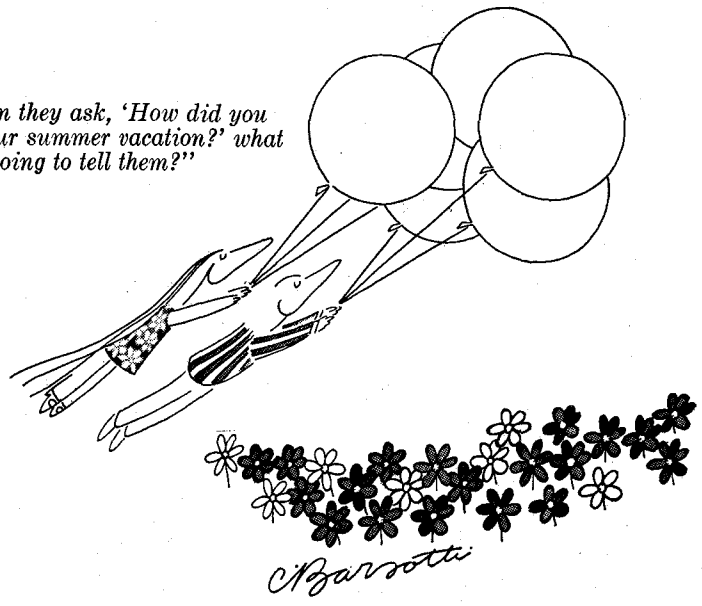


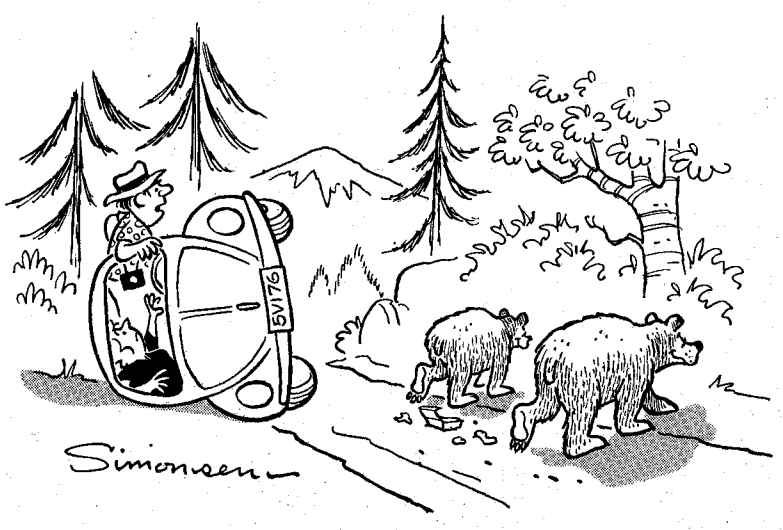
"Hello, Acme Water Conditioning?"



"Let's give her a blast of insecurity. When she passes by, everybody ignore her."

"And when they ask, 'How did you spend your summer vacation?' what are you going to tell them?"





"Well! That's gratitude for you!"

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'ALWAYS THEY WANT MORE, MORE, MORE'

Juan Marichal is the best pitcher in baseball today and earns more than $100,000 a year. He has a wife, three kids and a lot of land. So what's bothering him? Plenty.

By AL STUMP

At 10 o'clock on a gray San Francisco morning Juan Marichal woke up with a backache and a stuffy feeling in his head. Across the hall a baby was crying. Juan put on a bathrobe and rubbed the swollen elbow of his pitching arm, which has bothered him intermittently for two years. In a few hours he was scheduled to pitch against the revitalized Chicago Cubs. He asked his wife what ailed their youngest child, Yvette, who is 13 months old.

"She is cutting a new tooth," his wife said, with one of those you-want-to-make-something-of-it glances.

"So," muttered Marichal. "No sleep again tonight."

The wife, Alma Rosa, who was 17 when they married in their native Dominican Republic five years ago, indicated a newspaper on the couch, under a scattering of toys. "More trouble," she said, with the brevity of the Dominican woman, schooled in *silencio* among males but capable of outscreaming any movie star or fishwife.

On the front page of the paper was a story saying that anti-government forces in Santo Domingo were threatening a new civil war. Bombs had been exploded in the garden of a Dominican cabinet member, wounding three people. Juan's mother and brother live in the Dominican Republic along with 16 cousins and a sister who has nine children. "Oh, hell, hell, *hell*," Juan said.

He turned to the sports section and winced at a headline: MARICHAL ON WIN TRAIL AT LAST—HAS ALL PROBLEMS SOLVED. "No more problems, huh! Isn't that great?" he said to Alma Rosa. "A month ago they were calling me a bum."

The season had begun badly for him. In his first three starts the Cardinals and Braves had hammered him for 31 hits and beaten him three times. Booed off the mound, he received letters which he has since described as "things that could not be printed except by a paper of the Ku Klux Klan." After his third defeat, Juan got going, reeled off eight straight victories—in which he allowed just eight runs—and was back in stride, leading the National League in games won, consecutive low-run games pitched and strikeouts. Yet so inexplicable and shocking were the earlier failures that he had told his buddy and fellow Dominican, outfielder Jesus Alou, "My confidence is gone."

This morning there was more domestic trouble: City Hall had descended on Juan. Months earlier he had begun to build a greenhouse in his backyard. In it he planned to grow exotic flowers and shrubs imported from his native land. With the structure 70 percent completed, building inspectors had appeared. "The neighbors are complaining," they said. "Where is your building permit?"

Juan had none. In the Dominican Republic no such thing is required, and this is the first San Francisco home he has owned. "Not only do you need a permit," the inspector went on, "but you have marred the neighbors' view. Tear it down."

"It's my property, isn't it?" said Juan.

"Tear it down."

"Then it isn't my property, huh?" said Juan, gaining steam and beginning to shout. Alma Rosa appeared on the porch, apron flying. "Juan, Juan, don't get in an uproar," she warned. "I'm always in a damn uproar!" roared her husband.

Now, as he looked gloomily out at his backyard, carpenters were about to pull down the greenhouse. Characteristically, Juan believed the building inspectors were against him because he was a Latin-American "outsider." To a white San Francisco friend he had declared: "You're an auto dealer, a U.S. citizen. And both of us know you could fix it so you could build that greenhouse on your land. Me? I'm the big pitcher for the Giants. A famous guy. Everybody wants me for lunch, for banquets. But because I'm not one of you, they can tear down what I've built and cost me hundreds of dollars. Is it safe to go on living in the house, or will they *condenan* [condemn] all of that too?"

Inequality seems to be an obsession with Marichal. He believes that he and the rest of the major-league Latins—Cepeda, Clemente, Mota, Versalles, Cardenas, Aparicio, Oliva, Rojas, Pascual, Davilillo, Gonzalez, Javier, Pizarro, Santiago, Perez, and the Alou brothers, among others—are victims of a subtly functioning prejudice. It is, he thinks, a prejudice that goes beyond the evident limitations on the American Negro player. "Our skins may be lighter," he has said, "but the breaks we get from baseball and on the outside are much less than the Negro player gets."

Game time was approaching. After a last look at the doomed greenhouse, he breakfasted on two boiled eggs, rye toast and orange juice and began to think about the day's work. First, however, he had to take Alma Rosa—who refuses to drive a car in the big city—to the supermarket. At the market he passed among hundreds of San Franciscans. Although he has been a Giant ace for seven seasons, and his chubby face, snub nose and curly crop of black hair are not commonplace, few people recognized him, and none spoke up. He hauled six large sacks of groceries up the steep flight of steps to his kitchen door.

"My nose is worse," he said, referring to a chronic nasal allergy which affects his breathing. "And the arm is hurting bad. I feel lousy."

Juan Marichal, 29 years old, the best pitcher in baseball, a 5-foot-11, 190-pound right-hander earning more than $100,000 a year, does not always go off to work so woefully, yet things have often gone badly for him. Two years ago during a wild, beanball-filled Los Angeles game, in an explosion of rage, fear or panic—his teammates still aren't sure which—he hit Los Angeles Dodger catcher John Roseboro over the head with his bat. The fans were on the verge of rioting. The press cried out for his expulsion from the game, he was fined $1,750 and suspended. Meanwhile, Roseboro, who was bloodied, filed a $110,000 lawsuit. The suit remains pending, but the more lingering effect of the incident is that Marichal has saved, in a closet at home, boxes filled with the hate mail he received. Friends have pleaded with him to burn the boxes. He refuses. "The psychology isn't hard to figure," says one Giant official. "People think he does it as self-punishment for an act he greatly regrets. He regrets hurting Roseboro all right. But I think the mail is tied in with his feeling that life is dangerous, and fate can kill you in the next second. It's a reminder to be very careful not to let himself get trapped again."

Before the Roseboro incident, Juan was known around the clubhouse as something of a joker. He snapped towels against behinds. He stole car keys. Lanky Willie McCovey went up walls when Juan exploded firecrackers under him. And when the Giants' airplane smelled like an outhouse, it was one of Juan's hidden drops of "stink-bomb" fluid. "Now he's so quiet," says Eddie Logan, the clubhouse boss, "I hardly know he's around."

On this gray day, after a rubdown by Doc Hughes, Juan talked with a sportswriter. "You think I beat them, those Cubbies?" he asked. Then, abruptly, his face clouded. Something else was bothering him.

"Some teams in the league have been saying what they hate about me is that I make pitching look so easy. What's easy? Those managers who pop off don't have to throw the ball." Marichal had read a Philadelphia Phillies player complain that while pitchers like Jim Bunning or Bob Veale work so hard that cords bulge in their necks, Marichal just breezes the ball. "He stands out there, the s.o.b., and laughs at us," the Philly said. Nothing could be more untrue, Juan answers; he has worked hard to master a wide, complex variety of deliveries.

His mound trademark, a high leg kick, is the most exaggerated motion since Arthur (Dazzy) Vance in the 1930's. Rearing back, precariously balanced, his right hand almost brushing the ground, Marichal is bent like a catapult. Ordinary hitters claim it doesn't bother them. The great hitters say otherwise. Henry Aaron of the Atlanta Braves describes the effect: "The foot's up in your face, and that's bad. Then he comes through like a fullback charging. He lunges right off the hill. Sometimes he even stumbles from the force of his delivery. With all that confusion of motion, it's a problem seeing the ball. But his control is a bigger thing. He can throw all day within a two-inch space, in, out, up or down. I've never seen anyone as good at that."

"I tell you something people don't understand about control," Juan says. "It's not just the arm. The fingers, they are even more important."

His finger work—knowing the pressure points on a ball—is exquisite. "I use a typewriter lots to keep the fingers loose. And I squeeze a rubber ball, very fast. Twice a week I trim the nails, very, very carefully." If the nails of his index, ring and middle fingers are a fraction too long or short he loses his precise "feel" on the pressure spots, and the ball loses some of its dip, dart and hop at the plate. "Not long ago the nails got a tiny bit too

Photographs by Fred Kaplan

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long. They begin to chip. Then I goof—I cut them back a tiny bit too short. So then I get blisters on the flesh above the nails. My feel goes off, and that's when I get bombed in three straight games early this season. That wasn't the only reason I lost—but it's a big one."

The Giants' clubhouse had filled up; game time was near and the odd lassitude that steals over players shortly before the bell—leaving them slumped on stools, silent, their heads dangling—had taken over. Marichal, however, was alert. He noticed a well-known San Francisco sports-writer, in a corner, chatting with Cookie Lavagetto, the coach. "That man," he murmured, "wrote that he's afraid I will be killed. Very bad thing to say."

"He wrote what?" asked the writer Juan was talking to.

"That when I follow through on a pitch I fall off the mound, and I am unprotected, and some day somebody will drive a ball down my throat. He said he has to cover his face with his hands when he watches me."

"You think that wasn't a fair comment?"

"He made a big thing of it," said Marichal, flipping back his long uniform shirttail, revealing sinewy bare legs. "Here, here, here and here"—pointing to thigh, knee and shins—"I've been hit by batted balls. See the scars? Fifty times at least line drives have just missed my head. But why should a writer want to talk about it? I don't need any jinxes. Maybe I have a few already."

Finally, game time. Other pitchers walk to the mound; Juan runs. He dusts his hand once with the resin bag and is ready. He has done his homework. Watching yesterday's game with the Giants, he noted several small changes in the Cubs' hitting styles. Billy Williams, for example, is a left-hander with power. Juan now caught signs of a new ability in Williams to pull pitches breaking away from him down the right-field line, a tricky feat for a lefty. He made a mental note: give Williams low, in-breaking curves and change-ups.

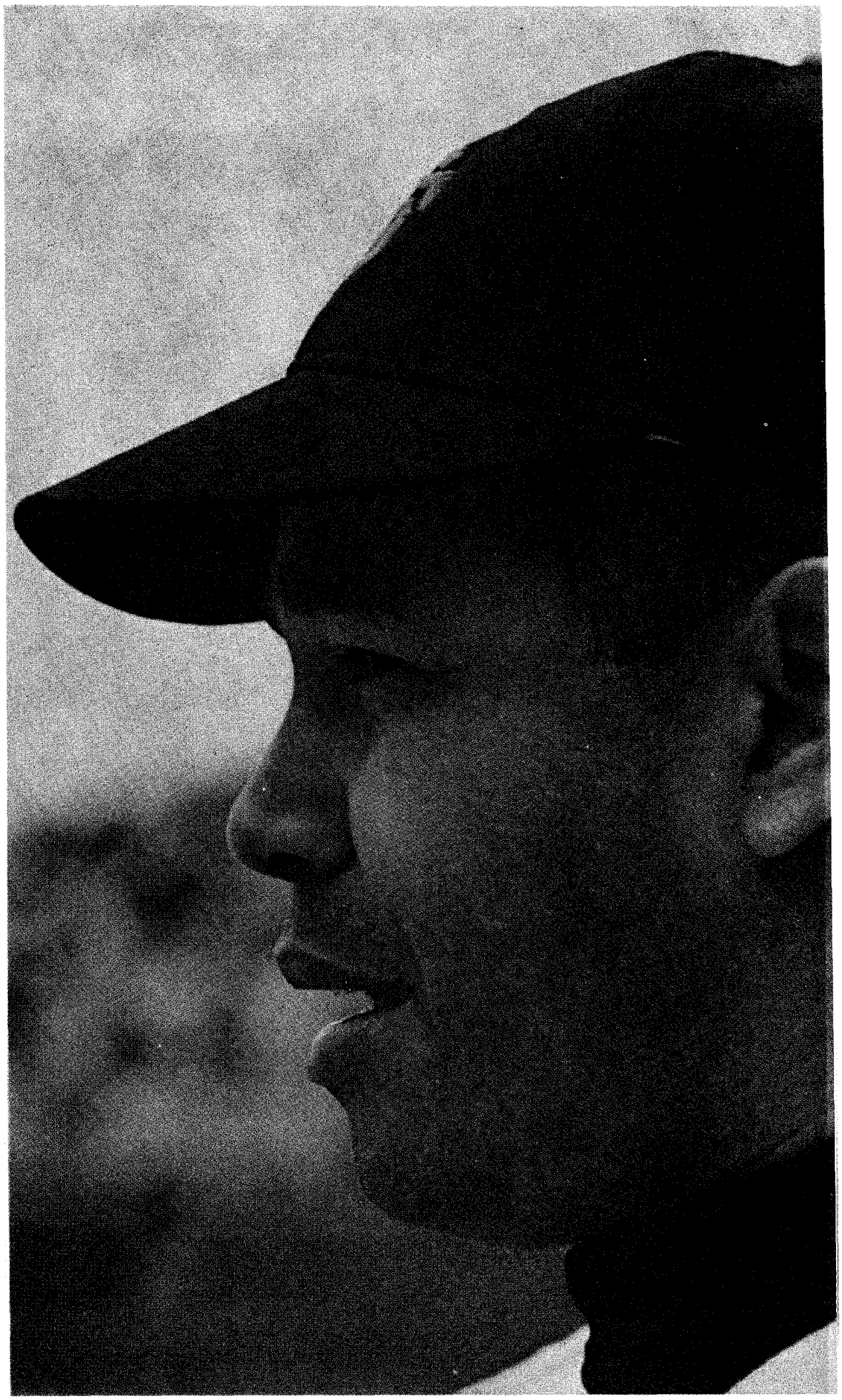
After a few warm-up pitches he went to work on the Cubs, kicking high and concentrating.

But he had a problem. The gusty winds of San Francisco's Candlestick Park swirled around home plate, taking good pitches and making them bad ones. Three times in four innings he almost walked a man. He summoned Tom Haller, his catcher. "Why fight the wind?" he asked. Haller nodded. From then on he used mostly his "screwjee" (screwball). Thrown with a reversed, wrenching, right-to-left snap of the wrist, screwballs act like their name. The wind could only help their erratic breaks. By the ninth inning the Cubs had six hits and were losing, 3–1.

Marichal forgot his cautionary note on Billy Williams. With a runner on base, he threw a sweeping curve away from the batter. Williams hit a single. No run scored—but now one more big base hit could tie the game. "At a time like that I do not call myself an idiot. I already know that," Juan explained later. "I take a deep breath, instead. I tell myself, *You can beat any ball club in the world, now do it!*"

The fast ball, the fast slider, whooshed in with seemingly little effort, and he struck out Ron Santo and Ernie Banks to win the game. He had used, typically, only 101 pitches, of which 76 had been strikes. He strutted off, 20,000 fans cheering.

Juan Antonio Marichal Sanchez was born a *bohéo* boy. His family's palm-bark shack was one of a few dozen in Laguna Verde, an impoverished village near the Dominican-Haitian border. His father died when he was three. Nine years later



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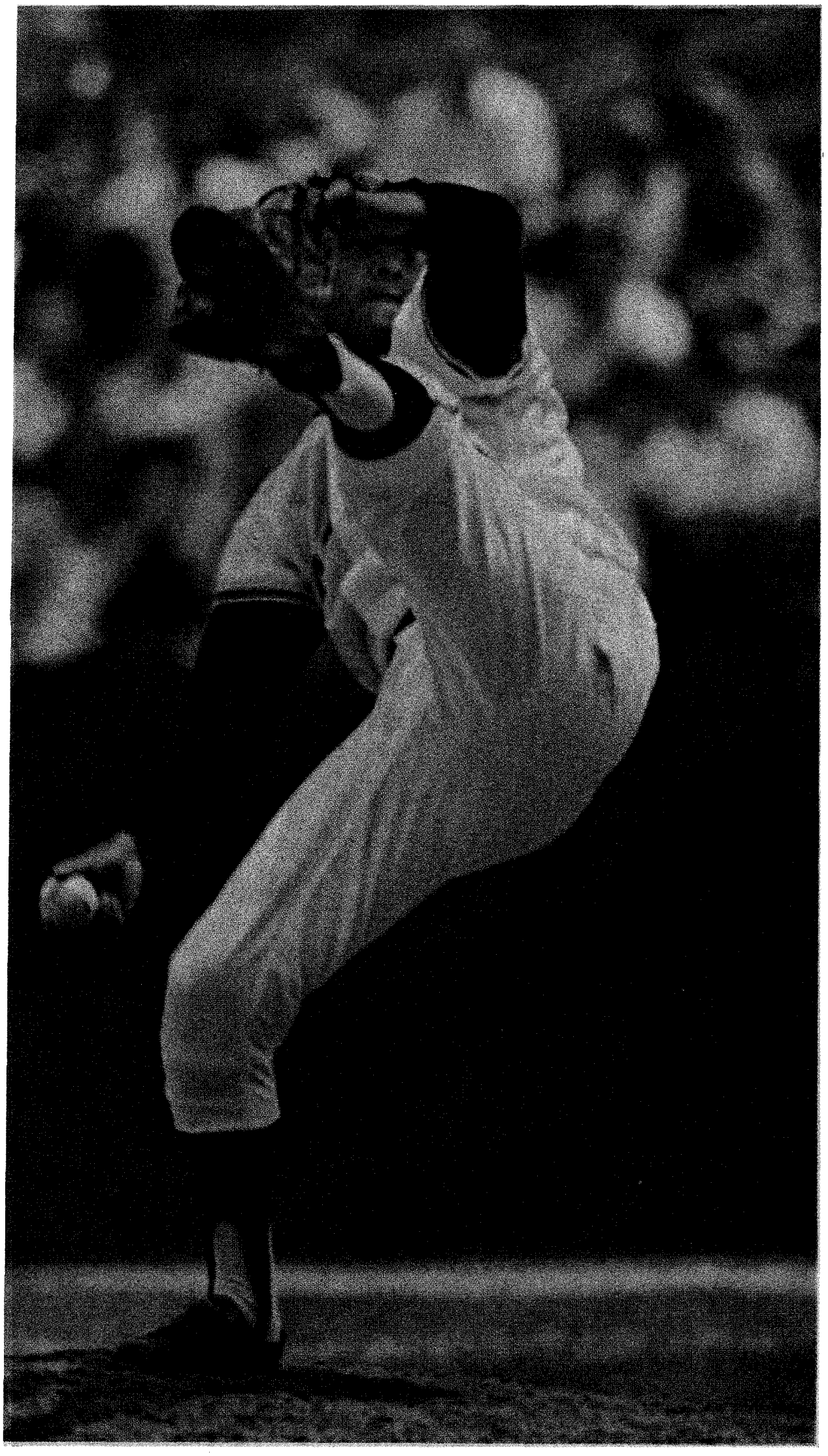

Juan himself was prematurely pronounced dead by a village doctor. He had gone swimming after a heavy meal, suffered spasms and lost consciousness. He was in a coma for six days before he recovered his health.

When Juan was 16 his widowed mother inherited 400 mostly uncultivated acres. Juan and his brother, Rafael, vowed to improve them. Juan was paid $18 a week by the United Fruit Company at the nearby banana port of Manzanillo to pitch and play infield for their semipro club, and when he shut out Ramfis Trujillo's star-filled air-force team, 2–0, a telegram arrived at the Marichal farm. He had the "honor" to be impressed into the air force to hurl his *corva bolas* and *rapidos*—curves and fast balls—for the dictator Trujillo, *El Benefactor*.

"I hurry home to my mother," he says. "She cried. I hid in the house for a couple days . . . Then soldiers came. They took me to Santo Domingo. In the military my head was shaved. When I lost a big game it is a disgrace and—bang! into the jail I go."

The Trujillos dispatched their showpiece team to the Pan-American World Series at Mexico City with orders to win. Backers of Mexico's team, watching him warm up, suddenly surrounded him, flicking knives, poking pistols into his ribs, warning, "Today you lose quick, little one." The 150-pound Juan ran from the bullpen to the dugout, praying audibly. "I was a child, I wet my pants. But I don't quit." When a section of the grandstand was set afire, 30 soldiers with Tommy guns were called in to remove Juan and his teammates from the park.

Attempts by the New York Yankees to liberate Marichal from Trujillo failed, but in 1958 local Giant scouts succeeded with a $500 bonus. Juan underwent a short tour of the American minors. In 655 innings he fanned 575 batters. In his 1960 debut for San Francisco, at 22, he shut out the Phillies with one hit and one walk, 2–0.

Once he'd become a U.S. star, Juan took a dim view of performing more than perfunctorily in the Dominican winter league, for which retaliation was swift. On a New Year's Eve, attacked by a mob in a Santo Domingo nightclub, he punched his way out the door, then was arrested for making trouble. Disgruntled fans threw bottles at his head; his phone rang with threats. When he had to escape from a ball-park demonstration behind police clubs, he fled to Puerto Rico.

In this country Juan has been injured many times. Six times he has left the field on a stretcher; five times he has been hospitalized. The injuries include a half-severed Achilles tendon, a line drive to the groin and a concussion of the zygomatic skull bone. Says Leo (Doc) Hughes, the Giants' trainer, "In only eight years in the big leagues he hasn't missed much. Last season he ran in from the parking lot, yelling his head off. A finger on his pitching hand was mangled. Someone had slammed a car door on it. *This* season he took a knife and cut into a golf ball, to see what was inside it, and burned his eyes when it exploded."

The finger damaged by the car door, and a twisted ankle, cost him six pitching turns last season, absences fatal to a team that lost the pennant by one and one-half games. "I'd agree that no other pitcher means as much to his club as Marichal," admits the Giants' owner, Horace Stoneham.

But the rave notices—including, "He's the greatest I ever saw," by Carl Hubbell, Hall of Fame pitcher and now director of the Giants' farm system—fail to impress Juan. If they think so

Marichal's unusually high leg kick, followed by a powerful forward lunge, makes him an easy target for line drives.

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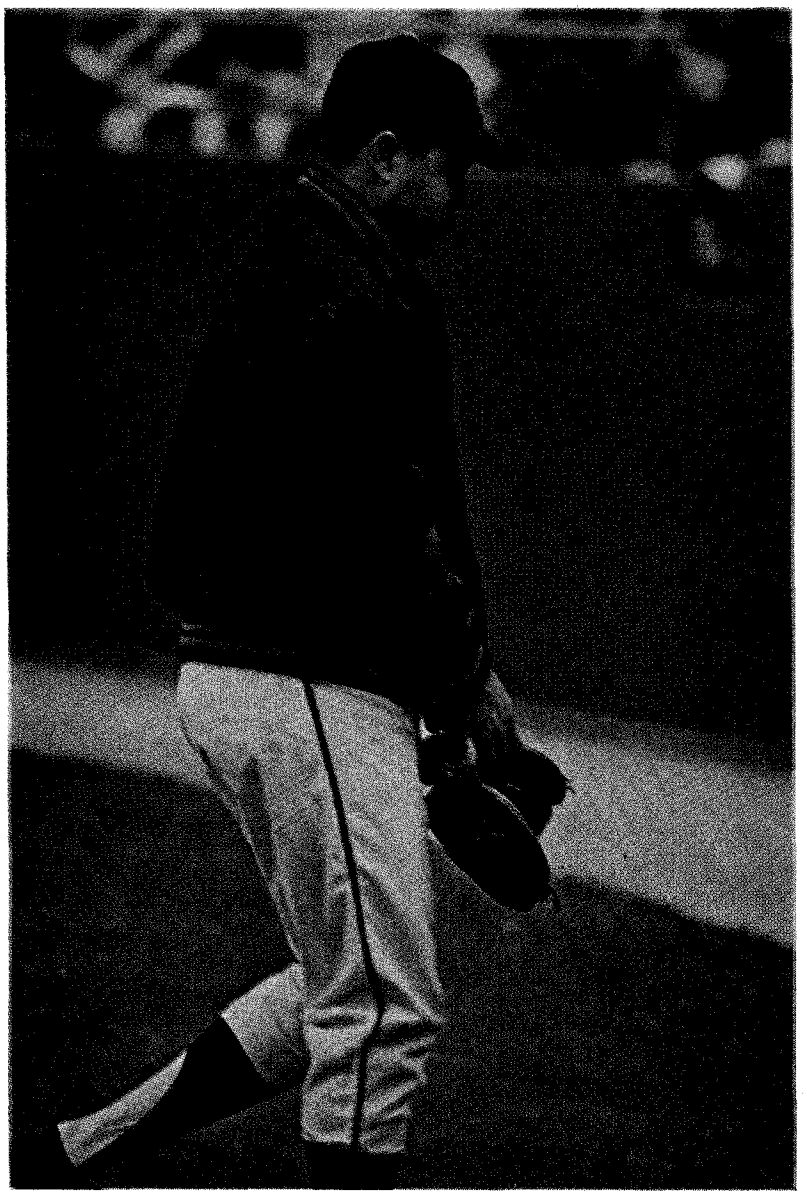
After reeling off his eighth straight win this season, for a new record in the majors, he walked off the mound still brooding. Somebody reminded him that he was now leading the league. "OK," he said, "you don't have to worry. But I do."



much of him, he reasons, why does he have to keep fighting so hard for more money? Last March he engaged in a sizzling salary battle with Stoneham. He demanded a salary of $125,000 and was turned down. Refusing to report, he missed most of spring training. "Hubbell, he's a nice fellow," says Juan. "But he's also a big official with the Giants, and how come I'm not worth one-hundred-and-twenty-five-grand if I'm so great? Sandy Koufax got more than me. Don Drysdale too."

The night of his victory over the Cubs, still nursing accumulated hostilities, Juan drank some red wine. Once he tried whiskey and got sick. He said, "My father, a farmer, a strong man, died of a bad liver before he was thirty. Too much rum." While other Giants scattered from fancy dinner spots to the barechested *boîtes* of North Beach, Juan took Alma Rosa to a secluded little Spanish restaurant, where they occupied a quiet booth. People began to call from the other tables, "Good work, Juan-baby! We never lost the faith, Juan!"

Alma Rosa's face flushed and Juan quieted her. "Pay no attention," he ordered.

When one of the diners came over, slapped Juan's back and complimented him, his own composure broke. "OK, OK, now can we please have our dinner?" he demanded.

"Phonies," he said later, lighting a thin cigar. "Where were they when I needed them, when I was losing those early games? They were at the park booing me, writing letters saying I'm a bum." Hardheaded, regarding loyalty as a virtue that even baseball fans shouldn't violate, Juan refuses to agree that the paying customer has the right to snarl. "A wrong thing," he claims, his eyes turning hard. "I tell you why. It is wrong for the suffering it causes. Here is an example of what I mean.

"When I first bring my wife to the U.S. from Santo Domingo, she is a child of seventeen, and has no English and is frightened. Pretty soon we are going to have a baby and Alma Rosa is having kidney trouble and is in St. Mary's Hospital in Frisco. Me, I am on the road with the team. And I worry all the time about Alma Rosa. Then I tore up my instep making a fielding play on Willie Davis in Los Angeles—they carry me off the field for X rays, maybe I have a broken ankle—and I am talking to my wife in the hospital on the phone. I'm saying I would come to her if I could. But I cannot walk.

"Everything is terrible for me then, when I have won seventeen games already. But in the papers and on the radio *not one person* cares about my troubles. They only ask—'When will Meal Ticket Marichal be ready to pitch again? When will he win number eighteen? Why doesn't the damn bum snap out of it?'

"Boos are no different. They hurt. Trouble with baseball is that always they want more, more, more . . . without thinking of what suffering they bring a player who happens to be down."

Four days later he walked into the air-conditioned Houston Astrodome, his jinx arena. Air-conditioning, to which he is allergic, makes his head tingle, eyes water and nose "feel crazy." Manager Herman Franks, however, called upon him. Panting for breath, he kept the Astros swinging at the thin air and won a three-hitter. Next, in Philadelphia, the Phillies, citing "cold and threatening weather" on a rainless night that wasn't exceptionally chilly, called off the game. "It stinks! We'll protest!" roared Franks. "They cancelled only to avoid meeting Marichal!" Back in San Francisco, Juan gave the Dodgers six hits and ran his victory streak to eight games, the longest to date in the majors.

Nevertheless, he showed little elation the next afternoon. "You know what?" he said, frowning and extending his right hand. "The nails have started chipping again. And I'm not getting the curve ball and the screwjee where I want it. Too many guys are going to the full count on me."

Somebody remarked that his league-leading 82 strikeouts and fine 1.90 earned-run average were hardly reasons for apprehension. "OK," he said, "*you* don't have to worry. But I do."

"Juan needs love," says Jesus Alou, his roommate on the road. "You see, we Dominicans do not play just for money but for appreciation." And there is still a question in Juan's mind about just how much owner Stoneham appreciates him.

"Look, how can he do anything but dislike Stoneham?" one inside observer puts it. "Every standout Latin player he's had, Horace has soured on and traded—first Felipe Alou, then Matty Alou, José Pagan, Orlando Cepeda and Manny Mota. That leaves only Marichal. Why? Stoneham says they're sullen and have weird emotions. Maybe they're sullen because he signed Felipe for only two hundred dollars and Juan for five hundred dollars and Cepeda for nothing. . . ."

Rumor long has had it that in the spring of 1966 Marichal informed Stoneham that he would quit baseball unless he got more money—and he meant it. After much wrangling he got what he asked for. "That story," says Juan, "is true."

If he were to quit tomorrow, he would go home in triumph to the Dominican Republic, where one gala night last winter an honor guard escorted him into Quiqueya Stadium in Santo Domingo. There, to 40,000 *olés!*, President Balaguer pinned a "citizen supreme" medal on his chest.

With old hatreds forgotten, Juan has become the republic's No. 1 idol. Balaguer, running for office in June of 1966, fastened to Juan like a chiton to a rock, advertising himself as "the Marichal of the presidential palace."

Now Juan is one of the biggest landowners in the Dominican Republic. He owns 1,065 acres of hay, beans, maize, plantain, rice and corn—worth $40 an acre. In addition he has 300 dairy and beef cattle and modern farm equipment, including several $13,000 tractors.

Improving his farm, he has given the once-ragged local *campesinos* a start toward prosperity. When the season ends, Juan's bags are packed. With Alma Rosa and the three children he leaves at once for home—to his ranch, his horses, his stable of fighting cocks, the coral lagoons where he and the Alou brothers—Felipe, Jesus and Matty—spear fish.

By last Memorial Day his lifetime won-loss record was the highest in the game, better even than that of the Yankees' retiring Whitey Ford, in fact, one of the best of any pitcher since 1900. In his dressing cubicle people congratulated him, heaped affection on him, called him "Number One," but still his thoughts were elsewhere. "Eight years ago I thought the big league was the whole world," he said quietly. "But happiness is not baseball. When some day I am just a plain farmer, *then* I'll be happy." □

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When children can't learn

(continued from page 30)

quite conceal his drive and outspokenness. "The problem of brain-injured kids was being swept under the rug when our team started working with them twenty years ago," he told me. "They still were being hidden in attics. Medicine didn't know how to help them. At that time we had never heard of a single one that had been made completely well.

"Since then we have worked with more than five thousand hurt kids," he added. "Now we *know* that one third of them can be made well, brought up to normal. Another third can be made better-functioning human beings. Tragically, there is another third that can't be helped, or very little."

There was a time when Glenn Doman and Carl Delacato didn't speak out so bravely. They first met in 1946. Doman, a physical therapist just back from military service, then was working with Temple Fay, M.D., a famed neurosurgeon at the Temple University School of Medicine, on a project for intensive care of brain-injured children. Delacato, a young teacher and psychologist, was called in to help with the testing. He and Doman clicked immediately, becoming close friends and partners in a number of projects.

Both young researchers became acolytes of Doctor Fay, a man of far-ranging scientific curiosity, a bold innovator. Among other things, Fay pioneered the use of hypothermia, human refrigeration, originally to slow down the growth rate of malignant cells, now widely used for a number of medical purposes. At this time Fay was pursuing a theory that ways could be found to stimulate the brains of neurologically injured children. He reasoned that even an injured brain had billions of "spare" cells and that these might be activated to take over functions of the dead ones, enabling the child to move arms and legs that had been paralyzed. He recruited Doman and Delacato for a study involving a combination of all the known treatments, such as massage, electrical stimulation and whirling baths, applied intensively.

The experiment was a failure. Over several years a few of the children improved a bit, some stayed the same, others went downhill. A control group which received no treatment made just as much progress.

After much soul-searching the team reached the air-clearing conclusions that: (1) The treatments they used had been aimed at symptoms, not causes, and were ineffective; (2) the cause of the trouble was in the brain, and (3) some way must be found to stimulate the brain for better functioning.

The big question was: How?

One of Fay's theories had to do with basic patterns of movement in relationship to evolutionary development. Gradually the idea evolved: Why not put brain-injured infants through the normal sequence of patterns by which normal babies "organize" themselves, from wiggling to crawling to creeping to walking? Perhaps the stimulation could impose the patterns on the undamaged parts of the brain, awaken its levels in proper sequence.

In 1955, when the family of a brain-injured child made an old estate available in Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, the team established a nonprofit rehabilitation center, surrounded itself with children, took movies of them sleeping, crawling, walking, eating, playing. The researchers were impressed by the amount of development that takes place on the floor and the way one pattern builds on another.

At first the team worked out what seemed to be a suitable crawling pattern, then spent hours putting paralyzed children through these motions. The work was slow and tedious and at times seemed futile. Then one day the first patterned child was put on the floor and began crawling under his own power. Soon some other once-immobile children began learning to crawl.

The experimenters moved on to the next stages, devising patterns for creeping. They practiced on each other. (Today, when lecturing to groups of parents or classes of students, Glenn Doman and Carl Delacato are likely to get down on their hands and knees on a big table or on the floor to demonstrate.) They found that a number of patterned children learned to creep and eventually to walk.

At times, say Doman and Delacato, they failed to grasp fully their own concept that neurological organization affects the whole child. "Time after time we kicked the truth away," says Delacato, "because of some standard preconception."

There was, for example, the matter of eyes. Brain-injured children often have eyes so badly crossed that they seem to be looking right into the nose.

As Delacato tells it, he didn't really pay attention when an enthusiastic new nurse said to him, "Isn't it wonderful the way these youngsters' eyes straighten out when they are creeping?"

"I thought she was imagining things, so I told her to mind her own business," he says. "But later she came back and said she had been watching carefully and she knew she was right. So we told her to make a study of it, and damned if she wasn't right." A number of ophthalmologists now are using body-coordination exercises, including creeping, in treating children whose eyes aren't well organized for reading.

Fay turned to other things not long after the rehabilitation center was established. He died in 1963. Meanwhile, as their research progressed, Doman and Delacato built up what they call a profile of neurological organization. This charts the upward steps of brain development and indicates the capabilities a child should display at each stage. The institutes use the profile as a diagnostic tool. By comparing a retarded child's actual development—physical, visual, auditory—with the chart, they believe they can determine where the brain damage may be, or where neurological organization is weak. They then prescribe treatments designed to stimulate the appropriate level by patterning, visual exercises, stepping-up the blood flow to the brain by increasing carbon-dioxide intake (using a rebreathing mask), and by use of sound, heat and cold as stimulants. As a last step, they seek to establish clear-cut laterality, or sidedness.

It is understandable that Delacato, a teacher, became highly excited when some of the brain-injured children at the center not only learned to creep, walk and talk, but even to read after they got "organized." He also observed that there were similarities between brain-injured youngsters at certain levels and non-readers who apparently were quite normal. The non-readers often lacked smooth coordination, tended to twist words and often were mixed in sidedness. Even more puzzling, children with reading problems often could learn through their ears, but not their eyes, Delacato recalled.

"That nailed me," he says. "Why should the *same* brain be smart through its ears but not through its eyes?"

Delacato came to the conclusion that reading was not, as many teachers believed, an intellectual act, but a perceptual one. He reasoned that if a child's brain circuits aren't properly developed to handle perception through his eyes, the child will have difficulty in reading and, of course, in writing. He wondered: *Could this be the reason for millions of poor-reading children?*

Long before Delacato asked this, there had been considerable theorizing that poorly developed sidedness and reading problems go together. Back in the 1930's, Dr. Samuel T. Orton, a neuropsychiatrist of some note, tested thousands of children with reading and writing disorders. He found that most of them either had mixed laterality or lacked strong laterality. He suggested that such youngsters simply did not see letters and words in the same way normal people do. They might perceive such symbols backward, as in a mirror, or even upside down. They confused such letters as "b" and "d," or "n" and "u." They might see "c-a-t" as "t-a-c," "s-a-w" as "w-a-s."

Delacato reasoned that methods used to organize brain-injured kids could also be used to organize children with reading difficulties.

He began trying his theory on a number of children. He tested them, diagnosed weaknesses which showed up in their performance against the profile of neurological organization, and gave them programs to follow under their parents' supervision. The treatment included reading practice as well as patterning.

"This was one of the most exciting times in my life," Delacato told me. "The treatment showed results in most cases. It failed completely about ten percent of the time. We had some tough cases. Remember, our system sounded crazy and people came here after trying everything else."

One day I sat in Delacato's office while he conferred with parents and children. The staff had tested the children; Delacato went over the results with the parents.

A small 12-year-old girl we'll call Nancy is here for her first visit, and her parents are nervous. The tests show her reading at second-grade level. The girl seems poorly coordinated, her movements being jerky and her eyes wavering out of focus at times. Delacato looks at the test reports, calls the girl over and has her sight at objects, follow his pencil with her eyes as he moves it in various patterns, and checks the way she turns her hands, grips with them, how she holds a pencil while writing.

Then he explains to the parents that Nancy, a brain-injured child, probably needs more therapy than is usual for reading problems. Among other things, the auditory tests reveal that she is slightly deaf in one ear, which they should have checked by a specialist. She probably should go into the Institute of Learning Disability, which treats more seriously involved children, but there is a long waiting list. However, he will prescribe a heavy program. If it helps her, fine. If it doesn't, she will have to go on the waiting list.

Then there was Ken—not his real name—the 15-year-old son of a square-jawed, pipe-smoking government official and a pretty, smartly dressed mother. The handsome youth is polite and cooperative—but edgy. He is a "slow learner," so frustrated that he wants to drop out of school when he reaches 16. He is repeating the ninth grade. He had been tutored, had been in remedial-reading classes and had had psychiatric therapy. When he came to the institutes, he was reading at seventh-grade level with difficulty.

After six months of treatment, Ken's parents report that he has started reading for pleasure for the first time in his life. Fiction. They would be happier if he were as much interested in his lessons, but any reading is good.

Has Ken noticed any change in himself? No, Sir, he replies, politely but unenthusiastically. He has developed a liking for stories about undersea adventures, things like that. But he doesn't care much for the crawling-creeping bit, or reading with a patch over his eye. It's awful childish.

Delacato looks at the papers. "Well, here's your reading test. Do you know that you've made a big gain? Your reading comprehension has jumped to tenth grade—ahead of your class. Look, boy, you've got it made. Now all you need to do is to concentrate on speed. But that's mechanical. You could solve your own problem now, even if we never did another thing to you."

The boy relaxes. His tight, polite smile becomes a grin.

Before the next patient, whom we'll call Steven, comes in, Delacato says, "He is one of our failures. A nice, friendly kid, but we can't seem to improve his reading significantly. A tragedy. It makes you want to weep."

Steven proves to be a gentle, loose-jointed boy of nine, wearing big glasses and a dreamy smile, as though he were in a secret world of his own. He is in the third grade and has been coming to the institutes for more than a year, but he still is reading and writing at first-grade level. He never developed clear-cut sidedness; his eyes "stuttered," but seem under control now.

Delacato tells Steven's mother, "I just don't know—his coordination is better, so are his eyes, but not his reading. Either we're not doing the right thing, or not enough."

The mother says, "But doctor, he's learned to ride a bicycle, he's better at games, he gets along better with others."

"But in this world things are tough for a non-reader," says Delacato. He calls the boy over and says, "Steven, old boy, we're going to have to start pounding on you. No more goofing off. We're going to give you a tough program for two months, lots more crawling, creeping and eye exercises. You can do a lot better. Are you man enough to do it?"

Steven's mouth turns down and his

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eyes fill with tears. "No deal," he says defiantly.

"He'll do it," assures the mother.

As they go out, Delacato says, "That's the first time I ever got through to that kid. Maybe he *will* do better now."

Later, in the wide-open spaces north of Dallas, near the little town of Plano—Spanish for "plain"—I visited the institution which bravely calls itself the University of Plano. The school is a new departure, any way you look at it. The administration building stands out like a pagoda in a cotton field, which is exactly the case, as it was the Malaysian building at the New York World's Fair, bought at a bargain and moved here. There is no stadium, but there is a building especially designed for crawling and creeping. Here students in the College of Developmental Education must spend at least an hour a day on the floor patterning themselves under the supervision of instructors.

"It's a real gas, seeing big guys crawling around on that floor," said one student. "Some of them chewing cigars. You have to see it to believe it."

Robert Swift, of Dallas, is one of the "big guys." He is now 24, and for the first 22 years of his life he was virtually word-blind. He couldn't even read a road sign. He also stuttered badly.

"You can't even begin to imagine what something like that does to your life," he told me.

I asked Swift how words and sentences had appeared to him. He explained that he knew his letters and figures all right: he could write them one at a time. But when they were combined, their image was never constant. "One time I would see a 19 and if I looked again it might be a 91. I couldn't pin down the simplest words long enough for them to mean anything."

Swift's father is an inspector in an aircraft plant, and his mother is a commercial artist. They began to realize, soon after Robert started elementary school, that he had a reading problem. He seemed bright enough and he did fairly well in all subjects except reading. He even seemed to limp along in reading for a while, but actually he was memorizing the lessons that he heard other children reading, and could repeat them word for word. He left school at sixth grade, studied for a time with tutors, then took a job servicing vending machines.

In the spring of 1965 Swift's mother read that an experimental school using Doman-Delacato methods was being established in Dallas, and she took Robert to enroll in it. This was the pilot project which preceded the establishment of the University of Plano. When Swift was tested, he proved to be left-handed, right-eyed, and right-footed. His eyes didn't work together properly at reading distance.

The young man crawled and crept for two months. Then one weekend, on a trip, he picked up a menu in a restaurant and discovered he could read it. "Before this, I had bluffed at reading menus—but there it was: 'hamburger steak.' I went right on to veal cutlets, fried chicken, and so on. For the first time, my eyes weren't reversing things."

Swift now is enrolled in the College of Developmental Education at the University of Plano, taking basic courses, such as English, history and mathematics as well as reading, to make up for lost years. This isn't easy. He now reads at about sixth-grade level and is proud that he can understand most of what he sees in newspapers. He no longer stutters.

The University of Plano is the brainchild of Dr. Robert Morris, a chunky, square-faced man, who in times past has been in headlines for his right-wing political views. Originally from New Jersey, he has been a teacher, a lawyer, chief counsel of the U.S. Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, a municipal judge. After running, unsuccessfully, for the Republican nomination for the U.S. Senate in New Jersey in 1960, he became president of Dallas University.

The Morrises have seven children, and because of the problems of the fifth—Willie, now seven years old—they became acquainted with the Doman-Delacato Institutes. Willie's birth was difficult, and he had to be given oxygen, but he seemed to develop normally in his first year. However, by the time he was 18 months old, his parents began to wonder if he wasn't *too* good. Mainly he sat in a bouncing chair and beamed happily.

When Willie reached three, the Morrises knew they had to do something. He was walking, but not well. He still wasn't talking. They also noticed that his eyes seemed "set differently," not tracking together, giving him an out-of-focus look. They took Willie to the Institutes for Achievement of Human Potential. The evaluation indicated that the boy had suffered brain damage. The prescription, of course, was crawling and creeping.

"We literally crawled him," Morris said. "He couldn't do it by himself." In six weeks, Morris recalls, Willie was saying words; in six months he was putting them together in sentences. His eyes began to focus properly.

I later ran into Willie Morris by accident at the Plano Academy, operated in conjunction with the university, a development school for elementary and junior-high-school children. The seven-year-old boy was finishing his daily exercises on the floor, and he came up and shook hands with me. The fact that he had a poor start certainly doesn't show now. He is a bright-eyed, active youngster whose schoolwork is about average.

Willie's recovery made a crusader of Morris. As an educator he had seen hundreds of students who seemingly couldn't absorb knowledge from books. Yet they were not being helped to overcome this handicap; they were culled out as misfits. He decided to create a new kind of university, one that first would diagnose and solve students' learning problems, if they were solvable, and then provide a bridge over which such students could advance into a regular liberal-arts education. He talked the plan over with Glenn Doman and Carl Delacato and found them enthusiastic. He also enlisted some friends in Dallas.

Plano University opened in the fall of 1965 with only 65 students, most of them academic shipwrecks from other campuses. Last semester it had 170. Not all of its students are flunk-outs; some of those with reading problems were getting by in college but realized that a reading disability was hampering their learning; they came to Plano in hope of finding a remedy.

As the Doman-Delacato system has spread around the country, the scientific feud it has touched off has become

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A. They are the new U.S. Savings Notes – a companion product to the Series E Savings Bond.

Q. Who may buy Freedom Shares?

A. Any individual who purchases Series E Bonds regularly through a formal plan – either Payroll Savings where he works or Bond-a-Month where he banks.

Q. What is the interest rate on Freedom Shares?

A. 4.74% compounded semiannually, when held to maturity of 4½ years. The rate is less if redeemed prior to maturity; and they may not be redeemed for at least one year.

Q. Does this same rate now apply to E Bonds?

A. No. E Bonds continue to return an average of 4.15% when held to their seven-year maturity.

Q. What do Freedom Shares cost?

A. They are issued in face amounts of $25, $50, $75, and $100. Purchase prices are $20.25, $40.50, $60.75, and $81.00.

Q. Can Freedom Shares be bought by themselves?

A. No. They must be bought in conjunction with E Bonds of the same or larger face amounts.

Q. Can I buy as many Freedom Shares as I want, as long as I buy E Bonds of the same or larger amounts?

A. No. On Payroll Savings, Freedom Share deductions are limited to $20.25 per weekly pay period, $40.50 per bi-weekly or semimonthly pay period, $81.00 per monthly pay period. On Bond-a-Month, the limit on Freedom Share deductions is $81.00 per month.

U.S. Savings Bonds, new Freedom Shares

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a sort of two-story battle. On the less polite, more emotional, bushwacking level, some Doman-Delacato advocates see a medical conspiracy to disparage and destroy the theory of neurological organization because it is the basis for a relatively simple, if arduous, do-it-yourself therapy.

Some anti-Doman-Delacato neurologists told me that any large amount of personal attention given to backward children is likely to yield some improvement; also, some slow-developing children do "grow out" of their difficulties. Still other medics expressed resentment because, they said, the Doman-Delacato forces continually stressed the successes of their treatments and the failure of conventional ones. Critics frequently pointed out that neither Glenn Doman nor Carl Delacato is an M.D.—but they omit to mention that the institutes at Philadelphia has a number of M.D.'s on its staff. One cooperating physician, deeply involved in the work, is Dr. Eugene B. Spitz, a neurologist and pediatric neurosurgeon famous for devising an operation, the "Spitz Shunt," which rescues children with hydrocephalus—commonly called "water on the brain"—by valving excess cerebrospinal fluid into the bloodstream.

Another source of friction, frequently mentioned by critics, is the large amount of publicity the Doman-Delacato system has received in the "lay" or popular press, as compared to the few reports appearing in scientific publications. The institutes' people say they have submitted a number of papers on their work to professional journals, but that these have been rejected, that a blackout has been in effect. It is true that the popular press has been kinder to Doman and Delacato—who have written a number of books and articles—than have such journals as *Neurology*. This publication's review of Delacato's book, *The Diagnosis and Treatment of Speech and Reading Problems*, ended on this note: "It is of some passing interest if viewed as an excursion into the realm of science fiction".

The controversy gets less acrimonious and more significant at higher levels. Certain specialists in rehabilitation don't question that many children treated by stimulating exercises do make progress, but they don't believe that this automatically proves the concept of neurological organization.

Dr. Richard L. Masland, the tall, white-haired, deliberately spoken director of the National Institutes of Neurological Diseases and Blindness, diplomatically expresses "a fundamental concern" over the issue.

"The people at the Institutes for the Achievement of Human Potential have done a favor in focusing attention on the problem," he told me. But he questions "the way in which Doman and Delacato impose one hypothesis on top of another." He lists these as follows:

1. That children who have learning disabilities often exhibit other disabilities in physical function and perception. ("This is an accepted one," Masland commented.)

2. That training can improve motor-perceptual skills. ("Generally accepted, as in learning to play a piano.")

3. That by training a person in one motor-perceptual skill, as creeping, you can improve his functioning in a cognitive area. ("This is a big jump.")

No. 3 is the key item and might be put as a question: Can a child improve his learning ability by patterns of exercise supposed to build up his neurological system?

The National Association for Retarded Children asks much the same question and takes the position that the sooner it is answered, the better it will be for all concerned.

"We aren't either proponents or opponents," said Luther W. Stringham, executive director of N.A.R.C., with offices in New York City. "We have pointed out that the Doman-Delacato theory and methods are either *valid*, *invalid*, or *partially valid*. We want to find out which of those it is. We have asked the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare to arrange a suitable large-scale study of this method of treatment. We are eagerly awaiting the kind of testing that needs to be done."

Glenn Doman and Carl Delacato emphatically point out that long before N.A.R.C. entered the picture, the institutes was seeking partners among universities and rehabilitation centers for a large-scale, cooperative study to compare the effectiveness of Doman-Delacato therapy with that of the more conventional treatments. "We have been pounding for six years for such a study," declares Doman. "We believe the scientific truth should be established, whatever it may be."

A long-term large-scale comparative test would be costly and difficult. Starting in 1965, there were negotiations for a test involving the institutes, Johns Hopkins, the University of Pennsylvania, the National Institutes of Neurological Diseases and Blindness and foundation money. But last fall the project bogged down in a brawl over whether to use the basic Doman-Delacato diagnostic tool—the profile of neurological organization—along with others. The institutes are trying now to get the test back on the tracks.

Meanwhile, Pennsylvania's Department of Public Instruction has conducted a "small but complete" controlled study—and the results, within their limits, are extremely promising. Toward the end of the study I watched an experimental group of 14 retarded youngsters crawling and creeping with gusto in a public school in Slatington.

"We have made the conditions quite tough so any results we will get will be more significant," explained John R. Kershner, the psychologist who designed the project for the department.

This experiment, he pointed out, was planned to test the effectiveness, if any, of motor-perceptual training under public-school conditions. The test, arranged in cooperation with Lehigh County's school system, ran only 74 days, a short period in which to expect improvement. The children, all pretested, were classified as "trainable retarded children"—trainable for simple tasks, but not capable of being educated. Most had I.Q.'s of less than 50. Each school day the teachers put the experimental group through tightly structured developmental patterns of the Doman-Delacato system.

At the same time in another school in the county, a control group of similarly retarded children, 16 of them, was going through a conventional class routine, but with lots of non-patterned physical activities.

At the end of the experiment, the children in both groups were given a battery of tests. The team administering the tests did not know which of the children were from the experimental group and which were controls. The results, when analyzed, were full of surprises. Both groups had improved significantly in use of muscles, in coordination and balance. But when it came to learning, the control group, taught by conventional methods, actually had lost ground, showing a mean drop of three points in I.Q. The patterned, systematically stimulated experimental group did far better, scoring a mean gain of 12 points; these supposedly hopeless children had shown an ability to learn.

John Kershner, who was plainly delighted, believes that "this is the first experimental research program that has yielded an I.Q. gain with trainable retarded children." He hopes to set up a similar study covering a county and hundreds of retarded children.

Glenn Doman and Carl Delacato take the position that most of the attacks on their methods are more or less knee-jerk reactions of "The Establishment," as they call the organized groups, to anything new and upsetting.

Carl Delacato declares that he doesn't mind critics who "actually are working with youngsters, trying to help them." He issues them an invitation: "Let's get together, compare methods and results and maybe we'll both learn something. Right now, for example, we're putting our cases on computers, taking our results apart to find out which elements are significant in reading disability and which may not be. Is laterality really the most important thing, or is there something that goes with it? What about age? We always assumed that results would be better with younger children, but the computer seems to be telling us there isn't much difference because of age."

It can't be said that the Doman-Delacato search for better answers lacks scope and flair. They have mounted expeditions to study the most primitive tribes that could be found, such as the Xingu in Brazil and the Bushmen in Africa, to find out how these people, who have no written language or near-vision art forms, are organized neurologically. The pair got prodded by Xingu spears when they violated a tribal taboo by putting babies on the ground to see how they crawled. So far, the findings aren't clear-cut. True, most of the tribesmen proved to be mixed in laterality, but in each group a few were quite well organized and one-sided.

The institutes also now has a Chair of Anthropology, endowed by the United Steelworkers, and occupied by a world-famous anthropologist and physician, Dr. Raymond Dart of South Africa, the discoverer of the "missing link" ape-man, *Australopithecus africanus*, which lived almost two million years ago. Dart is studying the relationship of individual development to the evolution of the race.

Hundreds of other dedicated researchers in many areas of medicine and education are seeking better answers too. A number of those with whom I talked say that they would be overjoyed if the theory of neurological organization does point to an answer for our appalling number of retarded children. But these specialists have honest doubts. They are deeply bothered by conflicting evidence, not only on patterning but on other types of rehabilitative therapy as well. They are conscious of the many gaps in scientific knowledge of the functioning of the brain. At the same time, "the pressure to *do something* is building up," one neurologist told me. "I believe we must have a thorough, impartial study of the fundamental principles involved in the neurological organization concept. It will be difficult and take a long time, but it has to be done." □

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'IT IS A JOYOUS THING TO BE A KIRK REPUBLICAN!'

Florida's flashy governor not only is waging a controversial 'war' to save his state from crime, he now dreams of defending the country against 'the Kennedys, the Humphreys, the Johnsons.'

By MARSHALL FRADY • Photographs by Ollie Atkins

The door to the Lear jet is clamped shut against the shadowless glare of the Tallahassee afternoon. Inside, the governor of Florida sprawls in the back seat like some huge, ungainly bird just captured and pent. As the engines begin to whine, he calls to an aide, "See if there's anything in the cabinet up there, will you?" The aide opens several panels with a single rapid motion, and proceeds to splash together a Martini, handing it to the governor as the craft begins to ease forward.

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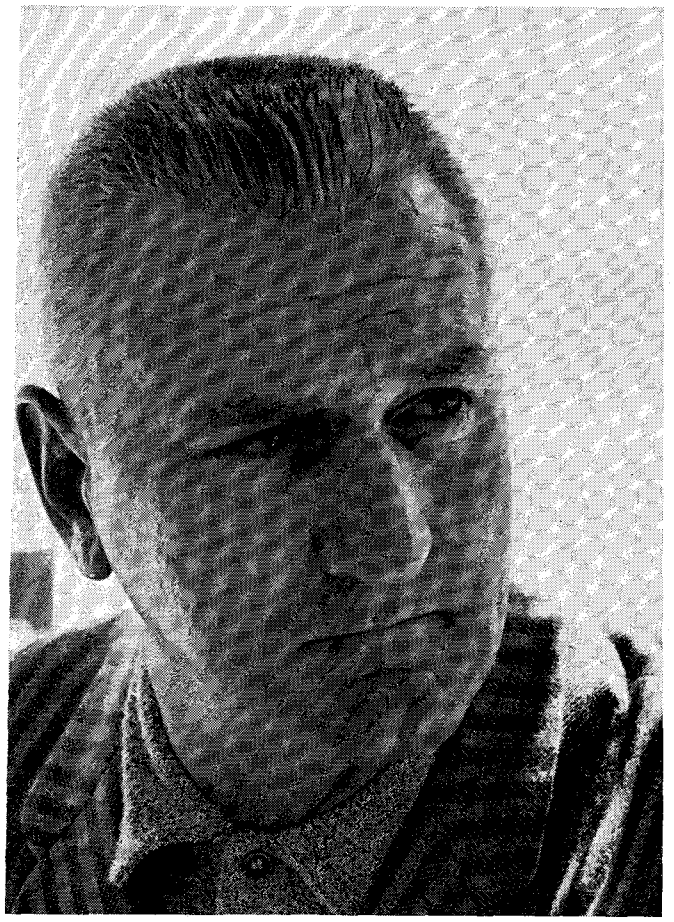
When Kirk's war on crime blitzed some local officials, he was accused of wanting a police state. 'What I call him,' snapped one opponent, 'is führer-à-go-go.'



The 'U.S. Grant' of Kirk's war is George Wackenhut, an ex-FBI agent whose men are dubbed 'Wackencops.'

GOVERNOR KIRK

Suddenly there is a blood-draining, incredible swoop upward. Passengers are pressed brutally into their seats. The earth tilts giddily, spirals away, clouds tatter past, and then there is only the sun, the serene roofless flare of the afternoon sky and the steady rush of the jets.

In Florida these days it is a style of ascent that has come to be known, with a peculiar appropriateness, as "The Governor's Takeoff." Booming through the high, thin air at 550 miles an hour, Claude Roy Kirk orates expansively as an aide up front leafs through a folder of letters and carefully underlines the sentences urging the new governor to run for national office. "You know, Bobby Kennedy, Fidel Castro and I are all about the same age," he says. "The three of us, now, represent the three alternatives for the world in the future. And you know what? I'm the only one of us who's for free enterprise."

His face is absolutely solemn. In the cabin, there is an oddly exhilarating sense of suspension and buoyancy, as if, with the slightest nudge upward, one could drift dreamily about the ceiling. "This government now, this Johnson Administration, is like Nero in Rome— eat, drink and be merry. They don't worry about the ninety percent who make up America. They worry about the ten percent, the genuises and dropouts. Hell, it takes absolutely no guts to give away money and lives and responsibility. No guts at all. My responsibility, the way I see it, is to check all that. I'm going to be the counterpoint to the Kennedys, the Humphreys, the Johnsons. I've got to live in this country of ours for the next forty years, and I don't plan to let them run it."

Normally, that might sound like ludicrously tall talk for a man who had spent just six months in the first political office of his life. But Claude Kirk has always trafficked in high hopes. He materialized virtually out of nowhere, an obscure financial entrepreneur from Jacksonville, to become Florida's first Republican governor since the antique days of Reconstruction. And he did it—defeating Miami's Mayor Robert King High—with little more to commend him than a huge, unflagging grin, swashbuckling notions about what he'd like to do as chief executive, and a style of life reminiscent of Fitzgerald's Great Gatsby.

He looks, at 41, like some vaguely familiar matinee idol who has begun receding into paunchy middle age. His massive Great Dane's face, with its drooping and almost drowsy eyes, is still dimly glamorous beneath the beginning of a sag, and a ghost of lilting waviness still lingers in his thinning brown hair, with one brave, cavalier, curling lock in front. In his slow, deep, tolling voice, with its ponderously precise enunciation, there is not only a touch of the theater but a touch of the pulpit, like a distant organ tone.

Once he was sworn in last January, Kirk began his administration like his "Governor's Takeoff." In his inaugural address, he not only announced a war on crime in the state, which he would direct himself, but demanded a special session of the legislature in seven days to rewrite the state constitution. "He can't be serious," said one legislator. "It took Jehovah almost seven days to make the universe, much less prepare for it."

But Claude's day of surprises, as it turned out, wasn't over yet. He appeared at the inaugural ball that evening with a luminous, tanned, caramel-blonde on his arm and proceeded to introduce her to gaping supreme-court judges and government officials—quite formally, with not so much as a wink—as "Madame X." Then he vanished with her for five days.

Gradually, while the pair was drifting somewhere in the sunny waters off southern Florida on a yacht called *Security Risk*, scrambling newsmen pieced together the identity of Madame X: Erika Mattfeld, 32, a German-born Brazilian who was in the process of getting a divorce from her first husband, a Brazilian television actor. Kirk, who had just divorced his wife for the second time (they had remarried in 1952 after their first divorce), tidied things up, once back on shore, by announcing that he would marry the girl.

And he did, in epic fashion—on a luxurious, golden Saturday afternoon at Palm Beach's regal Breakers Hotel, amid 10,000 orange blossoms, beluga caviar, Mississippi River shrimp, *pâté de foie gras* from France, smoked oysters from Baltimore, extravagantly spuming bottles of Mumm's champagne, with Kirk lavishly flourishing the victory sign to friends and booming, "Everything's going fine. Just fine. . . ." Not exactly everything, as it turned out: The Episcopal church promptly excommunicated him for acquiring Erika a bit too hastily after his last divorce.

The obscurity of Kirk's origins, a disadvantage in most states, happens to be an advantage in Florida. Like Kirk, Florida is only incidentally Southern. Geographically, it is totally separate, a kind of awkward afterthought that was never quite completed. Despite the trailer camps and motels and real-estate signs and souvenir shops and space gantries looming over it all like a Fellini fantasy, the state has rather a savage, prehistoric, reptilian look—low and scrubby and fierce in the sun. The flat land is meshed with innumerable inlets and canals, as though it had not really been relinquished by the sea.

On this uncertain peninsula has accumulated an alien population of refugees from the snows of the north, people who share a certain rootless, sourceless quality. Kirk's accent is that of the state at large: sectionless, unidentifiable, a little clangorous, assertive. Many of the newcomers to Florida are retired people who are worried about preserving their modest homes and the buying power of their meager, fixed pensions and savings. Kirk endeared himself to this electorate by promising not to raise taxes and by vowing to fight steadfastly for fiscal responsibility.

At the same time, Kirk exploited the racial issue, but discreetly so—in a manner befitting Florida's special views on the problem. With the exception of certain corners in the north of the state, Florida's resistance to the ambitions of the Negro is not so much the smoking, gut-hot passion of Deep Dixie but more a chill, dry, cerebral suspicion, abstracted into such phrases as the "sanctity of private property" and the "unnaturalness" of social engineering. "I won't even *admit* there's a problem," Kirk declares. "We don't have color in Florida." But when he stripped off his coat to campaign among the palmettos and burned pine stumps of the back country, appearing at smokey fish-fry rallies with whanging country bands, he recognized there was enough of a problem to proclaim to his listeners: "Your home is your castle! Protect it!"

Kirk also happened to run for governor at a propitious time. There had long been a steadily rising Republican tide in the state. Despite an uninterrupted series of Democratic governors since Reconstruction, Florida went Republican in the presidential elections of 1952, 1956 and 1960, and Goldwater missed carrying the state by only 42,599 votes in 1964.

All of these factors were at play in Kirk's startling victory last November, but probably none of them was as decisive as his bold promise to purge the state of crime. Ever since Al Capone leisurely set up shop in Miami Beach, spending his declining, syphilitic years in orchid-printed silk shirts and sunglasses beside his swimming-pool telephone, Florida has been a palmy refuge for American criminals. It now boasts the single greatest community of mobsters in the United States. At last rough count, there were something like 45 underworld celebrities quartered there—including Meyer Lansky, reportedly head of the eastern gambling syndicate, and Santo Trafficante, high vizier in the Cosa Nostra. Also enjoying the sunshine are assorted other Mafia chieftains, leaders of the mob in Detroit, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Minneapolis and Cleveland. "What we've got going down here," says one disgusted Floridian, "is just one long-running, perpetual super-Apalachin Conference."

After Castro took power, the gambling and abortion rackets migrated from Havana to Florida, and Miami now serves as a central control point for the expansion of these interests into the Bahamas. Though one Tampa civic leader reports happily, "We haven't had a gang war here in three years," there continue to be sporadic, quiet little murders: In Miami recently, an underworld lieutenant was found floating in a canal, neatly stitched up in a canvas shroud.

The great concentration of syndicate viceroys in Florida has been accompanied by massive local corruption. In 1948 the business manager for the old Al Capone gang contributed about $150,000 to the campaign of Gov. Fuller Warren. In 1950 the Kefauver hearings in Miami produced evidence that two local sheriffs had been helping the syndicate (one sheriff, it was discovered, kept some $200,000 in a fishing-tackle box wrapped in a blanket in his kitchen). More recently, a Miami man with syndicate connections was indicted for procuring call girls for local sheriffs' deputies and out-of-town lawmen during the Candy Mossler trial. (He later was acquitted when the out-of-towners failed to appear as witnesses.)

Against this kind of corruption, and what one official calls "the sophisticated apparatus of the organized boys," Florida had been virtually powerless. It had no statewide police agency. The state highway patrol was confined to enforcing traffic laws. The Sheriff's Bureau in Tallahassee,

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Admirers flocking around Kirk at a golf tournament reflect his continuing popularity despite his faltering programs.

the closest thing to a statewide police department, could only send its investigators into a county at the invitation of that county's sheriff.

In his campaign for governor, Kirk vowed to clean up the state once and for all, preaching a return to righteousness with all the refreshing gusto and simplicity of Carrie Nation bearing down on a block of saloons with hatchet in hand. "I don't know what we're going to stir up," declared Kirk, "but we're going to stir up something. I want to let them know"— one large finger tapping his chest—"that this guy is for real."

Kirk's promises of Armageddon were not so easy to fulfill. There were no provisions in the state budget for such a crusade, and Kirk knew that the Democratic legislature was unlikely to vote him the money soon. So he launched his war with a hopeful call for private donations from the state's citizenry and recruited what was to all appearances his personal police force. For a token fee of one dollar a year, Kirk appointed an old friend to head his campaign, an evangelistic arch-conservative named George Wackenhut. Simultaneously, Kirk hired Wackenhut's prosperous security agency to prosecute the war at a fee of cost plus 10 percent.

A onetime FBI agent, Wackenhut presides over an empire of 33 offices in the United States and Latin America—a $23-million-a-year operation, dealing mostly in plant security and "business counterespionage," with a standing army of "Wackencops" in powder-blue uniforms, booted like paratroopers. From his headquarters in Coral Gables, Wackenhut directs his forces and issues, at irregular intervals, a two-page newsletter entitled "The Wackenhut Security Review," which grimly warns against "coexistence with Russia" and points out the Communist menace implicit in student unrest on the American campus.

Once a professional soccer player and wrestling coach, Wackenhut has a blunt and battered face with pale, flat eyes, close-cropped, white hair, and an expression of blank, metallic imperturbability. At 47, he is still as stocky and sturdy as a brick, and his suits fit as flat and smooth as tin. "Carelessness makes me angry," he snaps. In the evenings after supper he trots the dark, deserted streets of his neighborhood in track shorts and tennis shoes, a stop watch clenched in his fist.

Wackenhut sent out 38 of his investigators to fight Kirk's war against crime, and the distinction between political and criminal investigations soon became muddled. The first casualty of the campaign was not a Mafia chieftain but a Democratic county school superintendent whom former Gov. Haydon Burns had appointed to the state Board of Regents shortly before leaving office. Kirk, who had brought his own list of appointees with him to Tallahassee, demanded that he retire. When the fellow refused, he suddenly found Wackenhut men swooping over his county. About the same time, a local newspaper came out with a report that the man had been guilty of certain indiscretions, and he was soon indicted by a county grand jury for theft involving such pedestrian booty as a washer-dryer and light fixtures. Though the school superintendent admitted his impropriety, the general feeling was that his was hardly an imposing head for Kirk's initial stroke.

Subsequently, the chairman of the state racing commission resigned after one of Kirk's aides phoned him Christmas Eve with the ultimatum, "Either you quit, or we're going to put you in jail. Our investigators have been investigating, and we know enough on you to do it if we have to."

After a few incidents such as these, Florida Democrats began charging that Kirk was less interested in a war against the syndicate than a complete appropriation of the state government. Some even muttered darkly that what Kirk really wanted, either consciously or unconsciously, was to reign over a kind of police state. "What I call him," snapped one official, "is *führer*-à-go-go."

For a while the capital of Tallahassee was living through what one official described as "a season of rumors—people were seeing Wackenhuts under every bed." The outcry against his methods left Wackenhut aggrieved. "What everybody is implying, really, is that we are unprincipled men," he complained at lunch one day. "But look now. If the governor says to me, go get so-and-so, and if that man's gettable, he should be gotten, right? But the civil libertarians and all have said I'll be breaking down everybody's doors. Well, look at me. Can you picture me breaking down a door?"

Quickly, as if sensing this was not his most compelling argument, he ordered another bullshot—a manly mixture, like the dark old wood and olive leather around him, of beef bouillon and vodka—and continued, "I mean, if a man has nothing to hide, nobody should worry about his being investigated—right? So the implication is, since there's all this fuss anyway, that we're going to conjure something up."

Not long ago Wackenhut appeared before a

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Erika, his new wife and proudest acquisition, romps with Kirk and Adriana, a daughter by her previous marriage.

'Bobby Kennedy, Castro and I represent the three alternatives for the future. And you know what? I'm the only one of us who's for free enterprise.'

special state legislative subcommittee and recited an exhaustive list of gamy characters and situations in Florida—he seemed, after four months, to have succeeded in thoroughly identifying the racketeers in the state, but virtually all the names and items he mentioned, it was discovered afterward, had been in newspaper files for years. Later Kirk announced that Wackenhut's investigators had finally cornered a prostitute of some repute. A few dope and abortion rings have been shattered and a covey of local officials are under suspension or indictment for assorted improprieties.

For such triumphs, according to most estimates, the cost of Kirk's crusade was running about $1,500 a day, but the governor's appeal for funds was drawing only a daily trickle of $30. This spring, still declaring that he was on the verge of making important disclosures, Kirk finally asked the legislature to convert his private offensive into an official, government-funded Department of Criminal Justice. But Kirk demanded that the war remain under his control, and he indicated that he intended to retain Wackenhut as "my General Grant." When the legislature balked, it appeared that Kirk would have to settle for a commission with severely restricted powers to run the war.

Kirk's hand was considerably strengthened recently by a special legislative election that was ordered by federal courts to settle long-lingering litigation over reapportionment. The results of that election not only introduced the first modern, viable two-party system into a southern state, but indicated that Kirk is still boomingly popular with most voters: Republicans increased their House membership from 26 to 39 (or 33 percent of the total), and their Senate membership from 11 to 20 (or 42 percent of that chamber). Kirk is no longer quite so romantically alone in Tallahassee, and he now can exercise his veto without having it automatically reversed by the heavily Democratic legislature.

Hanging in Kirk's mansion office is the framed cover of a national newsmagazine that appeared shortly after last November's elections, with the Republican celebrities who emerged from those elections arranged as a circle of bright, celestial faces—Reagan, Romney, Brooke, Percy, Hatfield, Rockefeller. Pasted right in the center of the circle is a photograph of Kirk, beaming bravely and hopefully.

The prospect may still startle a great number of people, but what Kirk and his aides are quietly, systematically, breathlessly pursuing is nothing less than next year's Republican vice-presidential nomination. Kirk's strategists are counting on what seems to be the inevitability of a third-party candidacy by Alabama's George Wallace. The reasoning is that Kirk is the only nationally acceptable southern Republican who might be able to spirit the South away from Wallace.

Though he would have to be rated a long shot for the post, Kirk has received the quiet encouragement of other southern Republicans. What is more, Richard Nixon saw fit to show up at his wedding last February, and soon after taking office Kirk jetted out to California on a "rapport mission" to huddle with Gov. Ronald Reagan.

Kirk possesses a framed newspaper clipping that bears the headline, KIRK TAKES BARRY'S LEAD ON ISSUES, but the governor stoutly denies he is a Goldwater Republican. "Why don't you ask Goldwater if he is a Kirk Republican?" he demands. "I don't want to stand around anybody in the national spectrum. I'm not a dove or a hawk. I'm an eagle—an American eagle!"

"This business of just fighting an ongoing, no-win war is repugnant to me," he intones, explaining his philosophy. "I keep seeing these coffins coming home, these bright young men destroyed—we've *gotta* win. If we don't go out and win nations—and I don't mean with battles, necessarily—but if we don't win nations, we've lost everything. You can capsulize anything and sell it, you know. I tell you"—(he slaps his knee lustily, and his voice assumes a shuddering pulpit tone)—"I mean to put free enterprise right up to the border of Russia. In fact, I mean to put it right *in* Russia, in my lifetime."

Kirk himself is frank to admit that he would like to win the vice-presidential nomination. "Look, I'm not one of these red-necked governors like Lester Maddox, now," he declares. "I'm the only good guy in the South . . ." He pauses, and then grins, "In the nation . . ." He pauses again, and finally, with a ringmaster's flourish of his hand, climaxes, "In the world!"

Claude Kirk's boyhood was plain, humble, singularly inauspicious. He was born in San Bernardino, Calif., where his parents both worked as railroad clerks. His father tried his hand for a while at selling mobile homes in Chicago. Then the family moved to Montgomery, Ala., where the elder Kirk became a sporadic, eclectic manufacturer of vending machines, trailers, axles—as Kirk himself puts it, "He was kind of spotted around."

After stateside service in the Marine Corps during World War II, Kirk enrolled in the University of Alabama to study law, arranging to give jujitsu lessons, one of his specialties, to members of the Alabama highway patrol to help pay his way. He also sold insurance. "I'll say one thing for him," recalls a college acquaintance, "he was damned enterprising." After a short courtship, he married the daughter of Montgomery's only Ford dealer, a girl with a porcelain complexion and exquisite features, who was the product of an exclusive Episcopal academy for young ladies in Virginia.

No sooner had Kirk got his law degree than he was snatched out of civilian life again by the Korean War. Upon his return, he jauntily informed his father-in-law, "You know, Pops, the Lord's been mighty good to me. I buried many a buddy over there with my bare hands, but I did find the Lord. And He has given me an idea—an idea to form an insurance company that nobody else has ever formed." The idea, more exactly, was for an insurance company exclusively devoted to policies on the lives of those in the upper-income, executive brackets—a pretty canny and sophisticated illumination, whatever its source.

After trying his hand with several business concerns in Alabama (including a small insurance firm that sold policies through airport vending machines), Kirk finally made use of the message he had gotten under fire in Korea. He and a gangling accountant from Atlanta named Ashley Verlander migrated to the more benign economic climate of Jacksonville, and in 1956 set up the Amer-

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ican Heritage Life Insurance Company. With Verlander working quietly behind the scenes as vice president and administrator, and Kirk employing his tireless billboard grin and instant amiability as promotion man, American Heritage forged into the black within three years, and is now one of the more robust insurance companies in the nation.

But after seven years with American Heritage, Kirk abruptly quit and sold his stock for a reported three million dollars. As he explains it, "I'm only happy when I'm building something. I like to feel the wind in my face." Ultimately, he formed his own company, Kirk Investments. It is unincorporated, unregistered with either the U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission or the Florida Securities Commission, but involved in vague business enterprises in Ireland and Latin America. It seems to consist, really, of little more than Claude Kirk himself—an evanescent affair of great expectations and indefatigable flair.

One of his more grandiose projects he dubbed "The Kirk Plan," a proposal, as he saw it, to rehabilitate the entire Latin-American economy. Kirk was going to import advisers from the United States, mostly retired people from public relations, politics, business and the church—a kind of senior Peace Corps—in batches of 100 to serve four-year terms in each Latin-American country, without pay, "to promote free enterprise and fight Communism."

Abruptly, discreetly, all of it—the business ventures, the Kirk Plan—inexplicably melted into thin air, like a vast mirage. Nowadays, when he is asked about the Kirk Plan, Kirk merely blinks—"The what? Oh, that. It never got off the ground."

Actually, not all of Kirk's enterprises in South America evaporated into air. At a candlelit dinner party in Rio one evening, he was introduced to Erika. As a gallant, Kirk's style tends to be somewhat florid. One woman recalls, "He kept asking me out to dinner, so I finally told him to make it breakfast—I thought that would be safe. But what happens, I walk in the dining room that morning, and Claude arises from the table with a rose between his teeth. I mean it, he had a long-stemmed rose in his mouth, which he snatches out and waves with a grand flourish as he pulls out my chair."

Erika, Kirk remembers with a broad smile, "was dating a good friend of mine who was the most eligible bachelor in Brazil. Well, he's still a good friend of mine, but he's also still the most eligible bachelor in Brazil."

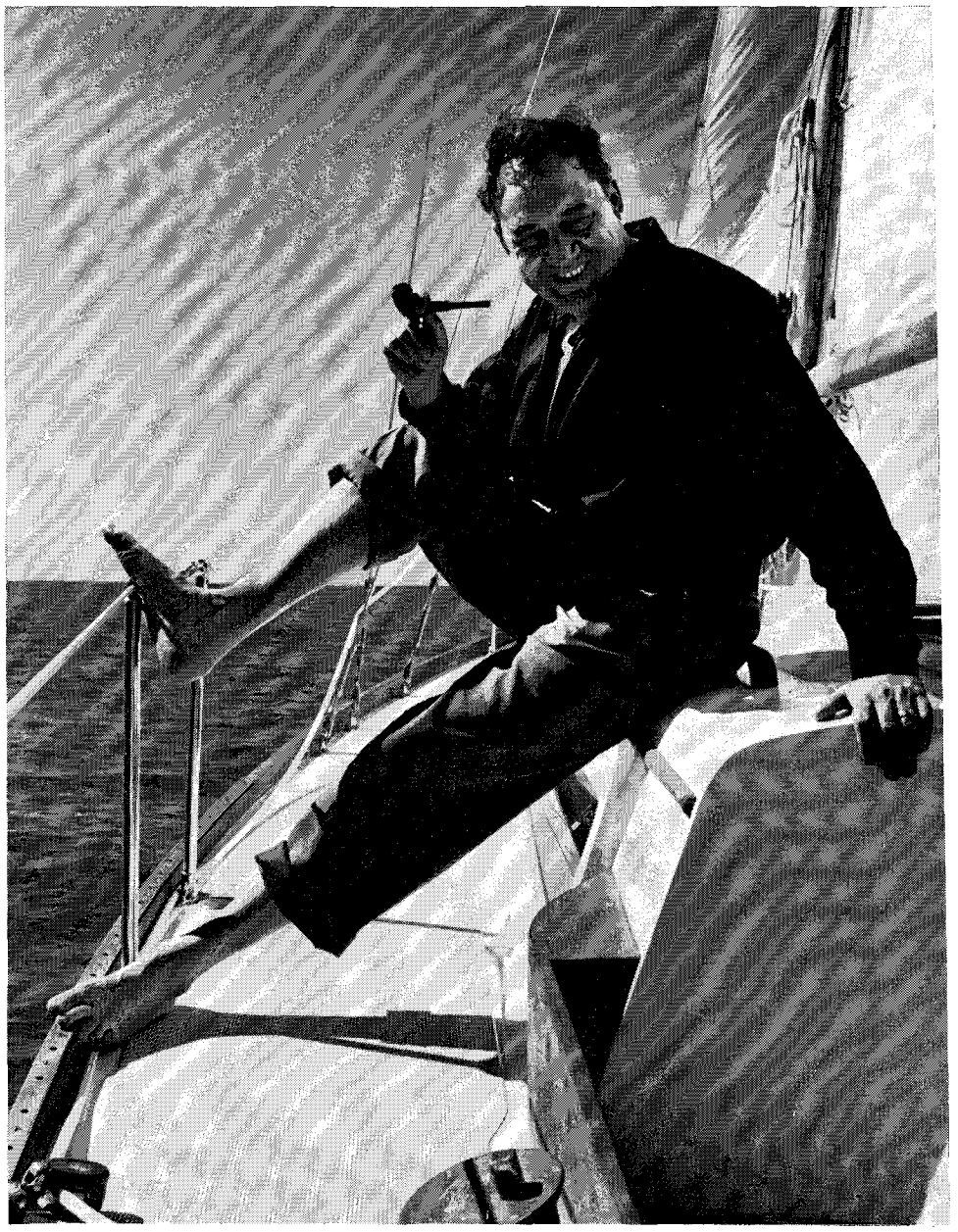
Florida has a history of spectacular first ladies (beginning with territorial governor Andrew Jackson's pipe-smoking wife, Rachel), and Erika Kirk is an exotic adornment to that tradition. "I like to be maybe a cat," she murmurs. "She just keep to herself, you know, and take such good care." Tall, sleek, luxurious, her taffy-blonde hair usually pulled back from her full, round forehead in a simple and almost severe style, with eyes that pass from emerald to blue with the changing light, she likes to say softly, when something pleases her, 'Ah, that is delicious!"

Erika was born and raised in Germany, and her father, a housepainter in Bremen, recalls that when she was working as a waitress in a guest house, she told him, "I was not made to clean up other people's dirt. I'm going to be a great lady myself someday." Says Erika, "When my father came back from a prisoner camp in Belgium after the war, he had two army blankets, and we made clothes out of that. That time was the worst. We had no shoes, no clothes, nothing. My confirmation dress was made from kitchen curtains. We made marmalade out of cornstarch and soda pop, and we'd cook bones for soup."

It was while she was working as a waitress that she met her first husband, and not long after their marriage, they moved to Brazil. After her engagement to Kirk was announced, her brother back in Germany remarked, "We are not at all surprised. Erika is very enterprising."

"The people in Brazil," says Erika, "are so free and happy. But here, it's good too. I mean, you get everything so fast and easy." The war still haunts her, though. "Came the bombs every day and night. Even now, whenever a plane goes over, you know, even on a sunny clear day like this"—she was sitting on a blanket on a bright, clean, quiet beach, her arms wrapped around her knees, smiling pleasantly, a faint dew of sweat on her upper lip—"and in the sky I hear that sound, that hum—nnnh, nnnh—it still bothers me a little."

From the moment he was sworn in, Kirk began to dream up spectacular plans for Florida. He became determined, for example, to make Florida "the Think Center of the Free World," and the University of Florida, in particular, "the Mind Center of the West." "We could bring in the minds from Yale, from the Sorbonne, from Cambridge—a brain-a-month kind of deal—and let 'em spend part of the year down here. We get a guy, say, from Cambridge, we don't want to take him *away* from Cambridge, that'd be too expensive. It'd be more like an exchange program. You know, a guy keeps his zing by going back and forth like that. You get a mind a month, say, in the four years of my administration, that's a total of forty-eight minds. . . ."



Kirk delights in sailing his new $25,000 yacht while, on the afterdeck, aides fret over tactics to capture the Republican vice-presidential nomination for him in 1968.

But the fear is that all of Kirk's brave notions are in danger of going the way of the Kirk Plan. His call for constitutional revision, for instance, has simply been lost somewhere in the wind. Aside from cases of local corruption, his war on crime has been noted more for its flash and roar than for any important victories. What is more, caught by his pledge to hold taxes at their present levels, Kirk is faced with the prospect of a financial crisis. He has already announced that he will be cutting "educational frills"—a chilling proposal that has raised the chance of a statewide teachers' strike. One official observes: "The tragedy here is that we have a man—quite an ambitious chunk—who is awfully long on personality but, alas, somewhat short on substance."

Kirk seems undaunted by such political potshots. "I'm having the greatest time of my life!" he declares. "What have I got to worry about? Here I am, I've got me a beautiful wife, and I'm the governor of about the eighth largest state in the country."

Indeed, a sense of limitless horizons seems to fill both Kirk and his staff with a constant, high, nervous exhilaration. One morning recently they all piled onto the governor's brand-new $25,000 yacht. The deck was painted a blinding white, with glistening new yellow rope, and a jug of Chianti sat at the foot of the steps leading down to the cabin. The sloop began easing out toward open water. In that momentary, suspended hush between shore and waiting sea, Kirk idly speculated, "You know, I think Jackie Gleason and I will alternate in office."

Suddenly the boat was possessed by the water, the wind, the sun—began skimming with full white sails billowing, snapping, muttering. Kirk rose to his feet and shouted, "This has got to be a great boat!" Spray was hissing now along the sides of the craft, wafting invisible mist over the passengers on the afterdeck. Sipping wine from a paper cup, his shoes off and his trousers rolled up, Kirk looked around him with delight at the wide, glittering sprawl of water, the distant, tiny wings of other sailboats, random and scattered and solitary, and the high, light, taut drifting of the gulls. "It is," he announced, "a *joyous* thing to be a Kirk Republican!"

On the afterdeck, in a soft, earnest voice, one of his aides inquired of a visitor: "We kind of wonder why they aren't calling him C.R.K. You know, like they call Kennedy R.F.K. and Johnson L.B.J. They haven't started that yet. Is that bad?"

It is the kind of detail that bothers Kirk when he considers the vice-presidential nomination, which he is convinced could be his, and—who knows—perhaps the Presidency itself may lie somewhere off in the distance. "Who doesn't want to be President someday, huh?" he will ask. "Every kid who grows up in America dreams of being President. It's the American dream, isn't it?"

And then suddenly his grin seems to go flat, stricken, betrayed by a secret boyish shyness, and his eyes subtly glaze and then slide away to gaze blankly, his hands joining and twisting for a moment between his knees, as if he were embarrassed, abashed, at his own words. At times, even Claude Kirk seems slightly intimidated by his own audacity. □

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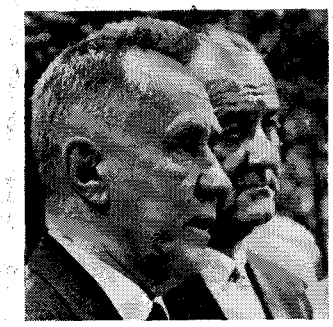
Editorial

Life at the summit



If there is one main lesson to be learned from the recent summit conference in Glassboro, N.J., it is that summit conferences rarely produce any important agreement on anything. But there is another lesson to be learned, too, and that is that a summit conference is really a relatively simple matter, much simpler than anyone had realized.

The original proposal for such conferences was broached by the late Sir Winston Churchill back in 1950 during the gloomiest days of the Cold War. His idea was that East-West relations had become a kind of trench warfare, zealously waged by rival ministers and ambassadors deeply dug into the barbed-wire fortresses of their conflicting positions, and that the only chance for an improvement lay in a meeting among the men at the top, those few who really decide the fate of their nations. Since everyone agreed in principle, the details were handed over to the trench warriors who had created the impasse in the first place, the Molotovs and Dulleses and all their dedicated lieutenants. Then as now, in public statements and in leaks to the press, the trench warriors have insisted that summit conferences are perilous, that they lead to false hopes and then to the disappointment of those hopes, that it is better to have no such conference than to have an unsuccessful one. Before any such meeting could be risked, it was argued, the underlings must work out every detail, presenting to their masters nothing more complicated than some minor treaty ready for ceremonial signatures.

And so the years have passed, with scarcely a single meeting between the two men who, perhaps more than any others, possess the power to destroy the world or avert its destruction. Not since 1961 have the heads of the two super-powers met face to face, but how many miles have they traveled each year on less important missions, and how many less important people have occupied their time and efforts? Even after Russia's Aleksei Kosygin came to United Nations headquarters in New York, the trench warriors remained in charge of the details, arguing that Kosygin could not go to Washington because that might look as though he were too friendly, and that President Johnson must avoid New York for approximately the same reason. Finally someone, with the same pragmatic turn of mind that invented the idea of settling disputes by tossing a coin, discovered the village of Glassboro, N.J. And thus it was demonstrated that a summit conference can be staged just about anywhere, on just about no notice, and that the need for assembled experts and formal agenda is something less than overwhelming.

The bureaucrats are right, of course, in arguing that summit conferences do not solve problems. They are right, too, in arguing that no man stands alone at the summit, solely responsible for his whole country. Even the great rulers of history, the Caesars and Napoleons, were not wholly free men but partly creatures of their times and their societies. Both the President and the Premier, to greater or lesser degree, must answer to their political supporters and their critics, to allies domestic and abroad. And there is always a danger that a confrontation between powerful and strong-willed men may lead not to better understanding but to personal antagonism.

Still, how strange and atypical and idiosyncratic are these two leaders. How unlike the image of the homogenized American is crafty, long-eared, hot-tempered Lyndon Johnson. How unlike Stalin and Khrushchev is the quiet, rather dour technocrat Kosygin. If either of these is partly a prisoner of his time and place, of past errors and past commitments, he is still, by the nature of his very power, a man who shapes events at the same time that events shape him.

So Churchill was right, now as when he first proposed a "parley at the summit." The essential thing is not that the leaders of the United States and Russia should reach superficial agreement, but that they should come to know each other, not as caricatures called "the other side," not as ideological villains who must be compelled to understand sweet reason, but as men of flesh and blood, with real warts and wrinkles, real grandchildren, real interests and real convictions. All the problems will remain, of course, for the differences between the United States and Russia are too grave to be solved by smiles and handshakes. But if the differences are great, so are the common interests, not the least of them being survival. If the meetings at Glassboro made the world "a little less dangerous," as President Johnson said, there is reason to hope that future conferences might achieve the same success. Once a year seems scarcely too often for the great powers to confront one another across a table. For as the President remarked, "It does help a lot to sit down and look at a man right in the eye and try to reason with him, particularly if he is trying to reason with you."

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